

# THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

**LIBRARY** 

Presented in 1923

By Professor

Evarts Boutell Greene

920.7 B76a The person charging this material is responsible for its return to the library from which it was withdrawn on or before the Latest Date stamped below.

Theft, mutilation, and underlining of books are reasons for disciplinary action and may result in dismissal from

To renew call Telephone Center, 333-8400

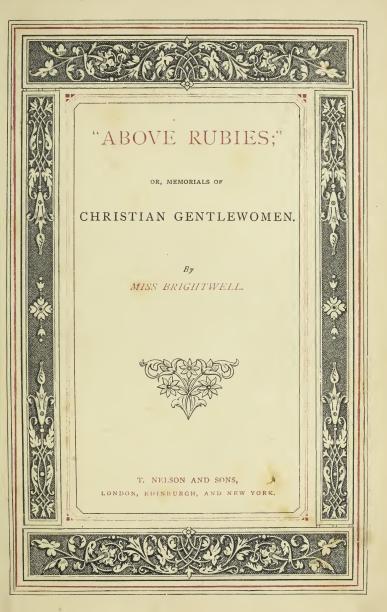
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

FEB 0 4 198









Digitized by the Internet Archive in 2017 with funding from University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign Alternates



or,

## MEMORIALS OF CHRISTIAN GENTLEWOMEN.

BY

#### MISS BRIGHTWELL,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF INDUSTRY AND GENIUS," ETC.

"Her price is far above rubies."

"A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

PROVERBS XXXI. 10, 30.

#### LONDON:

T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW; EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.





N the series of biographical sketches contained in this volume, the reader will find, if I mistake not, some choice examples of feminine excellence and worth. Many of these—my favourite heroines—have not, indeed, been distinguished for remarkable deeds of courage or daring; but all were kindhearted and true, firm friends, and exemplary in the discharge of domestic duties. I am persuaded the Wise King would have prized each of them "far above rubies," and have placed them all in the category of those daughters who have "done virtuously," and whose "works praise them in the gates."

Much is heard in the present day of woman's mission, and it is very pleasant to see on all sides such satisfactory evidence that feminine zeal has been kindled, while we observe, with mingled wonder and delight, the noble self-devotion of certain highly-cultivated and superior women, who, in a perilous crisis, and under the pressure

of extraordinary circumstances, have performed rare deeds of courage and high service. All honour to these heroines of our age and country. They show what the feebler nature of woman is capable of, when animated by Christian principle and pure charity.

It is not, indeed, given to many of the sex to run a course so arduous, and win the palm assigned to such exalted merit; but, in the quiet, unobtrusive, and common-place duties of the household, most women may find their proper sphere, and employ themselves both usefully and honourably. And there is, for such, sweet encouragement in the thought that home-duties, fulfilled in a right spirit, are approved by God, as well as acceptable to man.

I am persuaded that the example set by every good woman is calculated to encourage and help others; and when we are able to trace in the life-story of such an one the whole of her course, we may see how, step by step, she progressed, learning wisdom by experience, gaining strength and discretion by the exercise of watchful care, and thus becoming qualified to govern her household in a right way.

Above all, we are taught by the failures, as well as by the successes of others, not to despair when difficulties assail us, nor to give over hope when storms obscure for a season that sky we long to see ever screne and unclouded. Not a few of those who are commemorated in the following pages had to pass through deep waters of affliction, and learned, in the school of adversity, the highest lessons of wisdom and virtue. Happy they who act well the part assigned them here by Providence. Most happy who, with loving trustful spirit, tread the narrow path that leadeth unto life, and enter at last their Father's house, welcomed with the approving words, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

C. L. BRIGHTWELL.

Norwich, 1864.







Page							
	GHTER	DAUG	HER	ES, ANI	BALCARF	NE, COUNTESS OF E	I.
9	•••	•••			SAY,	LADY ANNE LINDS	
43	•••	AW,	R-IN-L	LUGHTE	HER DA	DAME GUIZOT AND	II
58					•••	ROLINE PERTHES,	II.
87			•••	•••	GAN,	s. GRANT, OF LAGO	v.
115		***	•••	•••		DAME NECKER,	v.
139	***			•••		DY FANSHAWE,	VI.
163	I. WINIFRED HERBERT, COUNTESS OF NITHISDALE,						
185		•••			RUSSIA,	UISA, QUEEN OF PR	II.
219		•••			LEY,	s. susannah wes	IX.
244			FE,	ER'S W	A, LUTH	THERINE VON BOR	x.
275					SON,	s. LUCY HUTCHINS	XI.







## "ABOVE RUBIES."

I.

# ANNE, COUNTESS OF BALCARRES, AND HER DAUGHTER LADY ANNE LINDSAY.

"To narrate—the favourite amusement of old age!
And why not?"....

N Lord Lindsay's admirable Memoirs of the Houses of Crawford and Balcarres, there is a domestic portraiture drawn by the hand of one of the ladies of the family, which cannot fail to charm and edify every admirer of feminine excellence. Probably many of the readers of these sketches may not have access to the original volumes, and they will, I persuade myself, be glad to have here a short memoir, obtained from the materials scattered through several chapters of the "Lives of the Lindsays."

Anne, wife of James, fifth Earl of Balcarres, was the daughter of Sir Robert Dalrymple, of Castleton. She had early lost her father, and was brought up by her widowed mother, a placid and gentle woman, who probably held the reins of maternal government with indulgent hand. One incident of her youth, related by an

old friend of the family, proves that the girl had a noble and generous spirit:—when a very, very young woman, she had received a legacy of £50; a humble friend, with a numerous family was beginning business, and in distress for a little ready money. Miss Dalrymple gave him her £50, and being asked why she had not bestowed half of it only, she replied; "The half of it would have done him little good, and to go without the whole does me little harm." This opportune gift was the making of the man, and we may well believe the generous maiden's own feelings amply repaid her.

When she grew up to womanhood the personal attractions of Miss Dalrymple rendered her the object of general admiration; and she joined to them good sense, activity, a generous disposition, and abundant vivacity. "She had," says her daughter, "everything but softness;" had this most alluring charm been added to the rest, she would, in all probability, not have remained mistress of her hand and heart at the time she captivated the Earl of Balcarres.

That nobleman had succeeded, in the year 1736, to the family titles and inheritance, the latter deeply embarrassed by the Jacobite debts incurred by his father, Earl Colin. Earl James had himself, when a youth, taken part in the insurrection of 1715, and the stigma remained on him through life. He served the Hanoverian kings, first as a sailor and afterwards as a soldier, all through the vigour of his life, but as he had "drawn his sword for the Stuart," he was never allowed to rise to the rank even of a field officer. After a severe struggle of more than thirty years, "tired out with fruitless service, with thwarted ambition, and with vague hopes," he sought,

in the retirement of Balcarres, "a large and fine house, with gardens, great enclosures and much planting," the quiet and happiness he so well deserved.

He was a man of deep and ardent feeling whose affections had been concentrated upon his only brother and sister. By the death of the former, he was left, the chief of his clan and the last of his race; but, while his beloved sister, Lady Elizabeth Lindsay, survived, he felt not solitary. Their mutual love was such as is rarely experienced by the busy mortals of earth; each lived in the heart of the other, and they found, in the deep simple earnestness of the domestic affections, consolation and happiness amid much relative and personal trial.

This admirable woman appears to have been a model of all that is amiable and excellent in her sex; "She died," says Earl James, in his memoirs, "unmarried, though extremely handsome, with the completest merit. She had a long tract of ill health, yet ever serene and cheerful, always entertaining from wisdom and the brightest imagination, yet never known in word or deed offensive to any one, as piety and goodness regulated her whole life. To the writer, she appeared the most perfect pattern of agreeable virtue he ever knew among mankind."

The bereaved brother found himself now indeed alone. The few trusty servants who had accompanied his fortunes, the old library of books "which had made chemists and philosophers of all the moths in the castle," and even the stores of a mind replete with ideas and enriched with varied information, did not suffice to fill the void. Something, he perceived was wanted to complete his satisfaction

The picture of her father is admirably drawn by the pen of Lady Anne Lindsay: "Had the honest people who composed his society possessed discernment to know the treasure they had acquired, they would have blessed the illiberality of King George, who had refused him that rank which many years of faithful service then entitled him to.

"The accomplished gentleman, the reasoning philosopher, the ardent soldier, the judicious farmer, and the warm partisan, my father argued on everything, discussed everything, with fire and ability; but concluded every subject with the beauty and wrongs of the fair Mary Queen of Scots, and with the base union of the two crowns, which had left the peers of Scotland without Parliament and without consequence.

"These were topics of inexhaustible disapprobation. No guest escaped from his table without his sentiments being sounded, and, whether opposed or not, Lord Balcarres always ended in a passion, and was sorry for it till he sinned again. That which made his greatest difficulty was the old attachment of a Jacobite amidst the habits of a Whig; his blue and white as a seaman, his scarlet and yellow as a soldier, shut up his lips from abusing the reigning Government; yet, certain it is, that while he fought over again the battles of George I., his eye kindled when the year fifteen was mentioned, with an expression that showed his heart to be a faithful subject yet to the old Tory cause."

As we have intimated, the earl, after a time, grew weary of Balcarres and the society of his neighbours, who, though well educated for country gentlemen, were unable to cope with a man of his calibre. He needed something

which he could not well define; and, willing to discover what it could be, he left his old mansion and went to drink the waters of Moffat, at about fifty miles distant.

It was there he met with Miss Dalrymple; she had arrived a short time before with her mother, and they and Lord Balcarres were invited to the same party. It was at the house of a Mrs. L-, who had an unmarried niece. In the early part of the evening the young ladies were playfully speculating as to their success in captivating the new arrival. "You need not give yourselves so much trouble," said Miss Dalrymple, laughing; "I know he will fix on me." She had never then seen him. When he made his entry late in the evening, Mrs. Lsaid to him, in badinage, "My Lord, here is choice for you!" naming the young ladies present. His eye glanced with the keenest eagerness at each of the fair circle; he came round, and, to Miss Dalrymple's dismay and astonishment, laid his finger on her shoulder and said, "I fix here!" Lady Dalrymple and her daughter immediately returned to Edinburgh, whither Lord Balcarres followed them, deeply smitten with his charmer.

"She was fair, blooming, and lively," continues Lady Anne, "her beauty and *embonpoint* charmed my dear, tall, lean, majestic father; at sixty he began to love with the enthusiasm of twenty-five. Lord Balcarres had now discovered what it was that he stood in need of; that it was the society of a charming princess to add to that of his books,—a princess less unfortunate and more alive than our old friend Queen Mary.

But though Miss Dalrymple respected and looked up to him, she was not disposed to pass the bounds of gratitude for his marked admiration of her. Lord Balcarres was almost sixty, and what was worse, the world reckoned him eighty! Though his aspect was noble and his air and deportment showed him at once to be a man of rank, yet there was no denying that a degree of singularity attended his appearance. To his large brigadier wig, which hung down with three tails, he generally added a few curls of his own application, which, I suspect, would not have been reckoned quite orthodox by the trade. His shoe, which resembled nothing so much as a little boat with a cabin at the end of it, was slashed with his penknife for the benefit of giving ease to his honest toes; there—there, he slashed it where he chose to slash, without an idea that the world or its fashions had the smallest right to smile at his shoe; had they smiled, he would have smiled too, and probably said, "Odsfish! I believe it is not like other people's, but as to that, look, d'ye see? what matters it whether so old a fellow as myself wears a shoe or a slipper?"

To these peculiarities of appearance and dress was added the calamity of almost total deafness, which was occasioned (an affecting proof of his goodness) by the sensitive tenderness of his nature. The death of his brother, to whom, as has been said, he was devotedly attached, had so nervously affected him that it suddenly took from him the use of his hearing, which was never tolerably restored. Yet, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, the charms of his company and conversation exerted a powerful attraction in society, while the benevolence of his heart, the liberality of his sentiments, and the uncommon extent of his information secured him the friendship of the learned and the good.

This, as his daughter says, was a character which could only be taken in the aggregate. "Lord Balcarres had proposed, Miss Dalrymple had not courage to accept; she refused him—fully, frankly, finally, refused him. It hurt him deeply—he fell sick, his life was despaired of. Every man of sense may know that a fever is the best oratory a lover can use; a man of address would have fevered upon plan, but the fever of my simple-hearted father was as real as his disappointment. Though grieved, he had no resentment; he settled upon her the half of his estate—she learnt this from his man of business—he recovered, though slowly—and in one of those emotions of gratitude, so virtuous at the moment but which sometimes hurry the heart beyond its calmer impulse—she married him."

This singular marriage proved a happy one. "She brought him," said the fond husband—"an approved merit, with all the ornaments of beauty. She gave him a numerous offspring and all other blessings, and thus possessed of the rational and natural felicities so overlooked in this vain world, he became thankful to his Maker for his disappointments in the visionary aims that so disturb the minds of men."

In a short time the old family chateau became again the cheerful residence of a domestic circle, and was, in due course, repeopled with a tribe of merry children. The eldest of these, Lady Anne, became, in after years, the memorialist of her family, and her recollections, full of animation, spirit, and intelligence, possess especial interest as descriptive of a period, and style of life and manners long since passed away.

Of her mother she speaks as a woman of high principle,

possessed of inherent dignity without pride, and the reality of that which many try to assume by lofty manners and external appointments. Married when only twentytwo to a man who was on the verge of sixty, she spent the earlier years of her married life in acting up, in all points, to her sense of duty. Her daughter, while regretting that she had not more of the tenderness and softer affections so attractive in young women, utters this high eulogium upon her conduct,—"I have rarely seen any woman, enjoying as she did, the admiration that her beauty and animation naturally attracted, who retained the same purity of manners and innocence of heart. She never lost sight for a moment of her being the wife of a most respectable but very old man, and this recollection restrained into caution a vivacity that never exceeded the bounds of the most critical propriety, and taught her daughters, I hope, that cheerfulness might be indulged without levity and ingenuous openness without imprudence. Honour, magnanimity, and justice guided the whole of her conduct, and she laid down, as the laws of the Medes and Persians, the absolute necessity of our being always governed by them. In short, my dear mother was a woman to make men of men, and wise women of silly ones."

No wonder her husband praised her. "Time daily adds to her goodness and complacency," he says, when writing of her to his mother-in-law; and so entirely could he rely upon her prudence and sagacity that he gave up to her the entire management of the house and the children, rarely interfering in her jurisdiction, unless when he found what he thought little misdemeanours punished too severely when he would occasionally cry, "Odsfish,

madam! you will break the spirits of my young troop—I will not have it so."

Lady Anne has charmingly described the youthful progeny of her father's marriage. There had long existed a prophecy that the first child of the House of Balcarres was to restore the family of Stuart to their hereditary rights, and expectation was raised high upon the occasion. So much the greater were the dismay and disappointment of the Jacobite friends of the family when Lady Balcarres gave birth to a daughter-"after all, absolutely but a daughter—that child was the Anne Lindsay who now addresses you, and in the arms of my nurse I promised to be a little heiress, perhaps a heroine worthy of having my name posted on the front of a novel. But twelve succeeding years robbed me of my prospects by enriching me with ten friends whom I would not now exchange for that crown which it was foretold I was to have placed on the brows of the Pretender.

"My father's patience was happily rewarded next year by the birth of a son and heir, my dear Cummerland. A twelvemonth after came my beloved Margaret; Robert and Colin followed them as soon as possible; James, William, Charles, and John did not lag long behind; my dear little sister Elizabeth almost closed the procession, though not entirely; Hugh, though last not least beloved, finishes my list.

"Queen Mary herself and the evils arising to the Scottish nobility by the Union, gave sometimes way to the pride of my father's heart when we all entered the room after dinner. It has even been known, though rarely, that he stopped short when abusing Queen Elizabeth, to

say to his guests, 'Look at those brave fellows and charming princesses!'"

Unfortunately for these young nurselings, it was not the system of that century to treat children with gentleness, everything was done by authority and by correction; and this was even in a still greater degree the case with the former generation, when no child was permitted to speak before or sit down in the company of its parents. This rigid discipline was not at all to the taste of Lady Anne, who was persuaded that the law of kindness would have worked far better, and that the little brood might have been led on, to every good purpose, by a single hair. But Lady Balcarres, seeing them all cheerful and tolerably good, was convinced that her government was the best possible, and so went her own way, "paying all reasonable attention to the point of health, taking the weekly account of our progress in the first rudiments of learning from the tutor, and chastising us with her own little white hand, which, though soft, was no slight species of flagellation."

That her ladyship's chastisements were not severe enough seriously to damp the spirits of her young rebels is evident from the picture drawn of their proceedings by the senior of the group:—

"As my mother's family grew up in divisions, my brother Cummerland, Margaret, Colin, along with Anne, formed the first battalion, to which I, being the eldest, generally elected myself captain; and whether we stole tarts, robbed the garden, or possessed ourselves of the spoils of the sugar box, all was common stock.

"As we conceived that the tasks of languages, geography, and arithmetic, under which we laboured, were harder than those laid on the children of Israel, which provoked a revolt, Margaret, who had a taste for public speaking, taking the lead, assembled us one day in a favourite resort of ours, and proposed an insurrection. She complained of hard laws and little play, and assured us, if we would be ruled by her, that she would carry us to a family where she had once spent a week after the whooping cough very agreeably indeed. She was certain they would receive us kindly, as they had no children of their own, they would make us welcome to live with them, which would be much better than the 'horrious' life we led at home.

"The proposal was agreed to with acclamations of joy, and we instantly set out on the journey, intending by forced marches to reach the neighbour's house that night, as it was but three miles distant, and by the side of the sea; but as we could not think of leaving little James behind, who had not yet got into breeches, it considerably retarded us, as we had to carry him by turns. Our flight was discovered by old Robin Gray, the shepherd: 'All the young gentlemen and the young ladies, and all the dogs are run away, my lady!' A messenger being despatched, not to negotiate, but to bring us back nolens volens, the six criminals were carried before the countess, who declared that on this occasion whipping was too good for us, and that we should each have a dose of tincture of rhubarb, to teach us to stay at home—a punishment classically just in its degrees, as the eldest, consequently the most guilty, had the last and most offensive glass of the bottle."

So much for the adverse days of the young Lindsays. They had their sunshiny ones, however; for,

"In spite of this, we were not without our pleasures. We often puddled in a glen at some little distance from the château, and were half way up the legs in water, along with our three esquires. Margaret's dress and mine, perhaps, were not exactly calculated for bathing in: we wore vellow and silver silks, which had been made into slips out of an old wedding gown of Lady Balcarres'; the pattern, which had been done for one, being scanty for two, it had been flounced with blue gauze, which tucking up, with our trains of capacious silver flowers, and jumping in, Pharaoh's daughter made a not more splendid appearance, when pulling Moses out from the bulrushes. Between the hours of twelve and one, while the tutor took his walk, we generally galloped down in squadron to visit the fat oxen in the farm-yard, partook of their turnips uninvited, and sat down on their lazy sirloins, paid our compliments to the swine, fed our pigeons, and played at swing. But there was in each week one whole day which I may call a happy one, and that was Sunday. On it, along with the manservant and the maid, the ox and the ass, we all enjoyed the privilege derived from the Fourth Commandment, of 'doing no manner of work,' save getting by rote twelve verses of a psalm, which we repeated to our tutor before breakfast, and in which I was always deficient unless I said my lesson the moment I had learnt it. We then walked to church, which was two miles distant, and listened with reverence to all we understood, and with smiles to the horrid discords with which a Presbyterian congregation assails the ears—a discord to me now more pious in its sound of willing praise than all the organs or hired choir-singers in the world, and exceeded by nothing in

the sensations it awakens but by a congregation of converted Hottentots joining in one hymn.\*

"We then returned to dinner, at which we all appeared, and after it received my father's Sunday bounty, namely, eleven heaps of sweetmeats of all sorts and shapes, piled up by one of us according to my mother's order, to teach us to calculate well, the compiler having the last heap, to insure justice being properly administered in the distribution. It was then remarkable that each child invariably chose the portion most out of his reach; whether this may not go into something beyond the age of sugar plums, I leave you to say. The rest of the week was devoted to acquirements as I have mentioned; but, alas! our house was not merely a school of acquirements, it was often a sort of Bastille, in every closet of which was a culprit; some were sobbing and repeating verbs, others eating their bread and water; some preparing themselves to be whipped, and here and there a fat little Cupid who, having been flogged by Venus, was enjoying a most enviable nap."

The ancient mansion in which this numerous family was brought up was completely secluded from the rest of the world, the sea girt it around in semi-circular form, and being there but fourteen miles broad, the opposite shore on a clear day seemed to invite the dwellers on the other side to pay it a visit. The Bass Rock, so famous in Scottish story, rose "like a great whale" per-

<sup>\*</sup> In after years Lady Anne accompanied her husband to the Cape of Good Hope, where she had an opportunity of listening to these strains of simple devortion. How much her heart sympathized with them appears in one of her papers "I have always," she says, "had a strong wish to visit Botany Bay—not from a longing to commit a crime, but from a desire to rejoice with the angels over repentant sinners. If one reformed rogue gives to beatified spirits so much joy, what a feeling must be created by such a group!"

pendicularly out of the water between the two shores and exactly opposite the castle, which stood on an eminence commanded by a very elevated and extensive prospect, and surrounded by tall trees, inhabited by the ancestral rooks which had tenanted their branches for ages. In short, it was a fine old place, and nothing was wanting but money to make it a noble mansion. Its hospitable portals were flung wide for the reception of all comers; insomuch that there is a traditional anecdote to this effect. There had been many robberies in Fifeshire, every house in the neighbourhood had been visited except Balcarres. The robbers were at last captured and brought before the county court. "Why did you never come to me?" asked Lord Balcarres. "My lord," they replied, "we often did; everywhere else we found closed doors, but at Balcarres they stood always open, and, where such is the case, it is a rule among us not to enter."

It was a sort of creed in the family, that it was impossible any one at Balcarres could wish to be anywhere else; an idea, as Lady Anne says, by no means injudiciously fostered, seeing the place was, in fact, to all intents and purposes, a prison—though a cheerful one, still a prison. "The sea all around was our zone, and if we had supposed ourselves islanders," says the lively dame, "we should not have been much mistaken. Of what value was the beautiful country except to a painter, or the vicinity of Edinburgh save to a crow? We beheld it sweetly smoking at a distance, but then it was impossible to get at it! Though twenty miles to the ferry of Kinghorn does not sound terrible, yet the difficulties of winds, tides, the bad roads, and all the incon-

veniences of leaving home to those who unfortunately are not rich enough to have money to spare easily on extraordinary occasions, rendered every planned excursion so difficult to settle, and so productive of dispute, that it was generally given up in a pet by the proposer.

"My mother said that we saw more company than anybody, and we were convinced of it. The parson—an excellent bust of Homer, and his wife of Seneca—with their daughter, came frequently to see us; a few neighbours did so too, but seldom: they were honest country gentlemen, living on the produce of grounds they cultivated themselves, but we were told they were as genteel as people ought to be. However, the society at home was so numerous that we did not much feel the need of any other.

"They consisted of my father, my mother and my grandmother, Lady Dalrymple; of Miss Sophy Johnstone, an original whom I shall mention by and by; of the Misses Keith, three maiden cousins of my mother; of Mrs. Cockburn, an intimate friend of Lady Balcarres, who had goodness, genius, Utopianism, and a decided passion for making of matches, for which reason she was the confidante of all love-sick hearts; of the eleven children, who made no inconsiderable addition to the society; of my brother's tutor, a pious but very absent man, who occupied a chair; and of a young lady to whom I dare hardly, even at this moment, give the title of our governess. My mother had found her weeping and painting butterflies in the garret of a house where she lodged for a few days in Edinburgh. She wept because she was not placed, she said. in the sphere of life

for which she was formed. She boasted that in her veins descended the blood of some old Highland chief, I forget who. She sang sweetly, wrote and worked well; my mother was amused with the variety of her uncultivated talents, and formed the plan of carrying her to Balcarres in a sort of nondescript situation, till she saw how she liked her.

"By degrees she rendered herself of use, while she maintained her independence, and the ascendency she acquired over my mother's mind, while bending to her in nothing, became evident."

This fantastic being knew well how to play her cards. She refused to accept pecuniary remuneration, but consented "as an act of friendship" to perform the part of governess to the young ladies Lindsay, and in this way obtained all she desired, and preserved the footing of a friend in the family, scorning that of a humble dependant.

"Behold her then," continues Lady Anne, "settled at Balcarres, the least little woman that ever was seen for nothing. Fanciful in her dress, and naive in her manners, her countenance was pretty, her shape neat and nice; but in that casket was lodged more than Pandora's box contained, not only of sorrows and ills to demolish mankind, but of powers of every kind, good as well as bad; powers of attaching, powers of injuring, powers of mind, powers of genius—magnanimity, obstinacy, prejudice, romance, and occasionally enthusiastic devotion.

"Placed among such a diversity of characters, all to be studied, I was in a school where I could scarcely fail to learn something of my own." Lady Anne Lindsay had indeed begun "to see with her eyes, and reason on what she saw with her mind," at an early age. It was a happiness for her that her father survived until she had attained her seventeenth year. She was for several years his constant companion, and drank in the lessons he inculcated with all the ardour of a young and admiring mind. It is evident that she idolized the chivalrous, noble-hearted old man, while her affection helped to shed a soft light upon his declining path, and called forth all the gentle and tender feelings of his heart. Nothing can be more beautiful and appropriate than the counsel he gives his daughters in the following letter, which I have transcribed entire for the benefit of youthful readers.

"Indeed, my dears, your father is now no more than the ruin of an old building that never had much beauty in it, but still most affectionate to my children and friends; and you seem to think so, when you say you would willingly part with your ears to cure my deafness,—but how unnatural would it not be in me to accept them! Many years have passed since I heard soft sounds from a pair of fine lips,—the sweetest of all music; it is only bestowed upon youth,-you may likely hear a good deal of it, and even from the wise and agreeable, if you can confirm their inclinations by being good and mild, cheerful and complacent. Men love such companions as can help to make them gay and easy. For this end fair nymphs should provide chains as well as nets to secure as well as acquire captives. You must have the Muses as well as the Graces to aid and perfect nature.

"It is the manner and expression of the passions that makes the beauty of music,—to excel, you should under-

stand the Italian. So much for the Graces,—the love of the Muses is not so easily gained, but there is a long and lasting pleasure to be found in the pursuit of their favour: they will acquire you friends that will soften all the ills of life, and the helps of knowledge and virtue will make even distress and disappointment easy to you. For these ends you must have books both to instruct and entertain They are said to be the best of friends, as they advise without flattery, and reprove without anger. Real religion is taught in few words, and is, as you well know, the foundation that makes us live and die in peace and hope. History is the best help to think justly of things. Poetry will cheer you, and as much of philosophy as concerns the moral virtues will help to make you happy even if condemned to be old maids. If you become wives, be amiable, 'tis the best means to have power, as your husband will have more pleasure in pleasing you than himself."

Earl James died on the 20th February 1768, and was buried in the chapel at Balcarres. His loss was sincerely deplored by all who knew and loved him, and the tears of his dependants fell fast as they saw him committed to the grave. "I really believe never man was so well served as he has been," said his venerable mother-in-law. After this event Lady Balcarres, then scarcely forty years of age, and still a beautiful woman, devoted herself assiduously to the discharge of her important duties. The education of her eleven children, the youngest of whom was but four years old, together with the management of her estate, was no light task, especially as her means were very limited. "You see," she wrote to a friend whom she was entrusting with a commission, "Tm very thrifty;

and you would think it very necessary had you seen us some nights ago at a family ball, when we were about fifty souls, all belonging to this identical house,—literally all of them breakfast, dine, and sup off our little bit land." Doubtless "thrift" must have been indispensable under such circumstances, and her daughter's testimony proves that the generous open-handed impulses of her kind heart were but too frequently curbed by the necessity for caretaking, nor did she ever so much lament the smallness of her income as when it compelled her to stint her liberality. Selfishness was a vice she especially detested, and from the indulgence of which she carefully guarded her young charge, at the same time taking care to inculcate prudence and self-denial. One of her boys ran to her one day begging for sixpence to give a poor man at the door. "You are right," she said, "to give to the poor, but give what is your own; the sixpence you ask for is mine; if the man is hungry, let him have half your dinner, or if he is cold and you are sorry for him, as you have a coat and a waistcoat, give him which of them you please, but do not give him both, because, if you do, you will be colder than he is." The mother who knew how to teach her sons after this sort deserved to find them growing up men of honour and integrity; nor was she disappointed. Eventually all her anxieties were removed by the growing prosperity of her children, and "it was then," says her daughter, "when the gales of this troublesome world had subsided, and the breakers ceased to rage which hid from the common observer the rock on which my dear mother's stronghold of happiness was built, that we perceived a deep and firm reliance on her God to have been always the basis of that true fortitude

and independence of mind which had sustained her through so many difficulties without her ever allowing them to be such."

If it be true that we may measure the real worth of man or woman by the friendships they maintain, it is evident from these memoirs that Lady Balcarres was a woman of no common mould. We are told that one of her friends, who came to spend a few months with her soon after her marriage, remained an inmate of the household for many long years, devoting herself to each successive child till it became fledged, and when age and poverty came upon her, experiencing the kindness of those whose infancy she had watched. Mrs. Cockburn, the intimate friend of Lady Balcarres before mentioned, was a woman of genius, the authoress of the well-known and admired song called "The Flowers of the Forest." Her friend looked upon her as a second mother; she was ten years her senior, but her mind was so gay, enthusiastic, and ardent, her fancy ever lively, and she had such goodness of heart united to manners so attractive and conciliatory, that she proved an invaluable friend both to the mother and the daughters. Sir W. Scott, speaking of this lady at a very advanced period of her life, says, "she retained a play of imagination and an activity of intellect which must have been attractive and delightful in youth, but were almost preternatural at her age. Her active benevolence keeping pace with her genius rendered her equally an object of love and admiration." Her letters, some of which were preserved by Lady Anne, fully bear out the character given of her. I cannot resist making a short quotation from one of them. "Your letter reached me, Anne, when I was with a friend in the

country; it had everything in it to delight me, and I read it with pride, for it had that kindness of heart, too, without which all the rest is but whipped cream. The mother of the family I am now with was my school companion fifty years ago. I recommend it to you to lay in these kind of treasures for old age,—they are the coals that, laid up in summer, keep us warm in winter; no money can purchase them after the chill of life begins to creep Let kindness, therefore, be the moving spring in your soul; it produces happiness in this world and beatitude in the next. No matter though you are sometimes cheated and deceived,—that must happen through life, you will cheat yourself most if you lose that blessed disposition of which you have so truly the seeds. The Scripture calls it charity, I call it kindness; choose which name you like best, but keep the thing, my child."

But of all her intimates there was none so much beloved by Lady Balcarres as Mrs. Anne Keith, her cousingermain, and dearest friend through life. A constant and ever-welcome resident at Balcarres during Earl James's life, she was the inseparable companion of her widowed friend during the many years she resided in Edinburgh after her children had all been settled and gone their various ways in life, and latterly found a home with her under her son's roof at Balcarres. This admirable woman was the original of Mrs. Bethune Baliol in the "Chronicles of the Canongate." She resided for some years with the venerable Lady Dalrymple, who, after her son-in-law's death, took a house in Edinburgh, situate in a *close* of the Canongate, and there the young descendants of the family spent much time as they grew up. One of Lady Anne's

most captivating and life-like sketches is the portrait of her maternal grandmother. Here it is:—"I now remember with a smile the different evolutions that grandmamma's daily fidgets had to perform, though at the time they plagued me a little. At ten she came down stairs, always a little out of humour till she had her breakfast. In her left hand were her mitts and her snuff-box, which contained a certain number of pinches. She stopped on the seventeenth spot of the carpet, and coughed three times; she then looked at the weather-glass, approached the tea-table, put her right hand in her pocket for the key of the tea-chest, and not finding it there, sent me up stairs to look for it in her own room, charging me not to fall on the stairs.

"'Look!' said she, 'Anne, upon my little table, there you will find a pair of gloves, but the key is not there; after you have taken up the gloves, you will see yesterday's newspaper, but you will not find it below that, so you need not touch it: pass on from the newspaper to my black fan, beside it there lie three apples,—(don't eat my apples, Anne, mark that!) take up the letter that is beyond the apples, and there you will find'——

" 'But is not that the key on your left hand over your little finger?'

"'No, Annie, it cannot be so, for I always carry it on my right.'

"'That is, you intend to do so, my dear grandmamma, but you know you always carry it on your left!'

" 'Well, well, dear child! I believe I do; but what then? Is the tea made? put in one spoonful for every person and one over,—Annie, do you mark me?'

"Thus, every morning grandmamma smelt three times

at her apple, came downstairs testy, coughed on the seventeenth spot, lost her key, had it detected in her left hand, and the morning's parade being over, till the evening's nap arrived (when she had a new set of manœuvres) she was a pleasing, entertaining, talkative, mild old woman. I should love her, for she loved me; I was her goddaughter and her sworn friend. She was the mildest and most innocent of beings."

The lapse of years brought the usual changes in the domestic circle at Balcarres. One by one the junior members were launched upon the stream of active life. Each went his different course, and in a few years "there was scarce a quarter of the world of which a Lindsay was not a denizen." Two brothers fought in India, two in America, Robert was in the East India Company's service, and resided at Sylhet, on the borders of the Burmese Empire, William and Hugh entered the navy. "I have very great reason," said their mother, "to be thankful. Most of my sons are now afloat, and with a fair wind,—Balcarres leads the van with colours flying. I pray God no reverse may stop a progress so well begun and really so justly deserved, for young men free from capital vices are rarely now to be met with. If Bob live a few years he may acquire a reasonable and easy fortune. Glory and laurels must content the sons of Mars."

Of the three daughters of Lady Balcarres, the first who quitted the old nest in which so numerous a brood had been reared was Lady Margaret Lindsay. She and Lady Anne were attached to each other through life by unusually warm feelings of sisterly affection. Of her personal charms and mental accomplishments a glowing picture is

given in these memorials. It was this lady's youthful beauty which inspired Sheridan with the well-known lines:—

"Marked you her eye of heavenly blue, Marked you her cheek of rosy hue; That eye in liquid circles roving, That cheek abashed at man's approving; The one Love's arrows darting round, The other blushing at the wound."

Her marriage to Alexander Fordyce, Esq. of Roehampton, took place in 1771, and her consequent departure for England was a keen trial for Lady Anne, then in her twenty-first year. She solaced herself by exercising her genius for composition. "Residing," says she, "in the solitude of the country, without other sources of entertainment than what I could draw from myself, I used to mount up to my little closet in the high winding staircase, which commanded the sea, the lake, the rock, the birds, the beach, and with my pen in my hand, and a few envelopes of old letters, scribble away poetically and in prose till I made myself an artificial happiness, which did very well pour passer le temps, though far better would my attempts have been had I had Margaret's judgment to correct them." "There was an ancient Scottish melody," she says elsewhere, "of which I was passionately fond,-Sophy Johnstone used to sing it to us,-I longed to sing the air to different words, and to give to its plaintive tones some little history of various distress in humble life such as might suit it. While trying to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me, - 'I have been writing a ballad, my dear, -I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes, -I have already sent her Jamie to sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother

fall sick, and given her an old lover, but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow,—help me to one, I pray!"

"Steal the cow!" said the little Elizabeth.

"The cow was immediately *lifted* by me, and the song completed."

This ballad, so characteristically described by Lady Anne, was no other than "Auld Robin Gray." The authoress was far from suspecting that she had produced a song which was to become the admiration of the world. For many a long year she kept her secret so successfully that even Lady Balcarres, who was greatly pleased with it, did not suspect its origin for a considerable time.

While all agreed in admiring this exquisite ballad, conjecture failed to trace its source. Lady Anne was once applied to concerning the matter by some Antiquarian Society, her answer was as follows:—"The ballad in question has, in my opinion, met with attentions beyond its deserts. It set off with having a very fine tune put to it by a doctor of music, was sung by youth and beauty for five years and more, had a romance composed from it by a man of eminence, was the subject of a play, of an opera, and of a pantomime, was sung by the united armies in America, acted by Punch, and afterwards danced by dogs in the street, but never more honoured than by the present investigation."

Not till a year or two before her death did she publicly acknowledge it, and then she confided its history to Sir W. Scott, who had quoted some lines from it in "The Pirate." In his reply he said,—"I have sometimes wondered how many of our best songs have been written by Scotchwomen of rank and condition. The honourable

Mrs. Murray (Miss Baillie of Jerviswood born) wrote the very pretty Scotch song,—

'An't were not in my heart's light I wad die.'

"Mrs. Elliot of Minto, the verses to 'The Flowers of the Forest' which begin—

'I have heard a lilting,' &c.

"Mrs. Cockburn has composed other verses to the same tune—

'I have seen the smiling of fortuning beguiling,' &c.

"Lady Wardlaw wrote the glorious old ballad of 'Hardyknute.' Place 'Auld Robin' at the head of this list, and I question if we masculine wretches can claim five or six songs equal in elegance and pathos out of the long list of Scottish minstrelsy."

Lady Balcarres passed the evening of her life in her beloved Scotland. She continued to reside in the family mansion for many years after her younger children had quitted it. "Balcarres' behaviour to me," she wrote to her daughter, "is perfectly to my mind. This house is, I think, more my own than ever it was; he is perfectly adored in this country where he is known." Lady Anne, after a visit in Fifeshire, described her as "well, lively, and happy, without any essential approaches of old age being evident, a failure in memory excepted, of which she complained not, wisely regarding it as the common lot of humanity, and believing that the goodness of God is seen in depriving us, one by one, of those enjoyments, which attach us to a life we must shortly quit."

Some time later she took up her residence in Ediaburgh, with Mrs. Murray Keith. Her house was oppo-

site to her daughter-in-law's-"though it was but the premier étage, it was a very handsome one; her little income had recovered its good health-she had, therefore, enough to live on comfortably, and, with the addition which her friend could bring, great ease of finance appeared." Here she saw the best society the northern metropolis afforded, and here her daughters frequently visited her, and, after their removal to England, endeavoured to persuade her to spend the alternate years with them. She liked the invitation, but replied gaily, "No, no, ladies—no residences but in my own country —a visit, perhaps, you may have from me, if I think myself well enough to go to court, in order to see my flirt the king (George III. and the royal family had paid her much attention); but even that must be a short one. Write often to me, however," she added, "it will be a great amusement to me, and be sure to tell me everything you think I should like to know."

When increasing infirmities rendered it desirable the venerable lady should have the protection of her son's abode, she transferred herself and her beloved companion thither. In 1809, when Lady Anne, after a long absence, revisited Balcarres, she wrote:—"We found my mother better than we could have conceived; more erect, more active, younger by five years than she was five years ago, and, if not much better in her memory, more cheerful and lively than I have seen her these twenty years. A little instance you shall have. To-day a chattering woman, whose conversation is endless but empty, had been here, and on her leaving the room my mother said, 'I remember a line of Shakespeare which I could easily fit to that woman's talk, if I might make a

small alteration.' We begged to hear the line. 'This is it,' said she:—

'Nothing can come of nothing; speak again!'

Now the alteration I wish to make is this,-

'Nothing can come of nothing; hold your peace!'

This was a very pointed quotation for eighty-two, and a bad memory; but whatever rises out of the present moment she is equal to, though not to any stretch of recollection."

In another letter there is the following pleasant description of "the great family festival"—her birth-day. "On the 25th December each person was I repared with his or her cadeau. Mine was a black lace cloak or hood. When I put it over her nice little figure, and wished her many happy returns of the day, she seemed proud and pleased; her eye sparkled. 'Is this not too fine for me?' said she; 'but I accept it with pleasure, and in return, Annie, I will make you a present which I hope you will live to enjoy the benefit of. I mean the knowledge that old age is not the miserable state people suppose it to be. On the contrary, it is one of calm enjoyment. You can have no idea how much amusement is derived from things that we disregarded in our youth; the attentions of friends, for instance, are more prized, and the misfortunes of life are easier borne. Of what consequence are they to a person who is on the brink of quitting this world for a better? The thoughts of that untried country to which I am invited by my Saviour, are to me the source of inexhaustible delight. I trust.' added she with fervour, 'that I shall there meet with you all again, through his merits, in perpetual youth and endless happiness; and this castle of mine is not a château d' Espagne, as Madam Ann Keith calls some of my projects when she does not approve of them.'

Five years afterwards Mrs. Keith described her as "happy, with her knotting, her calculations, and her little castles in the air, and so entranced with her Bible and the lives of the patriarchs, that she is one of the happiest of human beings."

At length the union which had so long subsisted between these two endeared companions was severed by the hand of death. Mrs. Keith expired somewhat suddenly in the autumn of 1817. The venerable countess survived her three years, retaining to the last her cheerfulness, and declining so gradually that when the summons came, those around her could scarcely realize the event. "So gently did her soul depart we could not believe she was gone." Gone to that happy home, where, as she had been wont often to say to her beloved daughter, "We shall all be young together again, Annie!"

\* \* \* \* \*

At the time of her mother's death, Lady Anne had attained the usual age of man. During the fifteen or twenty years of her brother's wanderings in search of fame and wealth in foreign lands, she had resided with her widowed sister in London, where, in the words of their brother, Lord Balcarres, their house became "the meeting-place of great and good characters, literary and political." A host of distinguished names, Burke, Sheridan, Windham, Dundas, and the Prince of Wales, were their familiar guests and friends, and the attachment of the latter to Lady Anne ended only with his life. This pleasant

period was terminated by the marriage of Lady Anne with Mr. Barnard, son of the Bishop of Limerick, whom she accompanied to Africa on his appointment as Colonial Secretary.

After her husband's death, she again kept house with her sister till the second marriage of Lady Margaret, which took place in 1812. From that time Lady Anne resided almost uninterruptedly in Berkeley Square, enjoying the occasional society of her family, and devoting her declining years to the compilation of the memorials of her family.

It had been the wish of Earl James that one of his children should undertake this task, and it must have been a sweet satisfaction to her, in her latter days, to carry out his desire. To the "family taste," as she calls it, "of spinning from the brain in the sanctum of the closet," she owed the chief amusement of a serene, placid, and contented old age, prolonged, like that of several of her family, far beyond the period usually allotted to human life, and enlivened to the close by the proverbial cheerfulness of the "light Lindsays," and unimpaired vigour of mind and fancy.

The following letter, from the pen of her nephew, Colonel Lindsay, conveys a most pleasing impression of this gifted woman, and contains a short epitome of her life:—"You ask me to give you some account of my dearly loved aunt, Lady Anne Barnard, as I remember her in my young days.... Having early lost her father, she soon saw that the prosperity of herself and her brothers and sisters depended mainly on their own exertions, for the fortune which was left by her father was not much more than enough to bring them up and

educate them in a moderate way, whilst her elder brother contributed all he could to his mother for this purpose, living for many years on his pay in the army. The feeling that she was the example, that much depended on her, roused her abilities and called forth every latent talent within her. These talents were not trifling. A stream of genius ran sparkling through her character, and she possessed application. Women were but indifferently educated in those days; few of them knew any language but their own, a little arithmetic, and cookery; but Lady Anne and her sisters studied and read together, working out instruction for themselves; and I am inclined to think it was this struggle of the intellect against difficulties which drew forth their energies, and occasioned that originality of thought which was so captivating.

"My grandmother's house in Edinburgh was open to the learned and to all strangers of distinction; her rank, station, and character, as the widow of the old and respected Earl of Balcarres, placed her in this situation. Thus Lady Anne became acquainted with Hume, Johnson, Mackenzie, Monboddo, and other philosophers of that day, as she did with the wits and statesmen of England at a later period, when she and Lady Margaret settled in London. She was graceful, witty, and elegant, full of life and animation, her sister and herself charming musicians, and both of them peculiarly affable. What wonder then that their fame spread far?

"The peculiar trait of Lady Anne's character was benevolence—a readiness to share with others her purse, her tears—or her joys, an absence of all selfishness. This, with her talents, created a power of pleasing which I

have never seen equalled. She had in society a power of placing herself in sympathy with those whom she addressed, of drawing forth their feelings, their talents, their acquirements, pleasing them with themselves, and, consequently, with their companions for the time being. I have often seen her change a dull party into an agreeable one; she could make the dullest speak, the shyest feel happy, and the witty flash fire without any apparent exertions. A characteristic anecdote was told of her. She was entertaining a large party of distinguished guests at dinner, when a hitch occurred in the kitchen. Her old servant came up behind her and whispered, 'My lady, you must tell another story; the second course won't be ready for five minutes!' It were impossible to name the numbers who claimed her intimacy, even from the prince on the throne to the peasant at Balcarres. I recollect George IV. sending for her to come and see him when he was very ill. He spoke most affectionately to her, and said, 'Sister Anne (the appellation he usually gave her), I wished to see you, to tell you that I love you, and wish you to accept of this golden chain for my sake. I may never see you again.'

"Her hand was sought in marriage by several of the first men of the land, and her friendship and confidence by the most distinguished women; but indecision was her failing; hesitation and doubt upset her judgment. Her heart had never been captured, and she remained single till late in life, when she married an accomplished but not wealthy gentleman, younger than herself, whom she accompanied to the Cape of Good Hope, when he was appointed Colonial Secretary under Lord Macartney. As you know, her latter years were spent in London,

where her house was ever a home to us. I loved her as a mother, and so did all who dwelt under her roof."

It appears to me that this sketch cannot be more fittingly closed than by permitting Lady Anne to give my readers the benefit of her counsel and experience in a page torn from her scrap-book, and headed

## " OCCUPATION."

"So far as my poor experience goes, occupation is the best nostrum in the great laboratory of human life, for pains, cares, mortifications, and ennui. It amuses in sickness, it lightens the distress of circumstances, it acts as a gentle opiate to ill-requited love; it is a solace to the heart when a fellow-creature can be benefited by our exertions; and even in sorrow—even when the heart is sinking under the load of grief—if we can feel it a duty to bear up, we find it an atlas to the human mind, giving it strength to support what might otherwise crush it.

"But to treasure up the power of occupying ourselves in a manner to interest us in old age, we must begin, my dear young friends, by occupying ourselves in youth, by cultivating some taste or talent to which our mind leads us, which may amuse our solitary hours as we advance in life. Never should the day pass in which a young person ought not to endeavour to make some step forward to improvement. If we do so in youth, the taste will not depart from us in old age, and instead of giving up the point of happiness, if we make it our aim to keep our minds awake to a sense of our duties, it will stand us in good stead, although Providence may not have gifted us with imagination or ingenuity; the independence of having your amusements within yourselves will render you

beloved and looked up to; the same independence in old age will prevent your ever feeling yourselves a burden on society. Rich in your own resources, you will ask no subscriptions from others, but gladly afford a share of what little it may be in your power to bestow."

Such was Lady Anne's philosophy. May it be ours also, my reader! Let us "redeem the time," remembering how surely

"The culture of the early spring • Secures the summer's joy, the autumn's pride, And makes the rugged brow of winter smile!"

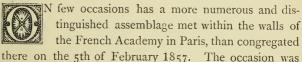




II.

## MADAME GUIZOT AND HER DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

"Dearly bought, the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow;
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe."



one of unusual interest;—it was the reception of the distinguished *savant*, M. Biot, as successor to the celebrated historian of the Revolution, M. de Lacretelle, recently deceased.

It being known that M. Guizot would pronounce the discourse of reception, there was a very general anxiety to seize the opportunity of hearing that eminent man, who was for so many years, in power as well as in reputation, the leading statesman of France.

Among the audience was a considerable number of foreigners as well as of French, and most of the Academicians were present. Long before the arrival of the members of the Academy, every place was occupied, and a goodly show of ladies, in their brilliant and becoming dresses, added picturesqueness and colouring to the scene.

When M. Guizot rose to reply to the speech of M. Biot, a deep silence prevailed, which was uninterrupted throughout his address, except by an occasional outburst of applause, elicited by some parts of it. The eloquent orator closed his instructive and deeply interesting discourse with a few touching and pious words, which much impressed some present. After having enlarged on the literary merits of M. de. Lacretelle, he painted him in the possession of unimpaired intellectual activity to the termination of a very long life, in the enjoyment of the noblest affections, and the object of the tenderest domestic regard. "Thus," said he, "God granted to M. de Lacretelle the sweetest recompense that can be bestowed on man in this world." He then proceeded to draw, from this pleasing picture of the last hours of one so worthy of honour and so honoured, an impressive lesson. He described the general feeling of disappointment which, during the last half century, has overtaken the counsellors and rulers of nations; -what baffled hopes! what illusions destroyed! what glowing hopes quenched! A premature decay or a violent end has overtaken all that once promised a long and happy future. "We have lived," concluded he, "in the midst of ruins; the greatest warriors have been vanquished, the wisest politicians have failed, the noblest institutions have been overthrown "

What, then, has stood firm amid this general wreck? He answers, "The conquests of mind have alone remained durable, and the power of intellect has alone stood erect, amid fallen greatness." The inference to which he directs the attention of the advancing generation is, the superior advantages afforded by the pursuit

of intellectual research. Not that he would separate literature from the practical interests of human society; on the contrary, he would have it used as a means of preparation for active duty and service. But the pith and kernel of his advice to his youthful auditors lies in these striking words: "The Divine Master of men addressed to his disciples, assembled around him on the mount, words which I will repeat to you in concluding—for these words are equally important for the safety of nations as for the salvation of individual souls—'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'"

Such counsel as this sounds doubly impressive when uttered by such lips, in such an assemblage; and one cannot help asking, Whence did this man learn these things? Was he taught such wisdom in the schools of France in his youthful days? No! his education was a widely different one. It has been remarked that in the speech, the writings, and the general conduct of M. Guizot, there is a steadiness and seriousness which are the reverse of national, and which he doubtless owes to the teaching of Geneva. From the few notices which have been gleaned concerning his early days, we are disposed, however, to ascribe, in no small degree, to the influence of maternal excellence, the superior moral worth of the great French statesman.

His father fell a victim to the revolutionary mania which agitated France at the close of the last century. He was descended from an ancient house, the Protestant branch of which had settled at Nîmes; and although only twenty-seven years of age at the time of his death, is said to have earned a high reputation, in that his native town. It was on the 5th of April 1794, the very day of Danton's execution, that he was seized in the night, and on the 19th of the same month condemned to death by sentence of the judges of the Criminal Court of Nimes, and immediately executed. There was no definite charge brought against him: he had fallen under suspicion, and was accused of conspiracy against the Republic; and not having obeyed the summons, was condemned solely for his contumacy. The original sentence concluded with ordering the property of the condemned to be confiscated for the benefit of the Republic, and his children (in case he had any) to be received into the Foundling Hospital, there to receive such education as that same merciful Republic might see fit to give them!

A striking incident occurred in connection with the tragical fate of M. Guizot, which deserves to be recorded. A compassionate gendarme offered, at the peril of his own life, to contrive his escape; but the brave spirit declined to accept safety at such a risk, and he marched unfalteringly to the scaffold.

There was one being whose heart never recovered from the effects of that terrible blow, which cut short a life so valuable and so endeared. M. Guizot had, in very early youth, married the daughter of a respectable Protestant vicar, Mdlle. Elizabeth Sophie Bonicel. This lady was a woman of rare worth and high moral qualities, and her attachment to the memory of her husband, whom she mourned to the day of her death (during fifty-four years of widowhood), inspired general interest and admiration. She never, it is said, parted from the last letter she received from him, even for a single instant, and always wore it enclosed in a case, next her heart.

After the dreadful event, she displayed the utmost decision and firmness of character; nor did her presence of mind ever fail her. She had been trained under circumstances which early braced her mind to endurance and fortitude in the cause of that religion to which she manifested through life a devoted attachment. At the period of the birth of the future statesman (4th October 1787), the French Protestants were subject to every form of obloquy and oppression. Deprived of civil rights, they had no churches, no public worship, no recognised marriages. "Even in the towns where, as at Nîmes, they formed a large and respectable body of many thousands, they were not allowed to offer in common their prayers to the Almighty. In order to hear the exhortations of their pastors, they were obliged to repair to some remote and concealed spot-they called it the Desert-to which they were frequently tracked by the police, who dispersed them by firing at them, as if they had been wild beasts."\*

In her youth, the daughter of the Protestant clergyman had often shared the perils of these prohibited meetings, and probably, after joining in the stolen services, had fled in terror at the sound of those fusilades by which such heretical proceedings were violently interrupted. There is much justice in the observation, that persecution seldom fails to increase the devotion of high-minded persons to the faith of their fathers; and there can be little doubt that these reminiscences of her girlish days caused Madame Guizot to adhere with increased affection and tenacity to the Protestant faith of her father and husband.

Being left a widow with two infant sons, under circum-

<sup>\*</sup> See an excellent and most able article on M. Guizot in the Quarterly Review, vol. xciv. p. 122.

stances so perilous as well as so overwhelmingly afflictive, this woman of rare courage and worth nerved herself to fulfil the arduous duties that now devolved upon her. As soon as she was permitted to leave Nîmes, having gathered together what remained to her in the way of pecuniary resources, she immediately went, with her children, to Geneva, resolving to devote herself wholly to the task of their education, being persuaded that in France she should not be able to secure to them a sound moral and religious culture. During the next six years she remained at Geneva, herself superintending the studies of her boys. The remarkable talents of M. Guizot soon manifested themselves, and he made rapid progress in classical studies, as well as in philosophy and mathematics, while his aptitude for acquiring languages excited As he advanced from boyhood to general surprise. youth, his character became developed; and while his talents excited admiration, his regular habits of life, upright conduct, and high moral feeling, secured him the esteem of those who knew him.

At the age of eighteen the embryo-historian and statesman left Geneva and went to Paris, there to pursue the study of jurisprudence. He shortly became a contributor to one or two of the literary periodicals then existing; and three years later, published his first work—a Dictionary on Synonyms. From that time forward he pursued his upward career along the path of literary fame; and at a later period entered on the more stormy and difficult arena of politics, being elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies, as soon as he had attained the legal age of forty years.

It is not my purpose, even had I the ability, to attempt

to give the history of M. Guizot's career. It is sufficient here to say that he became the champion of true constitutional ideas, and that, by his frequent appeals through the press, he was one of the most influential causes of re-awakening freedom of thought and opinion in France. It may be imagined with what proud satisfaction his widowed mother watched his successful progress, and how thankfully she recognised the fruits of her early care and training in the liberal and Protestant principles of her illustrious son. But she trembled for his safety amid the convulsions of party strife; and when she recalled to mind the agonies produced by the horrors of the Revolution, she shrank from the thought of enduring a renewal of those anxieties. "Taught," said she, "by a tremendous experience, I did all in my power to prevent my son from entering a political life; but his indomitable courage renders him insensible to the dangers which surround him." On one occasion, especially, when M. Guizot was assailed by his adversaries with an unprecedented storm of abuse and violence, and was pusillanimously left by his party to stand up singly against the attack, he finally returned home so fatigued that he could not speak, and went to bed, desiring that, as soon as the proofs of the Moniteur came, he might be awakened to correct them.

"Knowing but imperfectly what had taken place," said his mother, "I was in great alarm; and while he slept, I remained with the children round the bed, mentally imploring the Almighty for the happiness of France and for the safety of my son. Catching a glimpse of his pale and motionless countenance, I had a terrible vision. I had before my eyes the head of my poor husband.....

Alas!" she adds, "God only knows the extent of the sacrifices we must make for our country."

This was said in January 7, 1844. There were more troubles yet for this aged mother to undergo. In the insurrection of the 23d February 1848 M. Guizot was separated from his family. The next morning he was assured by a confidential friend that they were for the present in a place of safety. He was then urged to leave the country without delay, Paris being in confusion, the government virtually at an end, and the revolutionists enraged against him. A few hours later the Chamber of Deputies was invaded by a furious mob, and dissolved; the King and all the royal family were fugitives; and legal proceedings were ordered against M. Guizot and his colleagues by the French magistrates.

What followed has been thus succinctly told: "For four days all exit from Paris was closed. On the fifth day the daughters of M. Guizot escaped with a false passport, made out in the names of young English ladies travelling with their governess. They crossed the Channel during those tremendous gales which, for several days, prevented the royal family from coming over, and reached London on the 1st of March. The escape of M. Guizot was not so easy. Three days later he got to England, passing through Belgium in the livery of a servant. He was several times on the point of being detected, during his Journey through the northern provinces of France, because his mock master would not allow his servant 'John' to carry the luggage. The next day he was joined by his son; and lastly, on the 5th March, came Madame Guizot."

The anxiety and agitation proved, as might have been

expected, too much for her enfeebled powers, at the age of fourscore. She survived barely a fortnight and two days, expiring on the 31st instant, "in great affliction at the events she had witnessed, but with a firm trust in the goodness of God."

One comfort was granted to her amid these distressing circumstances,-she had the consolation of seeing the whole of her family gathered around her bed of death. Although the life of one so aged could not have been much prolonged, even under the most favourable circumstances, it is nevertheless certain that she fell a victim to the last Revolution as assuredly as her husband did to the first. One cannot reflect on so stormy a close to her long and honourable life without a feeling of tender regret; and had it been permitted to those who loved her to choose how she should die, they would, doubtless, have prayed that a life of storm and anxiety might close in the midst of domestic tranquillity. But the God and Saviour, whom she in her early days had chosen for the guide of her youth, and to whose loving-kindness she had all her life long trusted, called her, through "much tribulation," to himself.

Her remains have found a resting-place in this land of Protestant freedom,—they repose in that "out-of-doors Westminster Abbey," Kensal Green. Her grave is in a somewhat retired spot, and only one other is found in its near vicinity. There rests one most near and dear to the writer, who also "sleeps in Jesus."

The earthly history of the two was widely different indeed. To one was allotted a life of trouble, agitation, and change, prolonged to extreme old age. To the other a short span, with naught of vicissitude or turmoil. Calm was her life; sweet and gentle her spirit; and, while it was yet noon, her sun went down. Now side by side lie these two, sleeping the sleep of the faithful departed. Sisters in Jesus, and fellow-heirs in his kingdom, they shall, by and by, wake up in his likeness; for in the day of their probation they obeyed the words of heavenly wisdom: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness."

\* \* \* \* \* \*

M. Guizot remained in England for more than twelvemonths, residing principally at Brompton. At length the prosecution against him was withdrawn, and he was free to return to Paris, where he has ever since lived, occupied in the pursuit of literature, and enjoying in his retirement the respect of his compatriots.

In his "Memoirs of his own Time," he has recently given to the world a record of the events in which he himself took an active part, together with a review of his public career. In these pages we find a touching episode of his domestic history at once arresting the attention and affecting the heart of every reader.

In the summer of 1832 that awful and mysterious scourge, the cholera, suddenly invaded Paris. M. Guizot, after giving an impressive picture of the aspect of the French metropolis during the time when the disease was at its height, says, "It was not through indirect and distant observations, but by close personal evidence, that I saw and estimated the moral condition of Paris at this epoch. I lived in the midst of the public calamity, and of the labour assiduously persevered in to provide a remedy. Why should I not render to a beloved memory the tribute so justly due? Affection may command

reserve without interdicting truth. A constant visitor of the poor in the quarter where we dwelt, my wife, as soon as the scourge appeared, devoted herself to protect the families committed to her charge and many others also whose destitution was increased by the new misfortune. She employed several hours every day in visiting them, in furnishing precautions to those who were well, in providing attendance for, and often in attending herself, on such as were infected, in promptly removing those who had fallen, and in sustaining and consoling the survivors. Her youth, activity, calmness, and unaffected courage, her kindness, at once sympathetic and encouraging, soon acquired for her the confidence of the terrified, the sick, the physicians, the public officers, and of all who in the district were either the allies or the objects of her labours. They were incessantly coming to request her visits, assistance, and advice; some to acquaint her with their misfortunes and necessities, others to put her in possession of the measures adopted by the authorities and the remedies employed by science. From my study I heard the constant inquiry, 'Is Madame Guizot within !' I saw her-with uneasiness that she readily divined, but of which we never spoke to each other-go out, return, and leave the house again several times during the day, in prosecution of her task. Her health sustained no injury, but she was soon compelled to confine her attention to her own home. I was myself seized with cholera, not very acutely, but enough for my physician, Dr. Lerminier, to say, 'If M. Guizot were nervous, he would be extremely ill.' I had no occasion to arm myself against such an impression. During a single day only my indisposition was excessive. I felt a sensation of great

uneasiness and internal disorganization. The remedies adopted, especially a constant supply of ice, arrested the disease. I became rapidly convalescent, and my wife resumed her external duties. This atmosphere of charity in which I lived, and my own attack, rendered me quite familiar with the history of the cholera in 1832. This sad epoch left me deeply penetrated with esteem for the benevolence, courage, devotion, intelligent zeal, and affectionate sympathy, and for all the domestic endearments which abound in every class of French society, and were then displayed with captivating enthusiasm as soon as the great trials called for their exercise."

But a few months elapsed after this eventful period when the great French statesman was called on to bow beneath the stroke of domestic bereavement, and he has thus impressively recorded his sentiments on the occasion: "I have been strongly attached to political life, and have applied myself to it with ardour. I have devoted to public duties without hesitation the sacrifice and efforts they have demanded from me; but these pursuits have ever been far indeed from satisfying my desires. It is not that I complain of the incidental trials. Many public servants have spoken with bitterness of the disappointments they have experienced, the reverses they have undergone, the severities of fortune and the ingratitude of men. I have nothing of the kind to say, for I have never acknowledged such sentiments. However violently I may have been stricken, I have never found men more blind or ungrateful, or my political destiny more harsh than I expected. It has had alternately, and in great abundance, its joys and

sorrows. Such is the law of humanity. But it has been in the happiest, and in the midst of the most brilliant successes of my career, that I have found the insufficiency of public life. The political world is cold and calculating; the affairs of government are lofty and powerfully impress the thought; but they cannot fill the soul, which has often more varied and more pressing aspirations than those of the most ambitious politician. It longs for a happiness more intimate, more complete, and more tender than that which all the labours and triumphs of active exertion and public importance can bestow. What I know to-day, at the end of my race, I have felt when it began, and during its continuance; even in the midst of great undertakings domestic affections form the basis of life; and the most brilliant career has only superficial and incomplete enjoyments, if a stranger to the happy ties of family and friendship.

"This felicity I thoroughly enjoyed in 1832, when I took my place in the cabinet of the 11th of October. I permit myself here to indulge, not without some degree of hesitation, in the melancholy pleasure of citing an evidence which says more on this point than I either would or could express myself. On the 22d of October my wife wrote thus to her sister: 'I know that affairs are complicated, stormy, and perhaps dangerous; nevertheless, I am rejoiced to see my husband in office. Before our marriage he once asked me if I should ever be dismayed at the vicissitudes of his destiny. I still see his eyes beaming upon me with delight as I replied, that he might assure himself I should always passionately enjoy his triumphs, and never heave a sigh over his de-

feats. What I said to him then I have proved; what I promised I will perform. I am anxious and uneasy on account of the obstacles, the vexations, the struggles and dangers he will find in his path; but, in spite of all, I am confident and content, for he is both. My life, besides, is not broken up, as when he was Minister of the Interior. I see him much less than I desire, but still I see him. My chamber adjoins his cabinet. He is quite well, although he works incessantly. Moreover, his present office is agreeable to him. He finds himself again with much pleasure in the midst of the companions and avocations of his youth. Public instruction relieves him from politics in general. This is a great advantage. In conclusion, my dear friend, if God spares us to each other, I shall always be, in the midst of every trial and apprehension, the happiest of beings.'

"Within less than three months after the date of this letter, on the 11th of January 1833, my wife presented me with a son, her most ardent desire in the midst of her happiness, and the object, enjoyed but for a moment, of her young maternal pride. Eleven days after, she got up, full of confidence, in which all around her participated. M. Royer Collard happened to call upon me. She insisted on seeing him, and conversed gaily. On leaving the house he said to me: "She seems quite well, but take care of her nevertheless. The spirit is stronger than the body. She is one of those heroic natures who never suspect evil until it has conquered them.' Three days after, she was attacked by fever, and compelled to resume her bed. Within six weeks, on the 11th of March, I had to mourn her loss.

"It is with calamity as with happiness, we can neither speak of it nor remain absolutely silent. I hastened to resume my labours, and returned to the cabinet councils and the chambers as soon I could do so with propriety and effect. Every day, when my public duties were over, I remained alone with my children, my mother, and often with the Duchess De Broglie, whose sympathetic friendship I found under this trial extremely soothing and acceptable."

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin,"

There is something truly heart-touching in this appeal to the sympathy of his readers, which breaks forth as it were from the inner depths of the man's soul, while he thus ingenuously confesses the insufficiency of genius, success, and the most distinguished consideration, to yield that genuine satisfaction which the devoted love of woman can alone inspire in the true heart of a generous and affectionate man.

Oh, woman! what a "mission," after all, is thine.





## III.

## CAROLINE PERTHÈS.

"Ah, woman! formed to bless mankind!
(I speak but of the good)—
With every gentle grace adorned,
Each tender art endued."



HE life of Friedrich Perthès written by his son, is one of the most interesting biographies of modern times. "It affords a perfect insight,"

says Mrs. Austin, "not only into the recesses of German life in the hard and troublous times when that excellent man lived, but into the very hearts and minds of the actors and sufferers. Nor can we imagine a more touching picture of love and faith than that exhibited by Perthès and his valiant and affectionate wife."

This admirable woman was a daughter of Matthias Claudius, commonly called the "Wandsbeck Messenger," an author of considerable note in North Germany, and an excellent and pious man. He resided at Wandsbeck, a small town in the neighbourhood of Hamburg, at the time when Perthès established himself in that "greatest of the noble Hanse towns," and commenced business there as a bookseller, "a bold and adventurous undertaking," as he called it later in life, but which proved in the result eminently successful.

Caroline, the eldest daughter of Claudius, was born in

1774, and was in her twenty-second year when Perthès visited at her father's house. She was the eldest of nine children, and had been brought up in the diligent discharge of domestic duties. Accustomed to the simple life of her quiet home, she knew nothing of the world, its troubles or its temptations. Her father had carefully trained his children in the ways of piety, and instructed them in the pure doctrines of Christianity, which he held in all their integrity. "The belief that he was reconciled to God through the redemption of Jesus Christ was not in him a mere speculative doctrine," says his biographer, "but a faith which acted upon his whole life, and banished all sad, gloomy, and anxious feelings from him and his household."

Caroline, under such happy influences, had grown up to womanhood, sheltered from everything that could endanger her peace and agitate her spirit. Though not handsome she was of a most pleasant countenance, and the strength and repose of her nature imparted a quiet but irresistible charm to her manners. Throughout life she inspired confidence in all with whom she associated intimately: to her the happy confided their joys, secure of friendly sympathy, and to many of the afflicted she ministered consolation, and imparted hope and courage. Her principal accomplishment was music: she had a clear rich voice, and a fine musical taste. She was well-informed, and acquainted with several modern languages, and had gone far enough in Latin to teach the rudiments of it to her sons.

Perthès was immediately captivated. "Her bright eyes and her open clear look pleased me, and I loved her," he afterwards wrote. Their first interview took place on the 27th November 1796; a few weeks later they again met on Christmas eve, at the house of a mutual friend. "Before the entertainment commenced accident threw them together alone in a side room; he had not a word to say, but he experienced a calm and a happiness which he had never felt before. The Christmas games began, but Perthès had eyes for nothing but the expression of calm happiness in the young girl's face. In his opinion the best that the evening offered was hers by right, and yet her younger sister's gift seemed better than hers. On the topmost branch of the Christmas tree hung an apple, finer and more richly gilt than any: Perthès dexterously reached it, and, blushing deeply, presented it to the conscious Caroline. From that evening matters went on between them as they usually do between those whose affections are engaged."

It was not long before Perthès avowed his love, and Caroline's was frankly confessed and pledged in return. But to her father the engagement, not unnaturally, appeared a hasty one. Perthès had only just entered his twenty-fifth year, and had boldly established a business which was attended with considerable risk. Moreover, Claudius was not altogether without a species of jealousy, which made it painful for him to resign the protection of his daughter to another, and it was almost with grief he discovered that she loved an inexperienced youth better than her father. Many a fond parent will sympathize with this feeling; but he forgets that it was once his turn to act the tempter's part with a fair young daughter of Eve, in whose ear he whispered: "For my sake thou shalt leave father and mother." Caroline's heart was too deeply impressed to permit of any doubt, and before

long the desired consent was obtained, and the young couple were betrothed on the 15th July. This ceremony, which in Holstein is a religious ordinance, was graced by the presence of the Princess Galetzin, and Count Stolberg, friends of the Claudius family.

Shortly before its commencement the bride was reminded by the pastor that after it had taken place she was no longer free, and could be released from her vows only by the consistory. "It is long since I took the step from which I could be released neither by you nor by the consistory," was her reply. Clearly, this was a woman who knew her own mind, and having once loved would "love on to the end."

The marriage was solemnized on the 2d August 1797. At the commencement of their married life the young people found considerable difficulty in assimilating themselves to each other's minds and habits. Perthès had been fitted for the sphere in which he now moved by natural character and by the circumstances of his early It had been his lot to encounter difficult and changing circumstances; above all, to come in contact with men of the most opposite opinions. On the contrary, Caroline had known nothing of the outer world, but had lived in entire seclusion. "To her the chief duty of man seemed to consist in withdrawing as much as possible from worldly business and motives, and in abstaining from all lively participation in transient things. The first three books of Thomas-à-Kempis, taken as a whole, might be regarded as reflecting her views of life. Now that she had left her father's house, she experienced on all hands an infinite variety of new impressions, and felt perplexed and disquieted."

Her affection for her husband was, however, deep and strong; and she felt in her inmost heart that she was a happy woman. On one occasion, some weeks after her marriage, her father surprised her in tears. "Ah!" exclaimed he, "did I not tell you that the first flush of happiness would not last if you left your father and mother?" "And if I am to pass the rest of my life in weeping," she instantly replied, "I should still rejoice that I am to spend it with my Perthès."

Yet this loving confidence did not overcome the uneasiness occasioned by her spiritual anxieties. She felt that it was not with her as in the quiet of her early home, when she walked as in the light of God's countenance, and was not perturbed by the claims of the world, and by intercourse with those who could not sympathize with her nor understand her feelings. She was ready to exclaim: "Oh, that it were with me as in days that are gone;" and she complained to her husband, who wisely cheered and encouraged her, urging that, as his wife, it was necessary she should move in an active sphere, and learn to discharge aright the duties of her new situation. "My Caroline," he wrote to his uncle, "makes me unspeakably happy. She is a pious, faithful, true-hearted being; but she shapes her inward course for herself, and pursues it with a steady step." Perthès himself trod as steadily the path he had marked out for himself. "I am more than ever persuaded," he said to his wife, "that my destiny is an active masculine career; that I am a man born to turn my own wheel and that of others with energy." He did not sympathize with his wife's dislike to contact with the world; on the contrary, he believed it to be her duty to accept with cheerfulness the claims

of her new position. "I understand your feelings," he said to her; "while you lived in your father's house you maintained, it is true, a constant walk with God. had but one thought and object. But then you were only a child in experience. I have taken you from that child-like life, and brought you into the bustle of the world; and now, for the first time, you learn the sinfulness of your own heart and of human nature. You are perplexed, and would gladly regain the simplicity and innocence of your childhood; but it cannot be. Would you, my love, live apart from everything? Were you even to withdraw into some retreat where sorrow and disquiet could not reach you, you would soon become cold and unsympathizing. . . . . No; we are not to drift away from the world: God demands not the sacrifice of natural ties, but the submission of our will to his. The sorrows and annoyances which befall us in the world where he has placed us, we should bear with inward tranquillity rather than seek to escape from them."

There is much wisdom in these observations; but Caroline still held on her path, and her husband respected and loved her conscientiousness. "When I see her," he said, "holding fast by her inward life, in spite of the annoyances which the agitation and distractions of her daily existence too often cause her, and also fulfilling the outward duties of her position in a manner so self-denying, kind, and noble, she imparts strength to me, and becomes truly my guiding angel."

Domestic joys and sorrows came apace on the young couple, and maternal love was the school in which Madame Perthès first learned wisely and vigorously to exert her powers in the new and important sphere opened to her. Their eldest child, a daughter named Agnes, was born in 1798; and during the succeeding six years two more boys and a girl were added to the family. Increasing household cares, the influence of her husband, and constant intercourse with men of the most varied characters and opinions, further tended to bring out her capabilities, and fit her to exert her proper influence upon others. She retained, indeed, to the end of her days a desire after a life of unruffled tranquillity—a longing which would occasionally dispose her to melancholy; but the lessons taught during the first ten years of her married life produced an important and lasting effect in strengthening her character, and preparing her to encounter the trials which were in store for her.

As years passed on she felt increasingly that her lot was a happy one. "What you now feel," she wrote in 1803, to a newly married friend, "is only a foretaste, and will every day increase. At least, the merciful God has so ordered it for me these six years, and my eyes overflow as I think of it. May God continue to be with us and our children, and preserve us to a peaceful and blessed end." With domestic happiness there came also prosperity in business; and the care and industry of Perthès were rewarded by the acquisition of wealth and consideration. Numerous friends, also, among them a number of the most distinguished men in Germany, gathered around him and testified their good-will and esteem for the worthy man. His library was regarded as the finest in North Germany, and Niebuhr sportively called him "the king of the booksellers from the Ems to the Baltic." The sky was bright over his head, and all smiled upon him. But dark days were at hand. The

French armies overran Germany, and the ambition of Napoleon, like a dark blighting storm, swept over the land, leaving desolation and misery behind it. In November, 1806, immediately after the battle of Jena, the French entered Hamburg, and a few months later all intercourse with England was prohibited on pain of death, and trade was allowed to be carried on only under a system of restraint. "There is no longer any trade as it formerly existed," wrote Perthès to his friend Jacobi, "everything that was is at an end." Owing to the general insolvency which followed the issue of the French regulations, the personal losses of Perthès involved all that ten years of toil and anxiety had realized. In Mecklenburgh alone he reckoned them at twenty thousand marks. Still his courage and hopefulness did not desert him.

The spirit that animated this admirable man, and the domestic happiness he enjoyed during those years of political turmoil and suffering, are strikingly exhibited in a letter written to Jacobi in the autumn of 1807: "My mind becomes every year stronger and more free, and thus I am able to meet all events with courage and cheerfulness. I am, indeed, an ever erring mortal, but unhappy I am not; I am indeed singularly happy for one who has so restless a career allotted him. A multiplicity of interests for this world and the next; much love, many friends, many children, much labour, much business, much to please, much to displease me, much anxiety and little gold; moreover, a dozen Spaniards in my house, and for the last nine days three gendarmes to boot, who drive me almost to distraction!"

To shut himself up within the circle of his own family

and business was not, however, in Perthès' nature. His inclination and the influence of the times led him rather to take a lively interest in the great events which then commanded the attention of the whole civilized world, and he eagerly set himself to the work of resistance, from which he never for a moment flinched or paused. The constant political excitement to which he was now exposed, and the difficulties attending his business, were almost more than his strength could bear. Family joys and sorrows added also to his anxieties. On the 2nd of March, 1809, a son was born, and two years later a daughter; and one promising and lively boy had been removed by death. "His heart was overflowing with love and merriment," wrote his poor mother, "so that he was our joy and delight. We yearn after him, and cannot yet fully realize that we must continue our pilgrimage without him; it is but a melancholy pleasure we feel in the blessings that God has left us."

In the meantime the condition of Hamburg was distressing in the extreme. The once proud and wealthy city presented a picture of gradual decay and ruin. Many of the wealthier citizens quitted the town, in order not to lose their all, and those who remained went about dejected and depressed, a prey to care and want. Trade and commerce were annihilated, and the most oppressive measures carried into effect with savage barbarity. The inhabitants had not even the comfort of being secure in their own houses. Every hope seemed at an end. In 1812 the citizens hardly dared to believe the vague rumours which reached them of the French reverses in Russia. On the 24th December, just as they were preparing, with heavy hearts, to celebrate Christmas, the

tidings arrived of the destruction of Napoleon's army at Moscow. Christmas Eve was kept in Hamburg as it had not been kept for years. On the 12th March the French garrison marched out, "all very grave, the officers pale as death," says Madame Perthès. "I am beside myself," she adds, "and know not what I am doing since the great life and soul burden was taken off us." On the 17th, Tettenborn with his Cossacks entered Hamburg, and was received with transports of joy. "All the misery of the past was forgotten, and all the peril of the future in the joy of the present. Scarcely a German mile off was the enemy, and in a few hours might return and lay waste the city with fire and sword; but nobody thought of him or his rage. The city presented a wonderful spectacle to one who, after the tumultuous joy of the day, wandered alone through the streets in the mild spring night. Everywhere deep stillness and careless repose—not a sentinel, not a patrol, not a policeman to be seen. The bright moonbeams fell on the houses with their sleeping inhabitants, and completed the picture of peace and security. The joy-wearied city had committed itself to the protection of God alone."

But the security of the city was short-lived. In May, the French, having been reinforced, returned, and the almost unarmed citizens had to defend themselves as best they might. They enrolled themselves in a sort of burgher militia, to the number of seven thousand; and these, with a few regular troops from Lubeck, formed the Hanseatic Legion. While this small and unwarlike band was in the outskirts of the city, endeavouring to defend it against their mighty foe, now advancing in great force on the left bank of the Elbe, their situation

and that of their families may be gleaned from the following passage, written when the enemy were in sight of the walls:—

"Since the ninth of May," writes his wife, "Perthès has been twenty-one nights without taking off his clothes or going to bed. Every day I had to fear for his life, and he only now and then came home for half an hour. My three youngest children I had sent away; the four eldest would stay with me. I had no man in the house, all were on guard. All day long people came out and in, wanting food and drink, for not one of our acquaint-ances had any household in town. I had filled our large sitting-room with sacks of straw, upon which, day and night, lay citizens who came in to rest. Day and night I was on the balcony, looking out to see whether Perthès, or any of our nearest friends, were among the wounded who were carried past."

In the night of the 19th May the city was bombarded. Perthès, who had passed the night at Wandsbeck, wrote next day to his wife, "I entreat you, from the bottom of my heart, command yourself, and place yourself and me in God's hand; and next to him, trust in me, and believe that what I am about to do I shall be able to answer for to him."

In the night of the 22nd there fell about five hundred grenades in the city; but even then the spirit of the citizens was not broken. With unwearied activity and undaunted courage, day and night, Perthès went about exhorting them to persevere, and taking every possible means for the provisioning and defence of the city.

When all chance of successful resistance vanished, he removed his wife and children over the Danish frontier.

He remained behind, but with what hopes these few words will show: "I think it is all over with us, and I know not what more to do; but we trust constantly in God. Farewell, dear friend: I go with my wife and seven children into the wide world, not knowing whether in a week we shall have bread. But God will help us."

At Wandsbeck, which was in the Danish territory, Caroline and her family were safe from the perils of war. Concerning those sad days she afterwards wrote to a friend, "You can form no idea of the anguish and dismay of our last three weeks in Hamburg. My heart is full, and I rejoice to be able to tell you how much more kindness, truth, and fortitude we all evinced than we had supposed ourselves capable of. How heartily do I thank God for this experience! I never knew how strong we are when all concentrate their energies on one point."

She had left the city but a few hours when the firing recommenced, and after an arduous struggle the French remained victorious. There was nothing to hinder their triumphant re-entrance; and Perthès fled without delay to Wandsbeck, where he arrived at two in the morning, and told his wife all was lost. To escape a rebel's death by the hangman's hand he continued his flight, under cover of the darkness, after appointing Nütschau, the residence of one of his friends, as the next place of refuge for his family.

Thither Caroline immediately hastened. "As soon as he had left me," she says, "I began to pack up, and then, exhausted as I was, set out with my seven children and the nurse in an open carriage. It was a very affecting parting; my mother could not control her

feelings, and my father was deeply moved; the children wept aloud, and I felt as if turned to stone. My sister Augusta went with us, to comfort and assist me in all my labours and anxieties. When we reached Nütschau we found only two beds for ten persons. I was obliged to divide our cloaks and bundles of linen so that the children might at least have something under their heads. These have been weeks of life and death struggle. God help every poor man who is in trouble of mind or body in these eventful times!"

The husband and wife met again, on the 7th June, and wept freely in each other's arms, "which, in all our trouble, we had never been able to do before," says Caroline. The whole family then removed to Aschau, a summer villa on the Baltic, belonging to Count Reventlow, and made themselves as comfortable as they could. "There," continues the heroic wife, "I for awhile forgot all our troubles for joy that I had got my Perthès, and I can truly say we were inexpressibly happy in each other. I thought neither of the past nor of the future, but thanked God incessantly, and rejoiced that, out of all these perils he had brought my husband to me, safe and sound."

Perthès had lost everything. His shop in Hamburg was sealed, and his other property sequestrated. His dwelling-house, after being plundered of every moveable, was assigned to a French general. "Do not suppose that I complain," he wrote to his uncle; "he who has nothing to repent of has nothing to complain of. I have acted as in the presence of God. I have often risked my life, and why should I be dispirited because I have lost my fortune? God's will be done!"

No sooner had he set his affairs in order, so far as circumstances permitted, than he was informed by the Danish government that it would be impossible for them to protect him, in the event of his being demanded by the French, and that he must leave Aschau. He looked around him for a retreat. A number of influential men of various parties were assembled in Mecklenburg, and thither he determined to repair, hoping also to procure resources for the present support of his family by collecting many outstanding debts due to him in that place.

When he communicated his purpose to Caroline her heart sank within her. She knew that weeks, perhaps months, must pass before they met again. It might be they would never again see each other's face! No wonder her soul was filled with sorrow, anxiety, and care. On Thursday, the 8th July, under the shade of the gloomy pine trees of Aschau, they parted. Perthès travelled to Kiel, and thence to the little town of Heiligenhafen, on the shore of the Baltic. The feelings of his heart found expression in many letters, written from that place. "It was the most painful parting of my life," he says; "I feel, however, spirit and courage to meet the perils I go to face. Resignation to the divine will, firm convictions, and rich experience, a heart full of love and youthful feeling, truth, and rectitude, such are the treasures which my forty years of life have given me; Lord, my God, I thank thee for them: forgive a poor sinner, and lead me not into temptation."

He next proceeded to Rostock, to see what might be done to serve his country's interests; and during the next few months was actively engaged in reviving the Hanseatic Legion, and in taking measures for the defence of the Hanse towns, and for their full recognition as an important political element in North Germany.

In the meantime tidings came from Hamburg that a general pardon had been proclaimed. Ten individuals were excepted, among whom was Perthès. "I thank you from my heart, my beloved husband," wrote Caroline, "that your name stands among the names of the ten enemies of the tyrant. This will bring us joy and honour as long as we live." While the noble-hearted woman wrote these words, her condition was truly deplorable. Near a farm-house, close to the sea and in the middle of the wood, was a garden-house, in which the refugees lived. It contained one sitting-room and a few small bed-rooms. The farmer was the only inhabitant within a circle of four miles. Nothing could be got from him, kind as he was, but milk and butter; bread, soap, salt, and all other necessaries, had to be fetched by the two elder children from a place four miles distant. During eighteen weeks they had neither meat nor white bread. What was called the kitchen was about forty paces from the house; the cooking utensils consisted of four copper pots, a bowl, and a few plates. They had brought a few knives and forks and spoons; everything else had to be dispensed with. To add to her anxiety, she was expecting her confinement in a few months. The eldest of her children was a daughter of fifteen, and the youngest, a boy, did not yet run alone. There was a friendly old farrier near, but the only physician lived at a distance of at least twelve or fifteen miles.

Inexpressibly pathetic and elevating are some of her letters written amid this privation of all earthly comforts. She dwelt little on her griefs, but solaced herself in the sympathy and love of her children and friends. The little ones especially comforted her. "They refreshed me in my distress," she afterwards wrote, "each in his own way, and out of the simple and genuine affection of their hearts. I am indeed convinced from experience that God can give us no greater joy or sorrow than through a loving and beloved child. Nothing else so revives and sustains the heart and shames us into energy. This I have experienced a thousand times; and I scarcely think that I could have continued mistress of myself if God had not given me my little angel Bernard. and in him a living image of childish love and confidence. When in such deep affliction and anxiety, I was often on the brink of despair; but when at such times I folded my child in my arms, and looked into his clear infant eyes, and saw that he was neither troubled nor afraid, but calm, sweet, and loving, I found faith again, and prayed to God that I might become even as this little one."

She did, indeed, stand in need of strong consolation; and at times the dark clouds seemed to gather over her spirit: "If I bide my time here, and remain without tidings of you, knowing you in constant danger, I shall not outlive it. If I die, as you love me, take care that my children, and especially the little ones, are committed to those who will teach them to love God. That is the main thing. All the rest is not suited to little children."

These touching letters wandered about for months, the communications being everywhere interrupted. The replies of Perthès are full of tenderness and grief, but also of unswerving faith in God and the good cause.

From the 7th of August to the 2d of October, Caroline

was without any tidings of him. At length she received the joyful news that he was removed to Bremen, and that she had now nothing to fear for his life, for that he was employed on a peaceful mission. On Christmas night he travelled to Kiel, now no longer threatened by a hostile army, and there he found his wife and family. "Unexpected and in the twilight he entered my room," wrote Caroline, "after a separation of nearly six months; and I had the happiness of restoring all the children to him safe and well, with the addition of a darling healthy infant. What this was, none can know but one who has experienced it."

This joy was speedily overcast. The sweet and lovely child who had been such a solace to her in the dark hour, now sickened and died. She wrote to her husband, who was absent at the time, "Our angel Bernard is with God. He died this morning at half past nine. May God be our help." Her husband answered her in loving words: ".... This is your fortieth birth-day, my still young and ever youthful bride, and gladly would I hasten to your arms and press you to my heart. Be comforted, my dear Caroline! True love is immortal, and by some bonds of love I feel sure that our departed little ones are still united to us."

A new trial was at hand. Perthès had suffered severely from constant exposure and anxiety. Terrible scenes on every side met his eye, and the sight of so much misery filled his heart, already saddened by the loss of his child, with a horror such as he had never before experienced. He arrived in Kiel on the 19th February, carrying with him the germ of a dangerous fever; and for nine weeks he was confined to bed, during the first part of which he

was in a very precarious state. His good constitution carried him through all, and his wife rejoiced that he was with her, so that she had "the happiness of nursing him."

Early in May 1814 the French evacuated Hamburg, and the city was delivered from its oppressors. On the 31st of that month Perthès with his family returned to the home they at one time hardly expected to see again. Many an anxious thought mingled with their feelings of gratitude. "God be praised that he has brought us thus far, that he has stood by us and helped us in this year of heavy trial," wrote Caroline to her parents on the day of their return. "We have still many trials before us even under the most favourable circumstances."

It was indeed no easy task that awaited them. Even to render the house habitable was a difficult undertaking. The pleasant and beautiful apartments on the groundfloor had for many months been used by French soldiers as guard-rooms. The whole place was little better than a heap of filth. All the furniture was gone, and there was not a single room fit for use; dirt and rubbish a foot high covered the floors. Everything had to be replaced, while the want of money and the heart-breaking spectacle of numbers of hungry and sorrow-stricken exiles flocking into the city, made the strictest economy a duty no less than a necessity. To place the business, which had been entirely broken up, on its former footing, was a matter of far greater difficulty. Perthès determined to resume it, and issued a circular announcing his intention, and expressing his hope that he should succeed in reestablishing himself and in paying all his creditors. These expectations were abundantly and speedily realized.

Friends rallied round him, and in about twelve months he was, in a condition to show that all his obligations were discharged. From that period the house took the important position it ever after maintained.

The demands of business were by no means permitted to engross the whole attention of Perthès. He laboured hard to alleviate the distress and misery of his fellowcitizens, especially of the lower classes, on whom the calamities of the war had fallen most heavily. For this purpose large sums were contributed among the wealthy burghers, and from various quarters help poured in. A number of the most experienced citizens, among whom was Perthès, distributed the supplies thus obtained, and in this way he was brought into contact with people suffering the extremity of privation. In every instance he found they were labouring under other than mere bodily wants. "I have gathered much valuable experience among the poor," he said; "and, thank God, I have often found that suffering and sorrow have been the means of rousing many from their former spiritual death, and of awakening in their hearts a sense of divine and eternal things. Hundreds of families would fain seek help and comfort in God; but they know not the way that leads to him. What can our handful of clergy do with this multitude of people? The Bible, too, is known but to few families. I have found it wanting even in schools."

It was just at this opportune season that the London Bible Society, formed in 1804, began to direct its efforts towards Germany. Drs. Paterson and Steinkopf were deputed to form an association in Hamburg and Altona, and their design was eagerly hailed by Perthès. In the month of October of that year the preliminary meetings were held at his house, and the Society founded. Its twenty-fifth anniversary was celebrated in 1839, on which occasion the important services rendered to it at its commencement by Perthès were gratefully commemorated.

The anxieties and privations of the year of exile had told severely on Caroline's health. But though occasionally depressed by languor and excitability of the nervous system, she was not forgetful of the many blessings which had been restored to her. "The old song is every morning new," she exclaimed, "that, if possible, I love my husband still better than the day before. How inadequate seems all the gratitude I feel for having been permitted to retain him. Affection is certainly the greatest wonder in heaven and on earth, and the only thing that I can represent to myself as insatiable through eternity."

From the time when Napoleon's fall put an end to the public anxieties, and peace resumed its sway, Madame Perthès enjoyed in tranquillity her happy home. Although constantly ailing, she was able to superintend her domestic affairs; and her gentle influence was felt beyond the limits of her own family, and many around blessed her in their hearts.

Her eldest daughter, Agnes, was married in 1818. This event called out all the tender feelings of her heart. The young people were to live at Gotha, and the mother and daughter kept up a constant correspondence, relating to each other every incident of their daily life. Caroline had confided to her child all her cares, her joys and her sorrows, and a tender friendship subsisted between them. Some passages in these letters are especially interesting,

as they give us an insight into her heart and experience, and show how her loving spirit was gradually preparing for a higher state of existence. On one occasion, when she was spending a few days in a quiet seclusion, she says, "It was a still, peaceful evening; we had escaped from the world, were alone, and inconceivably happy. Would that we had more such hours! When our busy life in Hamburg occurred to me, I felt rather discouraged; and yet I am convinced that my work there is, on the whole, better for me than this calm blessedness. God has led me by a very different way from that which I had laid out for myself, but it has been the right way. This I not only believe, but know. He has given me in labour and tumult what I would gladly have sought and found in quiet and solitude."

In many other letters we see the struggle in her heart between her joy at the happiness of her daughter and the sorrow of separation: "To-morrow is our wedding-day," she says; "it is the first on which I have had to look back on gifts resigned. Dear Agnes, love me still, and keep as close to me as you can. Your father is quite well and cheerful, and as dear to me as he was twenty years ago. I never believed it possible that affection could continue so uninterruptedly. How much longer it will last it is not for me to say."

But it was not only the joyful anniversaries that Caroline loved to devote to converse with her absent daughter; those consecrated by sad remembrance were also spent in the same way. "It is six years to-day since my angel Bernard was born," she writes on the 27th September. "I still seem to see his dear, bright eye, which, when I was in trouble, used to revive and comfort me, and

renew my confidence and joy in the Lord. How gladly would I know more about the nature of the happiness of my beloved departed children! God does, indeed, allow us to apprehend it in the depths of our hearts, as something transcending thought; but whenever I would realize this presentiment of the heart in my understanding, it dissolves and vanishes away."

The return of the Christmas season awakened her grateful songs and fervent prayers: "Let us again," she cries, "bless God, and place ourselves and those who are near and dear to us with confidence and faith in his arms, and rejoice. You, too, must help us to thank Him. Let us with united voice sing, 'Oh for a thousand tongues to praise,' &c. That sweet hymn always recurs to me when I know not what to say on reviewing the years bygone. As for their hours of sore and burning trial, who knows, and who can reckon, the benefit we derive from them? They are not appointed in vain."

In the spring of the year 1820, a second daughter married and went to reside at Gotha; and at the same time Matthias, the eldest son, went to the University of Tübingen, to study theology.

Madame Perthès had now three absent children, each of whom expected letters from her regularly, and they were rarely disappointed. To her daughters she gave much wise and prudent counsel as to the duties of young wives. For example: "Thank your husband with all your heart for sharing his cares with you, rather than concealing them in order to spare you. If a wife cannot remove, she can often lighten care; and sweet and bitter should be shared by man and wife. Men's characters differ widely, and with them, God's means for

promoting their welfare. Your father and I had many struggles which were often painful; but when I look back, I see clearly that all served to unite us and make us better acquainted with each other, and that is a result which can never be bought too dear. Be on your guard against all sources of irritation. It is great and noble to attain a state of mind which does not allow affection to be saddened or interrupted by the trifles of daily life. A strong determination against this must be rooted in the heart; but I have learned from experience that there are many things which, though they ought not to be lightly regarded, must be lightly handled."

Upon her son she urged the necessity of realizing the responsibilities of his sacred calling. "I was well aware," she writes, "that the time would come when you would see many things in a different light from us; but I did not say this, because I hoped and believed that you were earnest and truth-loving, and because I trusted that God would give you right views and opinions at the right time. Moreover, I know that man can impart but little to his fellow-man; each must seek and find for himself. I have found it better not to think so much of one's self, but rather to think more of God, and to long earnestly after him; and if we have fallen, to rise at once and go on, trusting in him: thus we are continually advancing by God's grace, towards a peaceful and blessed end. . . . I always take comfort from that man in the gospel to whom our Lord Jesus said that he must believe before he could be helped; and who replied, 'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.' This is all we can do, and where we can do nothing, God is ever ready to aid; besides, there may be much unrest and unbelief in the head, while the heart holds firmly by its anchor—'God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God.' I know of nothing more certain, imperfect as our love must needs be here below."

In another letter she writes: "I believe with you that, in order to deal honestly with your future congregation and with your own understanding, you must diligently investigate, in order that you may come to the steadfast knowledge and the clear consciousness that 'in Christ Jesus are hidden all the treasures of wisdom;' but I also trust in God that, if you wrestle and strive earnestly, he will give you a steadfast faith by which he will carry on the work of grace in your heart, even when your understanding labours under perplexity."

The mother's care extended to the minutest details of the student-life, and she warned him against bad habits, so easily acquired by young men when removed from the parental surveillance.

"Tell me of your daily life," she says, "so that I may see exactly what you are about. Be sure you make a point of opening your windows, and keeping your room neat and clean. And I entreat you, dear Matthias, out of love to me, dress yourself on first rising, and don't sit for hours half-dressed, and with shoes down at the heels. I dislike it very much. Dress yourself for the day, and you will feel fresh and cheerful, prepared for whatever may come."

One more extract from a letter, written on the 18th October 1820, must be given, as it contains a deeply interesting reference to the past:—"The anniversary of the battle of Leipsic was right festively commemorated. Early in the morning all the bells were ringing, all the

churches were full, and crowds waited without; at noon the whole town-guard turned out; the streets were so full of holiday folks walking, driving, and riding, that I could not hear myself speak; in the evening there were fireworks in every direction.

"I sat at home and thought. The recollection of that great epoch is engraven in my heart. I have lived those iron months over again, with all their joys, and sorrows, and anxieties. You will believe that my eyes overflowed, and I thanked God as well as I could, though not so fervently as I wished, for all his goodness. If I could but once keep this day in the Aschau cellar, gratitude would rise spontaneously, and overpower all other thoughts. That cellar I shall remember as long as I live; how perplexed I often was when I left you all for a quarter of an hour, to be alone and to give free course to my tears.

"Surely on this day we ought all to rejoice and be glad in the deliverance which God wrought for us; and when I think of each one in particular, what overflowing pleasure do I see; only my darling, blessed Bernard's place is empty. We miss him, and shall miss him till

we go to him."

"Till we go to him." Fond, yearning heart! The hour is not distant when thou shalt rejoin thy lost darling.

The bodily sufferings to which Madame Perthès had been subject ever since the trying scenes of 1813, now rapidly increased. The irritability of the nervous system and the heart-disease soon reached an alarming height; and it became evident that unless she speedily rallied, her constitution must finally succumb. Conscious of her precarious condition, she appears to have pondered

thoughtfully, and with earnest self-searching, her spiritual condition. "If I am not deceived," she said, "when I examine myself as in the sight of God, I feel an increase of peace and assurance; and there are seasons when I am even confident. God grant that the peace and confidence may be abiding, and not a mere play of fancy! God will surely help me! The desire of my heart is for peace and submission to his will, but I cannot always master the desire to live here on earth."

The last anniversary of her betrothal was greeted with peculiar emotion. She seems to have had a sort of presentiment that there was in reserve for her a higher satisfaction than even the best joys of earth can yield. "My day of days! the first of May. I thank God that after four-and-twenty years I can keep it with feelings of the most thorough joy and satisfaction. A few sighs may escape, for my breath is short; but joy shall be continually renewed. Such a fulness of spring splendour and beauty I think I have never before seen; the loveliness of the trees and foliage, grass and flowers, is inexpressible. And this great change from death to life has come to pass in a few days—I might say in a few hours. When we stand in the sweet spring-tide, looking through the tall bright green trees to the pure blue sky, one can scarcely realize all the trouble and sorrow that may be within us and around us. Yes, spring is the time of joy, and that joy carries my heart upwards to that bright and happy land where there shall be no more pain or sorrow "

To her children she wrote in a strain of consolation and tender sympathy. "What a constant and profound sense have I of God's mercy," she says, "in the bright hopes he has given me, and to so great an extent already realized in and through you all. You cannot imagine what bright and blessed hours your father and I enjoy when we sit down together to think over this. It is a gift of God's grace unspeakably precious to see our children walking in the way to heaven, however great may be our fears and anxieties respecting them; for God, who has begun the good work, will perform it in us all, and will perfect that which concerns us."

Early in June a severe attack of nervous fever brought her exceedingly low, and she became fully aware of her danger. "I am weary and exhausted," she wrote when the danger was past for a season; "and could you see me, you would feel that my days are numbered. I could gladly live among you yet awhile, were it God's will. Assuredly God cannot have less good in store for us in heaven; but that which we have here we see with our eyes, and thus it has a stronger hold on our hearts than the anticipation of even the better things awaiting us above. My greatest comfort is, that God knows me perfectly; and certainly I desire more than I can accomplish."

In the middle of July she was taken to Wandsbeck, to be nursed away from the bustle of home, for she was suffering much from difficulty of breathing and cramp in the chest. "I long indescribably to return to my duties," she wrote to one of her children, "and to spare my dear Perthès further anxiety about my health. I cannot do any kind of work, nor even knit; neither can I read; but I feel no tediousness, and am in good spirits. I must not write any more, my dear. It is not my heart, but my head that is weary."

These were almost the last lines she was able to pen. On her return to Hamburg all hope of her recovery diminished day by day. Although not in immediate expectation of death, she evidently enjoyed a closer communion with heaven. The old hymn, beginning, "Lord, I would venture on thy word," was her delight. When, through her sufferings and the restlessness of fever, she could with difficulty recall its verses, she would take up her pen and write a few of the lines, in order to impress them on her memory.

As her end approached she became delirious at intervals, but when consciousness returned for a few hours, the peace of faith, the assurance of hope, and the joy of love, were victorious over suffering and death.

On the 28th August 1821, a stroke of paralysis terminated her existence so suddenly that she was unable to give any token of farewell to those around her.

Her husband had long been aware of her danger, and from his letters to his children it is evident that, in the midst of his anxiety and distress, he found comfort and support in submission to the will of God. When the bereaving stroke at length came, he appears to have most fully and painfully realized the greatness of his loss. She had been indeed a "helpmeet" to him. "All that I have done and planned that was not immediately connected with business," he wrote, "has been solely in reference to your mother. She never knew—at least fully—how dependent I was upon her; she only thought, in the depth of her love for me, what sacrifices I had made. But now all this is over, and next to the yearning after her, I am most oppressed by the feeling of solitude. I know by experience the instability of man when he is

left alone, and if humility can bring down help from above, I may venture to hope that it will not be denied.

"If it were not for you, children, my wish would be to depart; but my course is not yet ended, and I must continue to struggle and to act."





## IV.

## MRS. GRANT, OF LAGGAN.

ORD COCKBURN, in the fascinating "Memorials of his Time," has drawn some admirable pictures of the old Scotch ladies who flourished in his younger days, and who live again in his lively pages. For professed literary dames his lordship had evidently no great predilection, though occasionally his prejudices were overcome when he came in contact with such as were "not too blue," and whose "sense covered the colour!" He accordingly mentions with commendation Mrs. Hamilton, the authoress of the "Cottagers of Glenburnie," and Mrs. Grant, "widow of a minister of Laggan, who had unfolded herself in the 'Letters from the Mountains,' an interesting treasury of good solitary thoughts."

His picture of Mrs. Grant, as he knew her, about the year 1811, is very pleasing and graphic. "She was," he says, "a dark, tall woman, of very considerable intellect, great spirit, and the warmest benevolence. Her love of individual Whigs, particularly of Jeffrey, in spite of her amusing horror of their principles, was honourable to her heart. She was always under the influence of an affectionate and delightful enthusiasm, which, unquenched by time or sorrow, survived the wreck of many domestic at-

tachments, and shed a glow over the close of a very protracted life."

He adds that both she and Mrs. Hamilton were remarkable for the success of their literary conversational gatherings; their evening parties having "the greater merit from the smallness of their houses and of their means."

Mrs. Grant wrote herself a brief sketch of the earlier part of her life, giving a rapid view of the principal incidents of her career, until she became known to the public as the authoress of the "Letters from the Mountains;" and this autobiographical notice gives a very pleasing idea of herself, and a lively portraiture of persons and things. I am persuaded some extracts from it will afford entertainment to the reader.

It commences thus:—"My father, Duncan Macvicar, was a plain, brave, pious man. He was born in the parish of Craignish in Argyllshire; was early left an orphan, and removed, when a young man, to Fort William, in Inverness-shire, where he had some concern in farming, along with his relation, Captain Macvicar. In 1753 he married my mother, who was a grand-daughter of Mr. Stewart of Invernalyle, an ancient family in the neighbouring county of Argyll. Some time after their marriage my parents removed to Glasgow, where I was born on the 21st February 1755, but was immediately sent home to be nursed in the house of my grandmother, near Fort William. At the end of eighteen months I was carried back to Glasgow, with red cheeks and a quantity of soft light hair, all which, I was afterwards told, made me accounted a pretty child. I lay, however, under some suspicion in regard to my mental powers,

from my quiet and abstracted manner of gazing at objects near to me. Fortunately, as I grew more active I became less clumsy; and when I spoke plainly, my intellectual powers were no longer questioned.

"In 1757, my father went out to America under the auspices of Colonel Archibald Montgomerie, afterwards Earl of Eglinton, in whose regiment (the 77th foot) he had a commission, leaving my mother and myself in Glasgow with the intention of sending for us if the country held out any inducement for his settling in it.

"The only particular of my infantine history that I remember to have heard related took place in the streets of Glasgow. My mother lived in the eastern extremity of the town. I suppose she often spoke of my father being in America, and might very probably point westward when describing in what direction the New World lay. Be that as it may. One Sunday evening, when I was at most two years and eight months old, I walked deliberately by myself very nearly a mile to the western extremity of the Trongate. How much further I might have gone is not known. A lady looking out at a window, saw with some surprise a child neatly dressed in white, with bare head and arms, alone and unattended, in the middle of the street. She sent for me, and asked me where I came from. I said, 'From mamma's house.' She next inquired where I was going. I answered that I was 'going to America, to seek papa.' This explanation did not diminish her interest in so young a traveller. She gave me tea, put me to bed, and determined to wait till morning to make further discoveries, finding me perfectly satisfied to remain. However, while I was enjoying repose after my long walk, a bell was heard in the street, the public crier having been sent through the town describing a lost child. How or when I was carried back I know not; but I have often heard the story from my mother, who certainly was the last person to embellish, far less to invent. The first she would not, the second she could not. I never knew a person of more perfect integrity, or more deficient in imagination."

When she was nearly three years old, little Anne Grant accompanied her mother to America. landed at Charleston in 1758, and found Mr. Macvicar absent on an expedition to Pittsburg. The following year they removed to Transylvania, and soon afterwards to the province of New York. Here a new scene opened to the observant eyes of the child. The father, being stationed with a party of Highlanders at a Dutch settlement below Albany, called Claverock, on the domain of a worthy, well-to-do, and most primitive family, so much recommended himself to their good opinion by his conduct and that of his men, in contrast to a company of soldiers previously billoted there, who had been insolent and rapacious, that he became a great favourite, and easily prevailed on these worthy people to receive his wife and child at a nominal board, while he took the field with the army. "There, says the autobiography, "I learnt very rapidly to read from my mother, never having any other teacher while there. There, too, among the primitive people of the settlement I learnt that love of truth and simplicity which I found a charm against artifice and pretension of every kind. I learned also to love the Indians, who were always well received and well treated by the kind-hearted family.

"Early in 1760 my father returned, and took us to the town of Albany on the Hudson river, where I saw with keen though childish sorrow, the Highland soldiers dragging through the streets cannon destined for the attack on the Havannah, where so many of them afterwards perished.

"In October we set out with a party in boats for Oswego, on the banks of the Lake Ontario. We had a most romantic journey, sleeping sometimes in the woods, sometimes in forts, which formed a chain of posts in the then trackless wilderness. We had no books but the Bible and some military treatises; but I grew familiar with the Old Testament, and a Scotch sergeant brought me Blind Harry's "Wallace," which by the aid of the said sergeant, I conned so diligently, that I not only understood the broad Scotch, but caught an admiration for heroism and an enthusiasm for Scotland that have ever since been like a principle of life.

"On our return from this remote residence the following year, a Captain Campbell, an old friend of my father, then stationed on the Mohawk river, gave me a fine copy of Milton, which I studied, to very little purpose no doubt, all the way down in the boat, but which proved a treasure to me afterwards, as I never rested till I found out the literal meaning of the words, and in process of time, at an age I am ashamed to mention, entered into the full spirit of it."

The family next resided in the town of Albany, in which place Mr. Macvicar was stationed for three or four years with a detachment of his regiment. Here the little Anne formed a friendship which continued warm and undiminished through life. Madame Schuyler, her new ac-

quaintance, was the daughter of one of the most respectable families in the province of New York. She was the widow of a colonel, who, dying early and leaving no children, bequeathed to her the greater part of his ample fortune of which she made the most liberal use. house at Albany was the resort of all strangers whose manners or conduct entitled them to her regard, and not long after their arrival, the Macvicars went one evening to pay her a visit, taking with them their little girl. She has thus described the part she played on the occasion, and which she ascribes to the fact of her mind having been recently absorbed in the study of Milton:-"The conversation fell upon dreams and forewarnings. I rarely spoke till spoken to at any time; but of a sudden the Spirit moved me to say that bad angels sometimes whisper dreams into the soul. When asked for my authority, I surprised every one by a quotation from Eve's fatal dream, infusing into her mind the ambition that led to guilt. After this I became a great favourite, and Madame Schuyler never failed to tell any one who inquired the origin of her partiality for me. While we remained in America I enjoyed much of her society, and when my father removed from Albany, I spent two winters with her in that city. Indeed, if my parents would have parted with me, she would have kept me entirely with herself."

This lady is the original of the heroine in Mrs. Grant's "Memoirs of an American lady," published in 1808, of which Mr. Jeffrey remarks:—"It contains a very animated picture of that sort of simple, tranquil, patriarchal life which was common within these three hundred years in the central parts of England, but of which we are

rather inclined to think there is now no specimen left in the world."

The education of this intelligent and precocious child had been, owing to the peculiar circumstances of her parents' history, entirely neglected. More than forty years after this period she thus excuses her defective orthography:--"I was taught to write when a girl in America by a soldier in my father's regiment, who began life in the character of a gentleman, but being an incorrigible sot, retained nothing but a fine hand to distinguish him from his fellows, when he was chosen to be my teacher. This tutor of mine visited the black hole so often that I got copies at long intervals, when he was removed into another regiment. I was thus deprived of all instruction of this and almost of every other kind; but then it was intended to send me to a convent in Canada, where officers' daughters got some sort of superficial education. This was deferred from year to year, and then dropped, because we thought of coming home, where I was to learn everything; but by that time I was grown very tall, very awkward, and so sensitive that a look disconcerted me, and I went to no school except that where dancing was taught, which I very soon left from the same miserable conscious awkwardness."

Mr. Macvicar was a careful man, and had, according to his daughter, "a faculty of making money where it could be fairly acquired." Upon the termination of the war in Canada the British government granted allotments of land to retired officers, two thousand acres to each. One of these was given to him upon his retiring from the army on half pay, in 1765. Few or none of the officers who received these grants had any taste for living in the

woods, or for the expense or trouble of taking out patents, and going out with surveyors and a party of Indians to locate and mark out the lands. He, however, was familiar with the ways of the country, spoke the language, and was well liked among the people. He purchased for a trifle the rights of some young officers who were in haste to return home to Britain, and adding their rights to his own, and taking them out in a fertile corner as yet unoccupied, having them carefully surveyed and his title established, he became a landholder to a considerable extent. The property thus acquired was situated in what afterwards became the state of New Vermont.

It was the intention of Mr. Macvicar to reside upon his estate, which was every day rising in value as the country around became cleared and inhabited. Unfortunately, being a keen sportsman, he exposed himself so much to cold and wet, that he became a victim to ague and rheumatism, and after intense suffering for a year, took a sudden resolution to return to Scotland in 1768. This intention was so precipitately carried into effect that he had no time to arrange his affairs, but constituted a friend, whose property adjoined his own, his agent in either selling or letting his lands.

"Thus," continues Mrs. Grant's narrative, "we returned to Scotland with very few available funds except my father's half pay, the produce of which would, with our quiet and frugal habits, afford abundance. I had but lately entered the fourteenth year of my age. The revolutionary tempest was even then gathering in America. Officers and servants of government were looked upon with an evil eye, yet did not dream of

events which were shortly to occasion their ruin and banishment.

"We arrived in Scotland in May 1768, encountering one continual storm in a small, ill-found vessel, and put into Larne, in the north of Ireland, where we remained some days to recruit. We arrived at Glasgow, strangers and in limited circumstances; but my usual source of happiness, which has followed me through life, did not fail me there-I mean that of having friends of true merit faithfully attached to me. I was first regarded as something curious and anomalous, having none of the embellishments of education, knowing only reading, writing and needlework-writing, indeed, very imperfectly, yet familiar with books, with plants and with trees, with all that regarded the face of nature, perfectly ignorant of the customs and manners of the world, combining, with a childish and amusing simplicity, a store of various knowledge, which nothing less than the leisure of much solitary retirement, and the tenacity of an uncommonly retentive memory, could have accumulated in the mind of an overgrown child, for such I appeared to those who knew my age."

Such is Mrs. Grant's picture of herself and her acquirements at this period of her history. She possessed, in a remarkable degree, the power of sympathy, and attached to herself wherever she went the kindly regard of those with whom she associated. She mentions with especial warmth of attachment one family with whom she now formed a close intimacy. At their country house on the banks of the river Cart, near Glasgow, she spent part of three summers, and she ever after spoke of their society as a most valuable portion of her early training, both

mental and moral. Innocence of manners, purity of thought, perfect simplicity associated with genuine refinement, formed in these excellent people an assemblage of qualities rarely united in the same individuals. "Here, too, were the relics of the old Covenanters," she says; "and here I enriched my memory with many curious traits of Scottish history and manners, by frequenting the cottages of the peasantry, and perusing what I could find on their smoky bookshelves. Here was education for the heart and mind well adapted for the future lot which Providence assigned me." With these friends Mrs. Grant kept up an intimate connection which was only closed by death. Two of the sisters of the family were her constant correspondents, and many of her published letters were originally addressed to them.

In 1773 Mr. Macvicar was offered the office of barrack-master of Fort Augustus, in Inverness-shire. He could not resist the temptation of a military employment, which best suited his habits; and emolument was not so great an object, as he was then receiving flattering accounts of the offers made for his transatlantic estate. The idea of living in the Highlands was by no means unpleasant to his daughter, her sequestered habits and love of natural scenery disposing her rather to relish the thought. Her chief regrets were parting from her beloved companions, with whom she agreed to maintain an active correspondence.

At Fort Augustus she resided six years, and the intimacies which she formed there are described at length in her "Letters." In 1779 she married Mr. Grant, "a young clergyman, connected with some of the most respectable families in the neighbourhood, possessing great

personal advantages, and adding those of much refinement of mind, sound principle, and a most correct judgment," who was at that time chaplain to the garrison. Intimacy was in a manner unavoidable between young people of similar tastes, who, in the narrow circle in which they moved, met of necessity every day. Mr. Grant had been placed in the neighbouring parish of Laggan three years before. "His popularity was secured by his manners and conduct," says his wife; "mine was of more difficult attainment, because I was not a native of the country, and Highlanders dislike the intrusion of a stranger. However, I had both pride and pleasure in overcoming difficulties. Thus, by adopting the customs, studying the Gaelic language, and above all, not wondering at anything local and peculiar, with the aid of a most worthy and sensible mother-in-law, I acquired that share of the goodwill of my new connections and the regard of the poor, without which even with the fond affection of a fellow-mind, such a residence would have been scarcely supportable. In course of years I acquired a taste for farming, led a life of fervid activity, and had a large family of children, all promising, and the greater number of them beautiful."

The distance between Fort Augustus and Laggan was only twenty-five miles, but the two were divided by a lofty mountain called *Corryarrick*, which was impassable in winter. This formidable barrier rose high above the region of the clouds, and the sudden descent on the other side was peculiarly dangerous, not only from deep snows concealing the unbeaten track of the road, but from whirlwinds and eddies that drove the snow into heaps; besides an evil spirit which the country people

devoutly believed to have dwelt there time out of mind. "After crossing this awful mountain," says the minister's helpmeet, "we travel eastward through twelve miles of bleak inhospitable country, inhabited only by moor-fowl, and adorned with here and there a booth erected for a temporary shelter to shepherds, who pass the summer with their flocks in these lonely regions. On leaving this waste you enter a valley six miles in length and half a mile broad, which wants nothing but wood to be beautiful; it has indeed some copses, or what the Scottish bards call shaws.

"It consists entirely of rich meadow and arable lands, and has the clear and rapid Spey running through the middle of it. About the centre of this vale, at the foot of a mountain which screens it from the north wind, stands our humble dwelling. It is a comfortable cottage, consisting of four rooms, light closets, and a nursery and kitchen, built out by way of addition. It is situated in a south aspect, at the foot of an arable hill, behind which stretches an extensive moss, once a forest, and still abounding in fuel, which is surmounted by a lofty mountain, the top of which is often lost in the clouds, while its bosom, hollow and verdant, is a reservoir of copious springs, and abounds in early pasturage and berries peculiar to these regions. Our little domain, to which the church lands are added, stretches about a quarter of a mile through a flowery valley. I should have told you that at one end of our cottage is a garden, in which we have planted a variety of trees, and where small fruit abounds. At our door is a stone porch with seats; this rural portico is so covered with honeysuckle that you would take it for a bower. We have a little green court enclosed before, which, in fine weather, forms a supplement to the nursery. We hold a farm at a very easy rent, which supports a dozen milk cows and a couple of hundred sheep, with a range of summer pasture on the mountains for our young stock, horses, &c.

"This farm supplies us with everything absolutely necessary; even the wool and flax, which our handmaids manufacture to clothe the children, are our own growth. But it is time to introduce you within doors, where you will find the master of the dwelling in the midst of the circle he most delights in, and in that home where he appears to most advantage, because his hospitality and warmth of heart here shine through that cloud of reserve and diffidence which conceals him everywhere else. Singularly domestic, a fond husband, and tenderly indulgent father, he delights in his children from their birth without nursing them like an old woman; judicious and attentive in what regards out-door management, but totally unconcerned as to what passes within, considering, like a true Highlander, household affairs as entirely the female province, and the duties of his sacred function as the only object beyond his family deserving of serious regard. Next, his mate, very little altered in sentiment and principle since her earlier days, yet having the wings of romantic elevation somewhat clipt by increasing years and cares, and the fervour of enthusiasm a little abated with that matronly cast of manners which the constant exercise of authority, mingled with affection, naturally produces."

As years went by the family at Laggan grew by degrees more and more numerous. Happy in her husband and her children, Mrs. Grant describes with charming

ingenuousness her daily life. Here, for example, is her lively "Diary of one July Monday:"-" I mention Monday, being the day that all dwellers in glens come down for the supplies. Item, at four o'clock Donald arrives with a horse loaded with butter, cheese, and milk. The former 1 must weigh instantly. He only asks an additional blanket for the children, a covering for himself, two milk tubs, a cog, and another spoon, because little Peter threw one of the set into the burn,—two stone of meal, a quart of salt, two pounds of flax for the spinners, for the grass continues so good that they will stay a week longer. He brings the intelligence of the old sow's being the joyful mother of a dozen pigs, and requests something to feed her with. All this must be ready in an hour; before the conclusion of which comes Ronald from the high hills, where our sheep and young horses are all summer, and only desires meal, salt, and women with shears to clip the lambs, and tar to smear them. He informs me that the black mare has a foal, a very fine one, but she is very low, and I must instantly send one to bring her to the meadows before he leaves. The tenants who do us service come; they are going to stay two days in the oak wood cutting timber for our new byre, and must have a competent provision of bread, cheese, and ale for the time they stay. Then I have Caro's breakfast to get, Janet's hank to reel, and a basket of clues to dispatch to the weaver; K.'s lesson to hear, her sampler to rectify, and all must be over before eleven; while his reverence, calm and regardless of all this bustle, wonders what detains me, urges me out to walk, while the soaring larks, the smiling meadows, and opening flowers second the invitation, and my imagination, if it gets a moment loose

from care, kindles at these objects with all the eagerness of youthful enthusiasm. . . . Now I will not plague you with a detail of the whole day, of which the above is a competent specimen. Yet spare your pity, for this day is succeeded by an evening so sweetly serene, our walk by the river is so calmly pleasing, our lounge by the burn side so indolently easy, our conversation in the longwished for hour of leisure so interesting, sliding so imperceptibly from grave to gay,—and then our children! Say you wish me more ease and leisure, but do not pity me. . . . I declare, had I my pilgrimage to begin anew, I would not give my share of the endearing charities of life, my bustles and struggles to procure ease and comfort for those I love, my faithful friendships, and

'My humble toils and destiny obscure,'

for all that wealth and fashion can bestow."

This pure happiness was overshadowed by affliction before many years had elapsed. The narrative continues,—" In 1794 my father returned to Glasgow. This was in some degree convenient for us, as it enabled us to send our children there for education. A particular circumstance made us known to the family of the late Mr. Macintosh of Dunchattan, in that neighbourhood, who procured a commission in the army for our eldest son, then a mere boy, but a most amiable and promising one; he died at Glasgow of consumption in his sixteenth year. This was a heavy blow, and bore heavy on his father, whose health had been always very precarious. I had mourned over three children who died previously in early infancy. The birth of my youngest child,—a fortnight after his brother's death, carried off my thoughts in some degree from this affliction. The daily decline of Mr. Grant's health, though I was unwilling to see it, now forced itself on my attention. He outlived his son but eighteen months. . . . I cannot go into details ever painful to memory. Suffice it to say that he was removed in 1801, after an attack of inflammation of three days' continuance, and I was thus left with eight children not free from debt, yet owing less than might be expected, considering the size of our family and the decent hospitality which was kept up in a manner that, on looking back, astonishes even myself, as it did others at the time. I was too much engrossed with my irreparable loss on the one hand, and too much accustomed to a firm reliance on the fatherly care of Him who will not abandon the children of a righteous man on the other, to have any fears for the support of so many helpless creatures. I felt a confidence on their account that to many might appear romantic and extravagant."

Where now was the American property? Entirely swallowed up in the gulf of the Revolution. It lay unhappily within the bounds of Vermont,—a new state, which had risen like a volcanic island in the tumult of that civil commotion. The inhabitants were disbanded soldiers and lawless characters from every other state; they well knew that much of the land of which they had usurped the possession belonged to officers and other British subjects. But they refused to accede to the confederation of the other states if their rights were called in question, so that Mr. Macvicar lost his property entirely, as he could not claim the merit of loyalty in troublous times, having left America before the troubles commenced.

A small provision from the War Office, which Mrs.

Grant received as the widow of a regimental chaplain, was all the provision on which she could count. Friends, indeed, were not wanting in this time of need. The Duke of Gordon allowed her to possess the farm which her husband had occupied, not only for the year after his death, but for the ensuing one also. "This," she says, "was not quite satisfactory to my friends in Glasgow, who generously wished me to live near them that they might be in many respects useful to me. But my elder daughters found a home there under my father's roof, who had removed to that city chiefly on their account. I also thought my mountain abode at Laggan more frugal and safe in its remote obscurity. I loved the common people too, chiefly because of their own class they were very uncommon people, and also because they revered the memory of their departed pastor, and truly loved his family. I knew them well; nor do I think that any educated or informed person ever was more intimately known to an unlettered and seemingly uninformed populace."

In the meantime she was induced to try her powers as a writer, and urged by her friends, prepared a volume of poems, which was published in 1803, in the spring of which year she visited her parents in Glasgow; her last visit to them, for Mr. Macvicar was suffering from an illness which shortly proved fatal. During the same eventful twelve months Mrs. Grant unwillingly quitted her beloved Laggan, and engaged a house near Stirling at a place called Woodend, where she established herself with her children and her mother, who, after her husband's death, resided with her daughter. It was a neighbourhood of great beauty, "the scenery calculated to

nurse a soothing and gentle melancholy," and here she made new and kind friends; and in devoting herself to her numerous duties, found the best relief for her heavy griefs.

In 1806 she published her "Letters from the Mountains," which she was induced to do in order to procure the necessary funds for the equipment of her eldest remaining son Duncan, who had received a commission in the military service of the East India Company, and whose outfit was a new and heavy expenditure for his anxious mother. "I confess," she says, "it was a resource in which I had but little faith, and no person, I believe, was so astonished at the success of the book as myself. My publishers dealt liberally with me, and many persons of distinguished merit interested themselves in me, and sought my acquaintance, in consequence of perusing these letters."

Mrs. Grant's sketch of her own life breaks off about the period of her daughter Charlotte's death, which occurred in April 1807. She was an amiable and beautiful girl, of premature understanding, and appears to have considerably resembled her mother in many respects. Three months afterwards Catherine, the second daughter, died in her twenty-fifth year. When alluding to this period, their mother says, in a letter to a friend, "I cannot dwell on all the anguish of this beginning of maternal sorrow,—I mean that of seeing my hopes blasted by consumption, since so fatal to my family. I had lost children before, but I was not then their only parent."

These were indeed but "the beginning of sorrows." Four daughters who survived Catherine lived to grow up, and were amiable and talented girls, but all successions.

sively drooped and sank. The eldest of the two remaining sons was prosperous in his military career in India. He was himself deserving, and he had met with kind and influential friends; and to him his mother looked with pride and hope, which were suddenly extinguished by the unexpected tidings of his death in 1814 in his twentyseventh year. The letters she addressed to him are truly affecting, and show that her afflictions had been sanctified to her own spirit, by the earnest appeals she makes to him on the all-important matter of his spiritual well-being. When communicating the tidings of his sister's death, she thus writes,-" Chastened and subdued as I am by many sorrows, believe me, even with the fair prospects that are now open to your view, I would rather, could I be assured of the fact, hear of your dying now, if you left the world in the same frame of mind the dear departed ones did, leaving a conviction that you were taken from the evil to come, than be told that you commanded the army in India, living without God in the world, and hurrying through the glare of worldly grandeur to final destruction. My dear son, you must needs taste of the bitter cup we have been drinking: sisters so affectionate and so beloved cannot be removed without making an impression on your mind, but, oh! do not pass it lightly by; drink deep of it and you will find the sweetness of divine consolation at the bottom, . . . and when from this scene of sad vicissitudes your soul departs, may you be found in the number of those who have not rejected or trampled under foot the free grace, the inestimable salvation purchased by the blood of a Redeemer"

In 1810 Mrs. Grant removed with her family to Edin-

burgh, her object being "to take a house fit to accommodate a few young ladies, the children of wealthy persons in the upper circles of life," whom she proposed to educate and bring up with her own daughters. She accordingly hired "a good and very pleasant house" in Heriot Row, where she established herself to her entire satisfaction. "I have every reason," she writes, "to think my residence here will be agreeable and advantageous. Were I to go on in the way of taking under my tuition all that could pay me well for doing so, I might soon, I am sure, fill a larger house than this. But I see daily more reasons to adhere to my first intention of restricting the number of my pupils to three or four, and will not wear out an enfeebled frame and exhausted mind with the severe anxiety resulting from such a mode of life

"I live in a part of Edinburgh called Heriot Row, opposite Queen Street, a new range of buildings, with gardens in front, and a view of the sea behind; nothing can be more airy and pleasant. Mr. Henry Mackenzie, of the Exchequer, otherwise called the 'Man of Feeling,' is one of our nearest neighbours; and several others whom we know and esteem live in the same range of buildings. We have received many visits and invitations since we arrived, but from the hurry of a new establishment, have not yet returned them.

"Walter Scott and the formidable Jeffrey have both called on me, not by any means as a scribbling female, but on account of links formed by mutual friends. You would think by their appearance that the body of each was formed to lodge the soul of the other. Having met them both formedly, their appearance was not anything

new to me; but Jeffrey looks the poet all over,—the ardent eye, the nervous agitation, the visibly quick perceptions, keep one's attention constantly awake in expectation of flashes of the peculiar intelligence of genius, nor is that expectation entirely disappointed, for his conversation is in a high degree fluent and animated.

"Walter Scott, again, has not a gleam of poetic fire visible in his countenance, which merely suggests the idea of plain good sense; his conceptions do not strike you as by any means so rapid or so brilliant as those of his critic, yet there is much amusement and variety in his good-humoured, easy, and unaffected conversation."

Some time later she says, "I continue to like Edinburgh very well; nothing can exceed the kindness we meet with from all manner of people. I foresee though that here I shall be like the hare with many friends; those endearing intimacies which have been to me the cordial of life, I must not look to have, for here society is so diffused that its spirit is diluted. Conversation in this Northern Athens is easy, animated, and indeed full of spirit and intelligence. Yet, though the feast of reason abounds, there is not so much of the flow of soul, this, like the gum on the trees is produced by genial warmth, that warmth which glows only in the limited circle of social intimacy,—there are syllogisms and epigrams, and now and then pointed and brilliant sentences, and observations and reflections both acute and profound, but neither the heart nor the imagination are much concerned. People are too well bred, too well informed, and too well amused by the passing scene to seek those resources in their imaginations, or to be hurried by those feelings which occupy and delight the simple children of nature. By simplicity I do not mean ignorance, but being unspotted by the world. At the same time I am greatly amused by these parties, and find them incomparably superior to the dull unvaried gossip of a country town; for here there is no detraction, and little personality."

Her sketch of Dr. Chalmers is full of character. the wits and philosophers of Edinburgh, when this wonder of the age attended the General Assembly last week, bowed down to the power of his mighty genius, and heard from him with reverence and admiration truths which they would have sneered at from one less rich in the highest powers of intellect. He made a speech in the Assembly against pluralities, which delighted and amazed all his hearers; even Jeffrey, the fastidious Jeffrey, though retained on the opposite side, owned that he never in his life heard such a torrent of powerful and luminous eloquence. But I should tell you his disadvantages. Were it not for an air of manly simplicity, you would call his countenance not merely plain but vulgar; his voice and the worst Scotch accent are equally unfavourable. His language rises and falls with his subject; sometimes he uses familiar and rational phrases with a carelessness that shows his indifference to all studied elegance, but with the importance of the subject his style becomes forcible, elevated to the loftiest sublimity, or melting into the tenderest pathos. His reasonings too, -for he always reasons,-are so close that there is no escaping their force. Determined to preach only Christ and him crucified, he has not a single word of that cant which has been abused and degraded either by well-meaning ignorance or dangerous pretension."

In 1820 Mrs. Grant met with a severe accident,—a fall down stairs caused a serious injury, followed by severe suffering for many months, and by lameness for the rest of her life. She bore the long confinement and protracted pain with cheerful submission, grateful for every kindness and for every alleviation. Some months after the occurrence she wrote,—"I had many reasons for thankfulness notwithstanding this terrible fall; my health was, and is perfect, no way affected by the confinement, which I did not feel as a hardship, being surrounded by domestic comforts, and every hour visited by friends who doubled their kindness in the time of distress."

There were indeed some sorrows which fell to her lot, such as human friendship sufficed not to alleviate. Speaking of the death of her youngest daughter Moore, which took place in the summer of 1821, she says,—"Thank God I have been supported under this new privation in a manner that I could not have hoped. When I think of those whose shadows seem ever hovering over my solitude, and can say with full assurance,—

I return to my wonted occupations with a composure that surprises myself, and think that I have brought my mind to be all that it ought to be, till a sudden rush of recollection awakens all that I dread and shun. Few have been tried in such a furnace as that through which I have been enabled to walk, but advancing life brings sorrows with it, for which the mind should be in some

<sup>&#</sup>x27;Safe are they lodged above these rolling spheres, The fatal influence of whose giddy dance Sheds sad vicissitude on all below.'

measure prepared before they arrive. The great panacea in such cases must be trust in God and hope in a Redeemer, but even physical aids are not to be slighted in these terrible exigencies; exercise in the open air, and above all, constant occupation."...

Poor mother! In 1827 she was called on to part with Mary, the eldest and last surviving of her daughters, after a long period of anxious nursing. "I was never more submissive, never on any occasion so fully convinced that the infliction was a dispensation of mercy to her who has been taken away," wrote the stricken-hearted woman, "yet I never felt such a thorough sense of desolation, such a total want of interest in all that is said and done around me. This is, indeed, an unnatural state for a mind so active and excursive as mine has ever been. The chapter of sorrow and anxiety is now closed, but has left a blank behind not easily filled up. I do not, on that account, include the impiety of thinking myself forsaken by the Hand that has all along so wonderfully supported me. Pray for me that I may not be afflicted in vain!"

Of all her twelve children her eldest son alone survived her. His profession of a Writer to the Signet had fixed him in Edinburgh, and he continued to reside with his mother. Her cheerfulness and the lively appreciation she had of everything done to promote her comfort, rendered her, till the latest period of her prolonged existence, a delightful companion to live with, while the warm interest she felt in whatever could contribute to the happiness or even to the amusement of others, kept her own feelings and affections ever alive. Of her conversational powers it was remarked by a friend that they were

perhaps still more attractive than her writings. Her information on every subject, combined with her uniform cheerfulness and equanimity, made her society very delightful, while the native simplicity of her mind and an entire freedom from all attempt at display quickly made the youngest person with whom she conversed feel in the presence of a friend. If there were any quality of her well-balanced mind which stood out more prominently than another, it was that benevolence which made her invariably study the comfort of every person who came in contact with her.

Her pen has drawn a pleasant picture of her daily life, when approaching her eightieth year:-" I have not, perhaps, told you how I spend my day. It is monotonous, as I go out to visit very rarely; indeed, I cannot afford it; sedan chairs, my usual conveyance, would soon find their way to the bottom of my little charity purse. At this summer season I wake very early, and read something not too interesting till six or seven o'clock, then slumber for an hour. I can redeem a little time for the best purpose, but am always dressed and at the breakfast table by nine, to accommodate my son. We read the Bible only before breakfast; afterwards I have a sacred half hour. Then I a begin a letter, or write two or three pages in a MS. I am preparing. Afterwards come dependants-could you dream of my having dependants, who have all my life been standing on the edge of the gulph of poverty without falling in; and this not because I had much worldly prudence, but because I made stern self-denial, and what Miss Edgeworth calls civil courage, serve me instead. Well, my protegés want a letter of recommendation or advice, or a governess' place, &c. I shall

not lead you through this gallery of humble though often meritorious characters; but proceed to my visitors, premising that I receive them free from the embarrassment of household cares; for my young relation, Mary Maccoll, who lives with me, takes all that weight off me con amore. Well, then, many people come if the sun shines. because the day is good; and if it does not, because particular persons wish to see me alone on various pretences. There are a few who have no motive but pure good-will. Among all interruptions I make shift to begin a long letter or finish a short one, and to read a book. My son seldom comes in till past five, and I spend in good days an hour in the garden, where my visitors join me in occupying a long seat. Then comes the dinner, which is followed by that period betwixt dinner and tea, when I can never apply to anything, and which would be drowsily wasted in languid half slumber, if I had not taught Mary chess, of which, though no good player, I am very fond. Tea is my only nectar, and never fails to refresh and invigorate me. In the evening I knit, and Mary reads to me, and perhaps I read to her by turns, for the sake of commenting. While my son goes to his office, two or three persons sometimes drink tea and coffee with me. This is the sketch of the routine of our quiet days."

For the last twelve years of her life Mrs. Grant received a pension of £100, which was granted by George IV. on the joint representation of Sir W. Arbuthnot, Sir W. Scott, Lord Jeffrey, Mr. Mackenzie, Sir R. Liston, and Principal Baird. In the memorial presented on the occasion, these gentlemen attest their opinion that "the character and talents of Mrs. Grant have long rendered

her not only a useful and estimable member of society, but one eminent for the services she has rendered to the cause of religion, morality, knowledge, and taste." The late Sir W. Grant, Master of the Rolls, bequeathed to her an annuity of a similar amount, and these sums, added to some other resources, placed her in her latter days not only beyond the reach of want, but enabled her to enjoy the happiness of giving to others.

She retained to the last her love of nature and simplicity. She was fond of having flowers and birds in her sitting room, and loved to collect parties of children about her. Until confined to bed, a fortnight before her death, the fine view of the country from her windows in Manor Place—to which she removed when her son married—was a never-failing source of delight to her. The trees, the green grass, the distant hills, the sky, the setting sun, all had charms for her, and drew from her the utterance of praise and admiration.

She continued to correspond with her absent friends, and received and glady welcomed those who visited her. "I was sitting alone lately," she wrote not many months before her death, "when the servant announced Mr. Campbell. Looking up, I saw a dejected-looking gentleman. "I should know you,' said I, 'but cannot be sure.' 'Campbell, the poet,' said he, with a kind of affecting simplicity. Though by no means approving his political principles, my heart warmed to him when I saw this sweet son of song dejected, spiritless, and afflicted. The death of his wife, to whom he was much attached, seems to have sunk him greatly."

During the summer of 1838 she continued to enjoy her usual health, but towards the end of October was seized with a severe attack of influenza, and expired on the 7th November, in the eighty-fourth year of her age. She was buried beside four of her daughters in the new cemetery of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, where her son erected a monument to her memory.





V.

## MADAME NECKER.

"There was nothing more exemplary than the courage which this respectable person always showed in proclaiming and defending her opinions, religious and moral, in the society of Paris, where they were not only unpopular, but the objects of general ridicule. Her principles were strongly rooted in her mind, and at all times firmly maintained in her conversation as well as shown forth in her practice."—LORD BROUGHAM.

HE wife of M. Necker and the mother of Madame de Staël has no ordinary claim upon the reverence and esteem of her sex. A

religious and pure-minded woman she appears amidst the gay coteries of the Parisian society of her day in striking contrast to the worldly, attractive, and witty Frenchwomen who then ruled the artificial world of the saloons. Her early history is at once peculiar and interesting.

Madamoiselle Susanne Curchod is familiar to the English reader as the object of the first, indeed only, love of the historian Gibbon. The account he has given of her in his autobiography is full of vivacity, and bears a highly honourable testimony to her merits. At the time when he first saw her he was residing at Lausanne, and in his journal he made this significant entry, recording the event:—"June 1757. I saw Mdlle. Curchod. Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori. I need not blush," he says, "at recollecting the object of my choice, and though my love was disappointed of success, I am

116

rather proud that I was once capable of feeling such a pure and exalted sentiment. The personal attractions of Mdlle. Curchod were embellished by the virtues and talents of the mind. Her fortune was humble, but her family was respectable. Her mother was descended from a high French Protestant family of Provence which had been driven into exile by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The profession of her father did not extinguish the moderation and philosophy of his temper, and he lived content with a small salary and laborious duty in the obscure lot of minister of Crassy, in the mountains that separate the Pays de Vaud, from the county of Burgundy. In the solitude of a sequestered village he bestowed a liberal and even learned education on his only daughter. She surpassed his hopes by her proficiency in the sciences and languages; and in her short visits to some relations at Lausanne, the wit, the beauty and erudition of Mdlle. Curchod were the theme of universal applause. The report of such a prodigy awakened my curiosity; I saw and loved. I found her learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in sentiment, and elegant in manners; and the first sudden emotion was fortified by the habits and knowledge of a more familiar acquaintance. She permitted me to make her two or three visits at her father's house. I passed some happy days there in the mountains of Burgundy, and her parents honourably encouraged the connection. I felt I might even presume to hope that I had made some impression on a virtuous heart. At Crassy and Lausanne I indulged my dream of felicity; but I discovered on my return to England that my father would not hear of this strange alliance, and that without his consent I was myself destitute and helpless. After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate; I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son. My wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life, and my love subsided in friendship and esteem.

The minister of Crassy soon afterwards died; his stipend died with him. His daughter retired to Geneva, where by teaching young ladies, she earned a hard subsistence for herself and her mother; but in her lowest distress she maintained a spotless reputation, and a dignified behaviour. A rich banker of Paris, a citizen of Geneva, had the good fortune and good sense to discover and possess this inestimable treasure; and in the capital of taste and luxury she resisted the temptations of wealth, as she had sustained the hardships of indigence. The genius of her husband has exalted him to the most conspicuous station in Europe. In every change of prosperity and disgrace he has reclined on the bosom of a faithful friend, and Mdlle. Curchod is now the wife of M. Necker, the minister, and perhaps the legislator, of the French monarchy."

Such is the historian's portrait of this admirable woman. One cannot but feel how widely different would have been the lot of Mdlle. Curchod, had she married Gibbon. In all probability such a union would not have been productive of happiness, an inference which seems naturally to follow from the observations of Madame de Staël in reference to the peculiarities of her mother's temperament. She says:—" Her affections were so impassioned she would have been very unhappy had she contracted merely what is called an excellent marriage, and given her hand to a respectable and worthy

man. She required in the partner of her life an exalted sensibility such as is only to be found in the higher order of minds. In short, she needed the unique man who could alone meet and respond to her feelings, and she found him and passed her life with him, and was spared the anguish of surviving him."

M. Necker, the beau-ideal of her imagination, was born at Geneva in the year 1732. His family, which came originally from Germany, had been long settled in the republic at the time of his birth, and though, as would appear, his ancestors were of patrician rank, these distinctions had been lost sight of in the course of years, and from his childhood the parents of the lad destined him to commercial life. At the age of fifteen he was sent to Paris, to learn business in the banking-house of Vernet, where he quickly showed uncommon talents, and soon acquired the ascendant where he had been only a clerk. Afterwards, being employed in the well-known house of Thellusson, he became a partner, and gained a complete and general knowledge of all commercial transactions, by means of which he succeeded in establishing the fortune of the great firm, while at the same time he accumulated a large independent fortune. While yet in the prime of life he thus found himself in a position to retire from mercantile pursuits, and to devote himself to the study of philosophy and of political economy, for which he had early evinced a strong disposition. He had by this time gained a high reputation both as a man and a financier, and being chosen resident for the republic of Geneva at the court of Versailles, soon became universally esteemed in the circles of the aristocracy as he had been in those of commerce, for his amiable manners and his strict integrity. "His information," says Lord Brougham, "was extensive, and it was accurate. He had especially studied finance, and was extremely knowing on all matters connected with it—a subject of peculiar and universal interest at the time when he came into patrician society. His wealth, we may well suppose, added greatly to the charms of his society in a luxurious capital like Paris, and was not even without its effect on the courtly circles of Versailles. But his conversation and his manners were calculated to win their way independent of a brilliant fortune; the former, lively, cheerful, elegant, and instructive; the latter, simple, natural, and if somewhat pedantic, yet honest and manly."

The marriage of M. Necker took place in 1764. His acquaintance with Mdlle. Curchod had been formed some years previously, when he was poor and in obscurity. They first met in the house of a lady named Madame de Vermenoux, who had induced Mdlle. Curchod, after her mother died, to come to Paris in order to teach Latin to her son. Struck with the noble character and grave beauty of the young governess, Necker fixed his regards upon her, with an interest which eventually settled into a deep and enduring affection. Mutual poverty delayed their union for a time, but it was not long before the fortunes of the young Genevese banker were secured.

In addition to all the attractions which each found in the other, the young couple had a powerful bond of union in the identity of their religious creed: both were the children of Protestants; and adhered tenaciously to the tenets in the belief of which they were nurtured. Amid the gaicty and irreligion which surrounded them—

censured as heretics by the few devout Catholics with whom they associated, they naturally turned to each other with the peculiar and heart-touching emotions of those who name—

"One Lord, one faith, one baptism."

In a strange land, too, they met as fellow-countrymen; their infant eyes had first opened upon the same beautiful scenery, and their childish feet had trodden the same soil; they could talk to each other in the language of the same fatherland, and could recall the sweet memories of early days in common. What wonder that, so talking, they grew into each other's heart and became one in spirit and in affection. The delay of their marriage, rendered necessary by adverse circumstances, afforded them time for more perfect mutual acquaintance, and served but to strengthen their love.

"From the moment of their union," says Madame de Staël, "his wife was the ruling thought of my father's life; the object of the most tender and devoted sentiment." The feeling was reciprocal; Madame Necker was devotedly attached to her husband, and, while he regarded her with a mixture of reverence, admiration, and love, it was the object of her existence to make him happy. For this end she did not hesitate to sacrifice her personal inclinations; shortly after their marriage she expressed the desire to devote herself to literature. but a hint from her husband, intimating that he should regret seeing her adopt such a course, sufficed to induce her cheerfully to relinquish her intention. She loved him so entirely that without effort she could yield her own desires to his. Naturally ambitious, she had an ardent love of honourable distinction, and there is reason

to believe that her influence was successfully exerted to stimulate the energies of her husband, and to urge him forward in the arduous career upon which he shortly entered, to play so important a part. Of that career Lord Brougham has, in a few pregnant sentences, given a striking epitome. He says:-"The clerk in a Paris banking-house, though of a respectable, and indeed ancient, Genevan family, he became early in life, by the successful pursuit of commerce, one of the richest men in France. The student of letters for his amusement, and without anything like genius in the sciences or the belles lettres, he lived to be the centre of all literary society in the most refined capital of Europe, to which he was a stranger by his birth. The trader first, then the envoy of the smallest state in Europe—a state rather known among other powers as a butt of their gibes than the companion of their councils—he rose to be the chief minister of the greatest among them; and the young adventurer from Geneva, by his errors, or by his patriotism. as men may variously view it, lived to be the proximate cause of that mighty event which shook all Europe to its centre, and exercises to this hour an influence universal and unparalleled over the destinies of the world."

Madame Necker entered the Parisian world about twenty-five years before the outbreak of the Revolution, at a period when men of letters exerted great influence upon general opinion. She quickly perceived the power which her talents and the wealth at her command gave her, and saw how easily she could acquire an influence which might be highly advantageous to her husband. In the management of domestic affairs M. Necker never interfered. The finances of his household were entirely

entrusted to the hands of his wife; he professed, indeed, an inaptitude for, and an utter aversion to the details of expenditure.

In a portrait she has drawn of his character, Madame Necker thus illustrates his extraordinary disinterestedness or unconcern in money matters :- "M. Necker quitted business at a moment when he might easily have enlarged his fortune, simply because he was weary of the description of labour which offered him nothing attractive or novel. I vainly sought to induce him to continue for a time in the pursuit of occupations which he no longer relished; he separated himself completely from the firm which he had established, and wholly abandoning his interest in it, he without reserve gave up his share in its concerns, and withdrew his property entirely, placing it at my sole disposal. He did not even retain in his hands a single paper nor the smallest sum. From that time I alone managed it; I purchased, sold, farmed, builded, ordered, and disposed the whole at my pleasure, scarcely venturing to consult him on any point, as he instantly manifested impatience or mortal ennui. His fortune only acquired an interest in his eyes when he desired to use it for the public benefit; then only it became a matter worthy of his attention. He has so entirely and without reserve abandoned his affairs to my control, that he appears to have forgotten his ownership, and is even grateful to me when I make an expenditure at his request. Our ménage presents, in this respect, a most curious and amiable incongruity; a great genius in leading-strings; a man who could dispense the affairs of both Indies, so utterly indifferent to money, that his dependants regard it as a species of incapacity, and down

to the most minute details are referred to me, and decided, and carried into execution, without even a thought of consulting him."

Madame de Staël has given us the clue to this conduct on the part of M. Necker. "My mother," she says, "was a very proud woman; she had brought my father no dowry, and if she had been united to a man of ordinary mould, she would have felt the utmost delicacy in using his wealth. So completely did he understand her peculiarity that he managed to persuade her he cared nothing for his money, and that the management of it was not only indifferent but positively wearisome to him, and thus by degrees she was induced to feel herself the sole mistress of all he possessed."

Desirous to add to her husband's growing popularity, Madame Necker opened her house to all the members of the Philosophic Society, and drew around her the most noted men of the day, who readily responded to her invitations. Buffon, Marmontel, St. Lambert, La Harpe, Grimm, the Abbé Raynel, and others of the same illustrious circle, assembled at her reunions, to which they were attracted by the growing importance of M. Necker, and her own real, though not brilliant talent.

It seems to have been generally felt that she had mistaken her vocation when she endeavoured to shine in the gay circles of the aristocratic world. Her early education had imparted a certain austerity to her manners, and she was deficient in the light brilliant wit and graceful ease of deportment which rendered the fair Parisian dames so irresistibly attractive. Her formal, methodical, and severely correct demeanour was not likely to please those who valued the charm of a light

and piquant wit far more highly than the most sterling qualities. Her guests found her bearing too rigid and constrained; her language too cold and precise: yet the perfect truthfulness and even simplicity of her pure nature commanded their respect and esteem. One of those who frequented her society, thus relates the impressions he received :- "The mind of Madame Necker preserved its purity like Arethusa amid the waves of the She never lost an opportunity of expressing the severely religious opinions which she entertained amid the circle of her philosophic guests. M. Thomas, her most intimate friend, alone sympathized fully with her views, but she was surrounded by a numerous circle of men of genius, who took pleasure in listening to her, and in imparting the stores of their wit and talent for the entertainment of this fair recluse of the Alps, transported into their midst. Frequently she did not even suspect the errors of her friends, sometimes she flattered herself with the hope of reclaiming them from their wanderings, and under all circumstances she fearlessly held on her way amid the passions and false systems they engendered, with a steady consistency which secured respect. She knew little of the ways of the world, and her manners, though not devoid of natural dignity, were formal and somewhat awkward: she had learned everything from books and little from intercourse with men, and in her conduct she was regulated by the dictates of her conscience, to which alone she listened."

Another of her habitués—the Baron de Grimm—complained bitterly that, either through mismanagement or economy, she failed in providing them with good cheer; and that her Friday dinners were not only too stiffly

solemn, but very indifferent in a gastronomic point of view. This was, undoubtedly, a capital error in the opinion of the philosophers, who love good cheer no less than the more avowed gourmands. To procure her husband a pleasant relaxation and to advance his interests in society were the sole motives of Madame Necker in opening her house to the literati; and the task of directing the conversation devolved upon her alone, for her husband, though always present, spoke little and allowed his guests to talk for his amusement. He probably thought them amply repaid by the privilege of listening to his wife, for he saw and heard with admiration all she did; cultivated her with the observance of a votary, watched her lips for the lessons of wisdom or the sparkles of wit, and would even communicate to his friends beforehand, with the air of one who announces an exquisite and rare pleasure in store for his company, "Ah, entendez-vous, Messieurs, nous allons avoir Madame Necker à diner aujourd'hui!" He did not even suspect, what was sufficiently evident to others, that she was not unfrequently dull and pedantic, and even tiresome. It was suspected that she occasionally prepared beforehand her evening conversations: underliably, they were deficient in that spontaneity and ready flow which constitute the principal charm of social converse. It may be readily believed that the exclusive mutual devotedness of this excellent pair occasioned some wonder to the cynical philosophers, who beheld the rare sight of a conjugal union so admirable in its very strictness.

Gibbon's account of his first interview with Madame Necker in her Parisian home is highly amusing. He went to pay his respects to her, and was received with a

cordial unembarrassed manner, which plainly showed that while she entertained no resentment on account of his youthful infidelity, she regarded him with the indifference of a common acquaintance. "I saw at Paris," he writes, "the Curchod; she was very fond of me and he particularly civil, could they insult me more cruelly? Ask me every evening to supper; go to bed, and leave me alone with his wife—what an impertinent security! It is making an old lover of mighty little consequence. She is as handsome as ever, and much genteeler; and seems pleased with her fortune, rather than proud of it. I was (perhaps indiscreetly enough) exalting Nanette's good luck and the fortune. 'What fortune?' said she, with an air of contempt, 'not above twenty thousand livres a year.' I smiled, and she caught herself immediately,—'What airs I give myself in despising twenty thousand livres a year, who twelve months ago looked upon eight hundred as the summit of my wishes."

How very natural is this little episode! For the rest Necker appears to have taken pleasure in the conversation of Gibbon, and when he subsequently visited England accompanied by his wife their friendship was renewed.

The great influence which Madame Necker exerted over her husband was proved beyond a doubt, and in a manner most honourable to herself, not only by the singular tokens of respect he always displayed towards her in the private circles of Paris, but in the distribution and management of the vast charities which they exercised, and in the direction of some of the branches of administration entrusted to him, such as the amelioration of the prison system, the administration of hospitals, &c., as also in the great and important points which he had

treated in the compte rendu, in regard to which he pays Madame Necker the extraordinary compliment of declaring that some of the most weighty matters in which he had succeeded owed their accomplishment to her. When, in 1776, Necker became Director-General of the Finances, his wife, with noble self-devotion, gave herself, heart and soul, to the laborious work of alleviating misfortune, and aiding her husband's projects for the reform of the numberless abuses which then existed in every department of the state. During the five years he continued in power, the prisons and hospitals of the capital occupied much of her attention, and she was unwearied in her endeavours to succour the unfortunate beings who languished in those abodes of wretchedness. She sought, and not wholly in vain, to mitigate the evils which prevailed there, and the blessings of the wretched and forlorn followed her steps. By her generosity an asylum was founded in Paris, which is still called by her name; and her claims have been universally acknowledged as the humane and beneficent benefactress of suffering humanity. Her self-denying benevolence shone with double lustre in contrast to the heartless selfishness of the surrounding world. In the accomplishment of her holy mission she hesitated not herself to penetrate the recesses of the dungeons in which lay incarcerated the unhappy victims of crime or of injustice. It having come to her knowledge that a certain Count of Lautrec had been imprisoned in a dungeon of the fortress of Ham for twenty-eight years, and that the unhappy captive had sunk into a state of such deplorable misery as had almost obliterated the traces of humanity, a feeling of deep compassion touched her heart. It was beyond her power

to liberate a state-prisoner, but she determined, if it were possible, to relieve in some measure the terrible load of his suffering. She set out, with this object, for Ham, and succeeded in obtaining a sight of M. de Lautrec. She found a miserable-looking object, stretched listlessly upon the straw of his dungeon, scarcely covered with a few tattered rags, and surrounded by rats and vermin. Madame Necker endeavoured to soothe his fixed and sullen despair with promises of speedy relief, nor did she depart until she had succeeded in accomplishing her benevolent purpose, and seen the poor sufferer removed to an abode where, though still a prisoner, he might pass in comparative comfort the few days left him by the tyranny of his oppressors. Similar acts of generous beneficence are related of this excellent woman during this period; and the greater part of her time was given to the performance of such works of mercy.

M. Necker did not escape criticism for having so publicly eulogized his wife. But why, as M. Lally Tollendal inquires, when it is permitted so many authors to speak of themselves with interest, and often with enthusiasm, and to poets to dedicate the productions of their genius to their mistresses, ferbid to conjugal affection so natural an expression of its emotions?

When, in the year 1781, M. Necker, finding himself thwarted and baffled by the intrigues of his enemies, determined to retire, and sent in his resignation, his wife, indignant at the conduct he had experienced, and apprehensive for his safety and honour, used all her influence to induce him to adhere unchangeably to his resolution. This appears to have been admitted on all hands, and it has been lamented that she should have

made such a use of her power. Writing to Mr. Gibbon at this juncture, she says, "M. Necker has been for a long time unwell, not in consequence of his regret at his resignation, but owing to his grief at being obliged to give it. The uneasiness which I have endured in my apprehension for his health, makes me think little of any troubles which do not touch the affections. When he took upon him an important office, I thought I was leading him to honour, and not to honours; and when the latter could only be preserved at the expense of the former, I resumed with delight the happiness I had relinquished. The retirement of M. Necker has been accompanied with the regret and astonishment of all France; and from the bottom of our hearts we are still unable to comprehend how we have been constrained to abandon an administration, the success of which was answerable to the purity of its intentions. . . . . We have not yet had time to experience the void which follows the cessation of a connection with state affairs; we have only a fear that they will take a direction different from that which we had traced out for them. We propose to pass the approaching summer in Switzerland, but I dare not flatter myself that such will be the case. M. Necker is very undecided in minor points."

His resignation accepted, Necker, retiring from the management of affairs, devoted himself for a time to the pleasures of domestic life, and to writing one of the most famous works that ever was published on that branch of administration which he had lately quitted. His *Compte rendu* was probably the most popular work of the kind ever written, and eighty thousand copies of it were sold in one week.

It is time to speak of the only child of this devoted pair, afterwards the celebrated Madame de Staël, and whose character, even in childhood, differed so strikingly from that of her mother. Germaine Necker was born in 1766, and consequently was in her fifteenth year at the time of her father's retirement from office. From the earliest dawn of her existence she showed indications of unusual ability, and of a nature singularly ardent and impassioned. Unlike her mother, who, as we have seen, submitted every feeling and action of her life to the control of reason, the young girl was prompted by the impulses of her impetuous spirit beyond the boundaries of all formal rules. It was strange to witness in one of such tender years so much intensity of emotion. The least occurrence of joy or grief affected her even to pain. She could scarcely hear those whom she loved commended without bursting into tears, and when impressed by any noble sentiment or action would pour forth her admiration in burning words of enthusiasm. Madame Necker, finding her apt and willing to learn, imagined . she could not teach her too much, and determined to train her upon a system strictly in accordance with her own ideas. Gentle and docile to the will of her parents. Germaine would willingly have obeyed her mother's dictates, had not an irresistible impulse carried her away to follow the guidance of her own imagination.

One of her favourite amusements as a child was to cut out paper kings and queens, and make them act in tragedies which she improvised for the occasion, herself speaking for all the characters successively. These theatrical predilections were strongly disapproved by her mother, who endeavoured to check them by prohibiting her indulging in this amusement, which the child, loth to relinquish, followed in secret. It was also by stealth that she read most of the popular novels of the day, and with such delight, that she was accustomed to say the fate of Clarissa Harlowe was one of the events of her girlhood.

We have a lively picture of this child of genius when eleven years of age, drawn by the pen of a Mdlle. Huber, who was chosen by Madame Necker as the friend of her daughter. The young girls were introduced to each other, and Germaine expressed intense joy at the idea of having a companion, and promised her, on the instant, to love her for ever. "She spoke," Mdlle. Huber writes, "with a warmth and facility which were already eloquence, and which made a great impression on me. We did not play like children. She immediately asked me what my lessons were, if I knew any foreign languages, and if I went often to the play. When I said I had only been three or four times, she exclaimed, and promised that we should often go together, and when we came home write down an account of the piece. It was her habit, she said; and, in short, we were to write to each other every day. We entered the drawing-room. Near the arm-chair of Madame Necker was the stool of her daughter, who was obliged to sit very upright. As soon as she had taken her accustomed place, three or four old gentlemen came up and spoke to her with the utmost kindness. One of them, in a little round wig, took her hands in his, held them a long time, and entered into conversation with her as if she had been twenty. This was the Abbé Raynal; the others were Messrs. Thomas, Marmontel, the Marquis de Pesay, and

the Baron de Grimm. We sat down to table. It was a picture to see how Mdlle. Necker listened. She did not speak herself; but so animated was her face that she appeared to converse with all. Her eyes followed the looks and movements of those who talked; it seemed as if she guessed their ideas before they were expressed. She entered into every subject, even politics, which at this time was one of the most engrossing topics of conversation. After dinner a great deal of company arrived. Each guest, as he approached Madame Necker, addressed her daughter with some compliment or pleasantry; she replied to all with ease and grace. They delighted to attack and embarrass her, and to excite her childish imagination, which was already brilliant. The cleverest men were those who took greatest pleasure in making her talk. They asked her what she was reading, recommended new books, and gave her a taste for study by conversing concerning what she knew or on what she was ignorant."

Thus did this extraordinary woman imbibe, from her very childhood, a taste for society and display. She learned to take intense pleasure in the communication of ideas with intelligent men, and in sharing the sparkling wit of the choice spirits that gathered around her. It was her mother's plan to cultivate her mental and intellectual powers to the utmost. She was incited to study diligently, and all her pleasures and occupations were so many exertions of mind. At length the species of perpetual excitement in which she lived, and the excessive application and attention exacted from her, seriously affected her health. The advice of the physicians was asked, and alarmed by her symptoms, they

ordered that she should be removed into the country, to spend her life in the open air, and to abandon all laborious study. This was a great blow to Madame Necker. She saw all the materials for a prodigy of learning and information in her daughter, and was deeply disappointed to find her scheme of education thwarted, and all her projects at an end.

Meanwhile the vivacious Germaine enjoyed the leisure she had obtained; and, left to follow the bent of her inclination, gave the rein to her fancy, and impelled by the promptings of her genius, became poetess, tragedian. and authoress, almost in childhood. Chilled by the reproofs of her mother, who regarded with disapprobation the errors into which she was led by her impetuousness and vivacity, she yielded herself with all the ardour of her temperament to that which became the ruling passion of her heart-filial affection towards her father. She eagerly sought his society, and delighted him with her talents, which displayed themselves with peculiar advantage in his presence. By her wonderful powers of conversation she charmed all who approached her, but from all other admirers she turned to seek the approbation of his smiles. Her sallies and pleasantries amused his leisure hours, and his goodness of heart, admiration for herself, and the judicious manner in which, while he rallied her for her defects, he praised her excellencies, secured her grateful and loving response.

The calm and decorous mother was soon thrown into the shade by her brilliant and accomplished daughter. She felt that her child's love was not given to her as it was to her father, and it was almost impossible that there should not arise in her secret heart a feeling of disappointed affection. Her decaying health, too, contributed to add to her daughter's importance in the society which frequented their house. She had suffered greatly from the anxieties attendant upon her position, especially during the period of her husband's second ministry, when he was surrounded by a thousand dangers and discomforts, and proved incapable of directing the helm of the state under the awful difficulties of that terrible crisis, which resulted in the Revolution, Madame Necker was, says one of her biographers, singularly constituted. There was in her an extraordinary union of strength and of weakness. At the call of duty she was ready to brave for herself and for those she loved the greatest perils; but under every other circumstance none was more keenly susceptible of alarm, and for no earthly consideration would she have consented to endanger the safety of a beloved object.

So early as 1784 her health showed symptoms of decline, and it was thought desirable she should try the effect of a change of residence and of climate. In a letter to Lady Sheffield, dated Lausanne, October 22, 1784, Gibbon writes: "M., Madame, and Mdlle. Necker are here. They have purchased the barony of Coppet, near Geneva; and as the buildings are very much out of repair, they passed this summer at a country house at the gates of Lausanne. Of him I have a much higher idea than I ever had before. In the moments when we were alone he conversed with me freely, and I believe truly, on the subject of his administration and fall. I saw a great deal of his mind, and all that I saw is fair and worthy. Should they spend the summers at the Castle of Coppet, about nine leagues from hence, a fort-

night or three weeks' visit would be a pleasant and healthful excursion. But, alas! I fear there is little appearance of its being executed. Her health is impaired by the agitation of her mind. Instead of returning to Paris, she is ordered to pass the winter in the southern provinces of France; and our last parting was solemn, as I much doubt whether I shall ever see her again."

Madame Necker became afflicted towards the close of her life with a painful nervous disease, which compelled her to remain constantly standing. Her dazzling complexion had wholly vanished, and she drooped like a withered flower. When, in 1790, M. Necker finally quitted France, he retired to his estate at Coppet, and there, in seclusion and retirement, the beloved object of his affection enjoyed that repose for which she had pined. Encouraged by her husband, she now prepared for publication her "Reflections upon Divorce,"-a book which Lord Brougham pronounces to be ably written, though heavily, and in a style forced, not natural. One chapter, he says, contains eloquent passages; and she espoused that side of the question most unpopular at the time, and looked down upon as that of narrowminded and bigoted persons. The subject of this eloquent chapter is the happiness of the married state in old age. She did not herself survive to experience what she so feelingly described. The work was published at the commencement of the year 1794, and almost at the moment of its appearance Madame Necker expired, when scarcely past the prime of her age.

Madame de Staël has given some touching details of her mother's illness and death: "It was during the period of her illness, and above all at the time of her

decease," she writes, "that the devotion of my father became still more conspicuous. He lavished upon her throughout that lengthened season of trial, attentions of which it is impossible to give an adequate idea. suffered much from insomnolence, and occasionally she dropped asleep with her head resting on her husband's arm; and I have seen him, at such times, remain whole hours standing in the same position for fear of awaking her by the slightest movement. These tender cares were rendered, not at the call of duty only, but flowed from the deep well-spring of a love which suffering and years could not exhaust in those pure and devoted hearts. My mother found relief in her illness by the sound of music, and every evening she had a band of musicians perform within hearing; on the last day of her existence a variety of wind instruments played in the chamber adjoining hers, and I cannot express how melancholy was the effect. Once during the course of her indisposition, the musicians failed to come, when my father desired me to play the piano: after executing several pieces, I commenced singing the air of Œdipus at Colonos, in which occur the words :-

> "Elle m'a prodigué sa tendresse et ses soins, Son zèle dans mes maux m'a fait trouver des charmes."

My father, as he listened, burst into a flood of tears: I was obliged to cease, and I beheld him, for hours after, kneeling beside his dying wife, and abandoning himself to the deep emotions of his sensitive and tender heart. My mother died. With the most perfect self-possession he executed her every wish, with reference especially to her obsequies. She had seen, during her attendance at the hospitals, many frightful instances of precipitate

burial, and the impression made upon her imagination had never been effaced. She was also exceedingly desirous that her remains should rest, side by side, with those of her husband. A few hours after her death I entered my father's room. The window nearest Lausanne commanded one of the finest Alpine prospects, and the beautiful rays of the morning sun were just beginning to gild the snowy peaks of the mountains. Pointing to a light cloud which was passing overhead he said, 'Perhaps her spirit hovers yonder.' Ah! why was it not of me he spoke? I should have experienced no dread of death while by his side: he was to me the impersonification of religion; and now, alas! I must accomplish alone the long and last period of my earthly pilgrimage!

"I possess two papers written by my father, and which he composed on occasion of my mother's death. In one he enumerates all the reasons he has to regret her loss, and in the other he calls himself to account for all his conduct toward her—prompted by the inconceivable fear that he had not done enough to promote her happiness. He imagines every possible circumstance in which he might have grieved her or given her pleasure, and consoles or reproaches himself according as he is satisfied with his sentiments or the reverse. Not content with calling in review his words, actions, and whole conduct, he goes into the recesses of his heart and examines the secrets of that sanctuary in order to judge of the love which dwelt there."

M. Necker survived his wife about ten years: his daughter, in her memoirs of him dwells with impassioned eloquence upon his virtues, and pours out in lamentations the bitterness of her sorrow for his loss. Living in com-

parative neglect, in the seclusion of Coppet, he passed his latter days in peaceful tranquillity, untroubled save by painful reflection upon the fatal consequences of that revolution in which he had taken so mistaken and injurious a part. As a private individual his character shines with unblemished lustre, but, "as a statesman he has left behind him the memory of one whose good intentions were far more than counterbalanced by his want of judgment, and who, having ventured to pilot the vessel of state in a tempest without the firm hand of a steersman, could neither prevent the shipwreck of his charge nor of his reputation."





## VI.

## LADY FANSHAWE.

"The beauteous half, his lovely wife Did all his labours and his cares divide, Nor was a lame nor paralytic side,— In all the turns of human state And all the unjust attacks of fate, She bore her share and portion still, And would not suffer any to be ill."

OW little can the wives and mothers of England in the present day realize the trials endured by their countrywomen who lived two centuries ago, when civil war, with all its horrors, was devastating this fair kingdom from end to end! As we read of the heroism and self-denial evinced by many of the most virtuous and accomplished of their number, we may well admire them, while we gratefully acknowledge our happiness who live in better days and are permitted to enjoy the freedom and immunities for which our forefathers longed, and struggled, and died.

Few, perhaps none, of the examples of feminine worth we have on record surpass Lady Fanshawe in conjugal devotedness and fortitude under the calamities of a life passed in perpetual uncertainty and trouble. This admirable woman was the wife of one of the most faithful servants of Charles the First and Second, who, after severe sufferings in the royal cause, became a member of the

Privy Council and ambassador to two foreign courts. She was his constant companion through all the vicissitudes of his career, and from the day of her marriage until she became a widow, a period of more than twenty years, her life was a scene of constant activity, privation, and danger. After the death of her husband she wrote a memoir, for the use of her only surviving son, then a youth: its style is simple and attractive, and the advice she gives her child is sound and excellent, while the narrative contains much varied and valuable information. The great charm of her character, is the deep and devoted love she bore to her husband. Of their mutual attachment she writes thus touchingly: "You will expect that I should say something of us conjointly, which I will do. though it makes my eyes gush out with tears and cuts me to the soul to remember and in part express, the joys I was blessed with in him. Thanks be to God, we never had but one mind throughout our lives. Our souls were wrapt up in each other: our aims and designs were one, and our resentments one. We so studied one another that we knew each other's mind by our looks. So reserved was he that he never showed fully the thought of his heart but to myself only; and this I thank God with all my heart for, that he never imparted his trouble to me but he obtained cheerfulness and content, nor revealed his joys and hopes but he would say they were doubled by my sharing them. Whatever was real happiness God gave it me in him; and might I be permitted, I could dwell incessantly on his praise most justly."

Ann, Lady Fanshawe, was the eldest daughter of Sir John Harrison and of Margaret, daughter of Robert Fanshawe, Esq. She was born in London, on the 25th

March, 1625. Of her education and early life she has given this pleasing description:- "I was born in St. Olaves, Hart Street, in a house my father took of the Lord Dingwall, father to the now Duchess of Ormond. In that house I lived the winter times, till I was fifteen years old and three months, with my ever honoured and most dear mother, who departed this life on the 20th July, 1640. Her funeral cost my father above £,1000, and Dr. Howlsworth preached her funeral sermon. She was of excellent beauty and good understanding; a loving wife and most tender mother; very pious, and charitable to that degree that she relieved, besides the offals of the table, which she constantly gave to the poor, many with her own hand, daily out of her purse, and dressed many wounds of miserable people, when she had health, and when that failed, as it did often, she caused her servants to supply that place.

"It is necessary to say something of her education of me, which was with all the advantages that time afforded, both for working all sorts of fine works with my needle, and learning French, singing, lute, the virginals and dancing, and notwithstanding I learned as well as most did, yet was I wild to that degree that the hours of my beloved recreation took up too much of my time, for I loved riding in the first place, running, and all active pastimes; in short, I was that which we graver people call a hoyting girl; but to be just to myself, I never did mischief to myself or people, nor one immodest word or action in my life, though skipping and activity was my delight; but, upon my mother's death, I then began to reflect, and, as an offering to her memory, I flung away those little childnesses that had formerly possessed me,

and by my father's command, took upon me charge of his house and family, which I so ordered by my excellent mother's example, as found acceptance in his sight. I was very well beloved by all our relations and my mother's friends, whom I paid a great respect to, and I was ever ambitious to keep the best company, which I have done, I thank God, all the days of my life. My father and mother were both great lovers and honourers of clergymen; and we lived in great plenty and hospitality, but no lavishness in the least, nor prodigality, and I believe my father never drank six glasses of wine in his life in one day."

Thus, in uninterrupted prosperity and domestic comfort the family continued until the outbreak of the great civil war, when Sir John Harrison, having warmly espoused the royal cause, joined the court at Oxford, and shortly after desired his two daughters to go to him in that city. Here they endured many privations, as Lady Fanshawe in her memoir thus narrates:-"We, that had till that hour lived in great plenty and great order, found ourselves like fishes out of the water, and the scene so changed that we knew not at all how to act any part but obedience, for, from as good a house as any gentleman of England had, we came to a baker's house in an obscure street, and from rooms well furnished, to lie in a very bad bed in a garret, to one dish of meat, and that not of the best ordered, no money, for we were as poor as Job, nor clothes more than a man or two brought in their cloak bags. We had the perpetual discourse of losing and gaining towns and men; at the windows the sad spectacle of war, sometimes plague, sometimes sicknesses of other kind, by reason of so many people being packed together

as, I believe, there never was before of that quality; always in want, yet I must needs say that most bore it with a martyr-like cheerfulness. For my own part, I began to think we should all, like Abraham, live in tents all the days of our lives."

The offer of a baronetcy to her father, the only return which it was then in the power of the crown to bestow for the heavy losses he had sustained—was gratefully declined on the ground of poverty.

In 1644 important changes took place in her family; or, as she poetically expresses it, alluding to the state of public affairs: "as the turbulence of the waves disperses the splinters of the rock," so were they separated. Her brother William died in consequence of a fall from his horse which was shot under him in a skirmish against a party of the Earl of Essex in 1643; and in the following year, she became the wife of Mr. Fanshawe. They were married in Wolvercot Church, two miles from Oxford, she being then in her twentieth year and her husband about thirty-six. He was at that time Secretary of War to the Prince, afterwards Charles II., and was promised promotion so soon as the royal cause should triumph. In the meantime the fortune of the young people was in expectation: We might," she says, "be truly called merchant adventurers, for the stock we set up our trading with did not amount to £20 betwixt us; but, however, it was to us as a little piece of armour is against a bullet, which, if it be right placed, though no bigger than a shilling, serves as well as a whole suit of armour; so our stock bought pens, ink and paper, which was your father's trade, and by it, I assure you, we lived better than those that were born to £2000 a year, as long as he had his

liberty. Thus did we appear upon the stage to act what part God designed us; and as faith is the evidence of things not seen, so we, upon so righteous a cause, cheerfully resolved to suffer what that would drive us to, which afflictions were neither few nor small, as will appear."

One of the earliest trials of their wedded life was a separation rendered necessary by the claims of duty. Her husband was obliged to leave her, shortly after the birth of their first son, to attend the Prince to Bristol, and the poor young wife, "extremely weak and very poor," was left with a dying baby, and sick at heart to be thus severed from the object of her fond love. When she had sufficiently recovered from her confinement she joined him at Bristol, "where," she says, "my husband had provided very good lodgings, and welcomed me with all expressions of joy, and gave me a hundred pieces of gold, saying, 'I know thou that keepst my heart so well, will keep my fortune, which from this time I will ever put into thy hands, as God shall bless me with increase;' and now I thought myself a perfect queen, and my husband so glorious a crown, that I more valued myself to be called by his name than born a princess, for I knew him very wise and very good, and his soul doated on me."

This sweet innocent young creature goes on to relate how, being urged by one of the court ladies who was desirous to pry into state affairs, she was induced to try her power-over her husband after this fashion: "I, that was young and inexperienced began to think there was more in inquiring into public affairs than I thought of, and that it, being a fashionable thing, would make me more beloved of my husband, if that had been possible, than I was. So, when he returned home from council, after

welcoming him, as his custom ever was, he went with his handful of papers into his study for an hour or more. I followed him, he turned hastily and said, 'What wouldst thou have, my life?' I told him I heard the prince had received a packet from the queen, and I guessed it was that in his hand, and I desired to know what was in it. He smilingly replied, 'My love, I will immediately come to thee, pray thee go, for I am very busy.' When he came out of his closet, I revived my suit, he kissed me and talked of other things. At supper I would eat nothing; he, as usual, sat by me, and drank often to me which was his custom, and was full of discourse to company that was at table. Going to bed I asked again, and said I could not believe he loved me if he refused to tell me all he knew, but he answered nothing, but stopped my mouth with kisses. So we went to bed, I cried, and he went to sleep; next morning early, as his custom was, he called to rise, but began to discourse with me first, to which I made no reply; he rose, came on the other side of the bed and kissed me, and drew the curtains softly and went to court. When he came to dinner he presently came to me as was usual, and when I had him by the hand I said, 'Thou dost not care to see me troubled,' to which he, taking me in his arms answered, 'My dearest soul, nothing upon earth can afflict me like that, but when you asked me of my business, it was wholly out of my power to satisfy thee, for my life and fortune shall be thine, and every thought of my heart in which the trust I am in may not be revealed, but my honour is my own, which I cannot preserve if I communicate the prince's affairs, and pray thee with this answer rest satisfied.' So great was his reason and goodness that upon consideration it made my folly appear to me so vile, that from that day until the day of his death I never thought fit to ask him any business, but what he communicated freely to me in order to his estate or family."

How charming is this little domestic episode. So full of genuine nature, simplicity, and truth. The narrative goes on to relate that before many weeks had elapsed it was found necessary to quit Bristol, the plague increasing so much that the court hastily departed, proceeding to Barnstaple, and thence to Launceston and Truro, in Cornwall, and, in the spring of 1646 the prince, with his suite, embarked for the Scilly Islands. Great as had been the privations endured by the Fanshawes at Oxford, they were much exceeded by their sufferings at Scilly. To illness were added cold and hunger; they were plundered by their friends while flying from their enemies, and to aggravate the misery of their situation Mrs. Fanshawe was very near her confinement. She thus describes her wretched condition :-- "The next day after we had been pillaged by the sailors, I, being extremely sick, was set on shore almost dead on the Island of Scilly. When we had got to our quarters near the castle, where the prince lay, I went immediately to bed, which was so vile that my footman ever lay in a better, and we had but three in the whole house, which consisted of four rooms, or rather partitions, two low rooms and two little lofts, with a ladder to go up. In one of these I lay, but, when I waked in the morning, I was so cold I knew not what to do, but the daylight discovered that my bed was near swimming with the sea, which the owner told us afterwards that it never did so but at spring tide. With this we were destitute of clothes; meat, and fuel, for half

the court, to serve them a month, was not to be found in the whole island; and truly we begged our daily bread of God, for we thought every meal our last. At length, after three weeks and odd days we set sail for Tersey. where we safely arrived, praised be God, though through great danger." Here she gave birth to her second child. On the prince's quitting Jersey, in the month of July, for Paris, Mr. Fanshawe's employment was at end, and he remained for a short time in the island, but afterwards went to Caen accompanied by his wife, whom he presently sent to England to procure, if possible, the necessary supplies. "This was the first time," she says, "I had taken a journey without my husband, and the first manage of business he ever put into my hands, in which, I thank God, I had good success." She obtained permission for him to compound for his estates in the sum of £,300 and to return home.

They had thus made acquaintance with trouble, and early learned at what cost they would have to serve the royal cause; and, as everybody knows, the adherents of the unhappy monarch passed through a long series of trials. Year succeeded to year finding the Fanshawes fugitives and outcasts, hoping for better days which never came. In affecting and simple manner the story of their troubled course is told by the fond wife and mother. In process of time a numerous family was born to them, most of whom were cut off in infancy, while their anxious, heroic, and sweet-tempered mother never lost heart, but did her utmost to cheer and aid the partner of her life, and when help was out of her power, she lessened his grief by her tender sympathy.

In December 1648 Mr. Fanshawe went to Paris, on

the prince's affairs, whither he was followed by his wife, and they passed six weeks there in the society of the queen-mother and the princess royal and their suite, among whom were the poet Waller and his wife. From Paris they proceeded to Calais, where they met Sir Kenelm Digby, of whom the memoir gives an amusing account: "When we came thither we met the Earl of Strafford and Sir K. Digby, with some others of our countrymen. We were all feasting at the governor's, and most excellent discourse passed; but, as was reason, most share was Sir Kenelm's who had enlarged somewhat more in extraordinary stories than might be averred, and all of them passed with great applause and wonder of the French then at table; but the concluding one was, that barnacles, a bird in Jersey, was first a shell-fish to appearance, and from that, sticking upon old wood, became in time a bird. After some consideration they unanimously burst out into laughter, believing it altogether false; and, to say the truth, it was the only true thing he had discoursed with them (!) That was his infirmity, though otherwise a person of most excellent parts, and a very fine bred gentleman."

Again the loving couple were compelled to part; Mr. Fanshawe was sent to Flanders, and his wife went to England; their next meeting was in Ireland, where they resided six months near Cork, in comparative tranquillity, and receiving great kindness from the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood. Their happiness, however, was but transitory. The death of their second son plunged them into affliction, and the landing of Cromwell, obliged Prince Rupert's fleet, the presence of which had contributed to their security, to quit Ireland, and shortly after-

wards, in November 1649, Cork declared for the Protector.

At that moment Mr. Fanshawe was in Kinsale; his wife thus relates the danger to which she was exposed, and her perilous escape, together with her family and servants. "I immediately wrote to my husband, and sent the letter by a faithful servant, who was let down the garden wall, and, sheltered by the darkness of the night, he made his escape. I then packed up my husband's cabinet, with all his writings and nearly £,1000 in gold and silver, and all other things of clothes, linen, and household stuff that were portable, of value; and then about three o'clock in the morning, by the light of a taper. in great pain by reason of having shortly before broken my left wrist by a fall, I went into the market-place, and passing through an unruly tumult, with swords in their hands, searched for their chief commander, Jeffries, who, whilst he was loyal, had received many civilities from my husband.

"At my request he wrote me a pass, both for myself, family, and goods, and with this I passed through thousands of naked swords to our house, where I hired the next neighbour's cart, which carried all that I could remove; and myself, sister, and little girl Nan, with three maids and two men, set forth at five o'clock, in November, having but two horses among us all, which we rode on by turns. We went ten miles to Kinsale, in perpetual fear of being fetched back again; but, by little and little, I thank God, we got safe to the garrison, where I found your father the most disconsolate man in the world, for fear of his family, which he had no possibility to assist; but his joys exceeded to see me and his dar-

ling daughter, and to hear the wonderful escape we had made."

A few days after this affair Mr. Fanshawe received the king's commands to go to Madrid with a letter to his Catholic Majesty, on which mission he proceeded, and embarked with his wife at Galway, in February, 1650, on board a Dutch ship bound for Malaga. As if their every movement was to be attended with peril, the ship in which they embarked was menaced by a Turkish galley soon after it passed the Straits of Gibraltar. The captain resolved to fight rather than lose his ship. Lady Fanshawe's narrative is as follows:-- "My husband bid us be sure to keep in the cabin, and not appear (the women), which would make the Turks think that we were a man-of-war, but if they saw women they would take us for merchants and board us. He went upon the deck and took a gun and bandoliers, and sword, and, with the rest of the ship's company, stood upon deck expecting the arrival of the Turkish man-of-war. That fellow, the captain, had locked me up in the cabin; I knocked and called long to no purpose, until at length the cabin-boy came and opened the door; I, all in tears, desired him to be so good as to give me his blue thrum cap he wore, and his tarred coat, which he did, and I gave him half a crown, and putting them on and flinging away my night-clothes, I crept up softly and stood upon the deck by my husband's side, as free from sickness and fear as, I confess, from discretion; but it was the effect of that passion which I could never master.

"By this time the two vessels were engaged in parley, and so well satisfied with speech and sight of each other's forces that the Turks' man-of-war tacked about, and we continued our course. But when your father saw it convenient to retreat, looking upon me, he blessed himself, and snatched me up in his arms, saying, 'Good heaven, that love can make this change!" and though he seemingly chid me, he would laugh at it as often as he remembered that voyage. In the beginning of March we all landed, praised be God, in Malaga, very well and full of content to see ourselves delivered from the sword and plague, and living in hope that we should one day return happily to our native country; notwithstanding we thought it great odds, considering how the affairs of the king's three kingdoms stood; but we trusted in the providence of Almighty God, and proceeded."

Not succeeding in his effort to obtain a supply of money from the Spanish court, Mr. Fanshawe embarked at St. Sebastian for France, and arrived at Nantz, after a dangerous passage, about the end of October 1650, reaching Paris in the middle of November. He was now created a baronet, and was despatched to the king who was then in Scotland. Lady Fanshawe and her husband proceeded to Calais, where they again parted, she going to England to procure money while he immediately went into Scotland, where he was received with marked favour by the king and by the York party, who gave him the custody of the Great Seal and Privy Signet. No persuasions could induce him to take the Covenant, but he discharged the duties of his office, as his wife assures us, with a zeal and temper which obtained for him the esteem of all parties.

Lady Fanshawe's situation at this time was one of great discomfort. She continued in London, filled with uneasiness about her husband, with very limited resources, having two young children on her hands, and to add to her trouble, she was again very near her confinement. Under these depressing circumstances she seldom left her lodgings, and spent her time chiefly in prayer for the deliverance of the king and her husband. Her daughter Elizabeth was born on the 24th June, and early in September the news of the battle of Worcester reached her. Some days of painful suspense followed, at the end of which she learned that Sir Richard had been taken prisoner.

One of the most touching parts of her memoir is the account she gives of what transpired after this distressing event. Immediately on receipt of the tidings she prepared to guit town, and seek her husband wherever he might be, but her purpose was hindered by a messenger bringing a letter, saying that he would shortly be carried to London, and he appointed a place near Charing Cross where she should meet him. "I expected him," she says, "with impatience on the day appointed, provided a dinner and room as ordered, in which I was with my father and some more of our friends, where, about eleven of the clock we saw some hundreds of poor soldiers, both English and Scotch, march all naked on foot, and many with your father, who was very cheerful in appearance, and, after he had spoken and saluted me and his friends there, said, 'Pray let us not lose time, for I know not how little I have to spare; this is the chance of war, nothing venture nothing have, so let us sit down and be merry whilst we may;' then taking my hand in his and kissing me, 'Cease weeping, no other thing on earth can move me; remember, we are all at God's disposal."

Their interview lasted only a few hours; after which he was conveyed to Whitehall, and was closely confined there for ten weeks, expecting daily to be put to death. Imagine the anguish and terror of his poor wife! All that woman could do under the circumstances she did; and with unwearied efforts strove to mitigate his sufferings and to obtain his release. In this she was ultimately successful; and it was owing to her exertions alone that he was at length set at liberty on bail. She says: "During his imprisonment I failed not constantly to go, when the clock struck four in the morning, with a dark lantern in my hand, all alone and on foot, from my lodging in Chancery Lane, to Whitehall, in at the entry that went out of King Street into the bowling green. Then I would go under his window and softly call him; and, after the first time, he never failed to put out his head at my call: thus we talked together, and sometimes I was so wet with the rain that it went in at my neck and out at my heels. He directed me how I should make my addresses, which I did ever to their general, Cromwell, who had a great respect for him, and would have bought him off to his service on any terms."

After Cromwell's death Sir Richard and his lady made their escape from England, and followed the fortunes of the royal family, until the Restoration, when they accompanied the king on his return. Lady Fanshawe thus describes their jubilant voyage:—"The Duke of York, then made Admiral, appointed for my husband and his family a third-rate frigate, called the *Speedwell*; but his majesty commanded my husband to wait on him in his own ship. We had by the states' order, sent on board to the king's most eminent servants, great store of provisions. For our family we had a tierce of claret, a hogshead of Rhenish wine, six dozen of fowls, a dozen

of gammons of bacon, a great basket of bread, and six sheep, two dozen of neats' tongues, and a great box of sweetmeats. Thus taking our leave of those obliging persons we had conversed with in the Hague, we went on board upon the 23rd of May, about two o'clock in the afternoon. The king embarked at four of the clock, upon which we set sail, the shore being covered with people, and shouts from all places of a good voyage, which was seconded with many volleys of shot interchanged. So favourable was the wind that the ships' wherries went from ship to ship to visit their friends all night long. But who can sufficiently express the joy and gallantry of that voyage, to see so many great ships, the best in the world; to hear the trumpets and all other music; to see near a hundred brave ships sail before the wind, with the vast cloths and streamers, the neatness and cleanness of the ships, the strength and jollity of the mariners, the gallantry of the commanders, the vast plenty of all sorts of provisions; but above all, the glorious majesties of the king and his two brothers were so beyond man's expectation and expression. The sea was calm, the moon at full, and the sun suffered not a cloud to hinder his prospect of the best sight, by whose light and the merciful bounty of God the king was set safely on shore at Dover, in Kent, upon the 25th May, 1660."

The morning after Charles' arrival at Whitehall, Lady Fanshawe, with other ladies of her family, waited upon him to offer their congratulations, on which occasion he received her "with great graces," assured her of his favour, and promised fairly for the future.

In the parliament summoned immediately after the

Restoration Sir Richard was returned for the University of Cambridge; and "had the good fortune," his loving biographer says, "to be the first chosen and the first returned member of the Commons' House in parliament, after the king came home; and this cost him no more than a letter of thanks, and two brace of bucks, and twenty broad pieces of gold to buy them wine."

To the jealousy of Lord Clarendon, who was anxious to remove Sir Richard from about the king's person, his wife imputes the circumstance of his being sent to Portugal to negotiate the marriage with the Princess Katharine, to whom he was charged to present his majesty's picture; but this appointment was strong proof of the confidence which was reposed in his discretion and abilities. He returned to England in December; and early in 1662 was nominated Privy Councillor of Ireland. Two years later he was appointed Ambassador to the Court of Madrid, and embarked with his family and a numerous retinue at Portsmouth, reaching Cadiz on the 23rd of February.

Lady Fanshawe's Memoir gives a very lively account of their journey to the Spanish capital, of their splendid reception, of the manners of the Spaniards, of various places, and of public events and ceremonies. Many of her anecdotes are highly interesting, her descriptions displaying considerable judgment and quickness of observation.

During her residence at Madrid she gave birth to her son Richard, the only one who survived her; to which event she thus touchingly refers:—"August 6, at II o'clock in the morning, was born my son, God be praised! and christened at 4 o'clock that afternoon, by

our chaplain, Mr. Bagshaw. The same day the Duke of Medina and his duchess sent to give us joy. Upon the 7th the duke came in person, with all his best jewels on, as the custom of Spain is, to show respect. Upon Thursday, the 10th, the queen sent to give me joy; and the next day the Princess Alva did the same, as likewise most of the other greatest ladies at court.

"O ever living God, through Jesus Christ, receive the humble thanks of thy servant for thy great mercy to us in our son, whom I humbly beseech thee, O Lord, to protect, and to make him an instrument of thy glory. Give him thy Holy Spirit, to be with him all the days of his life; direct him through the narrow paths of righteousness, in faith, patience, temperance, chastity, and a love and liking of thy blessed will, in all the various accidents of this life. This, with what outward blessings thou, O heavenly Father, knowest needful for him, I beg of thee, not remembering his sins, nor the sins of us, his parents, nor of our forefathers, but thy tender mercy, which thou hast promised shall be over all thy works, and for the blessed merits of our only Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen."

On Thursday, the 17th of September 1665, Philip IV. of Spain died, having been sick but four days. Lady Fanshawe's description of the funeral ceremonies is so striking that the reader will not think it an impertinent digression if I give it at length:—"The body of the king lay exposed from the 18th September till Saturday night, the 19th, in a great room in his palace at Madrid, where he died; in which room they used to act plays. The walls were hung with fourteen pieces of the best hangings, and over them rich pictures round about, all

of one size, placed close together. At the upper end of the room was raised a throne of three steps, upon which there was placed a bedstead, boarded at the bottom and raised at the head. The throne was covered with a rich Persia carpet; the bottom of the bedstead was of silver; the valance and head-cloth, for there were no curtains, were cloth of gold, wrought in flowers with crimson silk; over the bedstead was placed a cloth of state of the same with the valance and head-cloth of the bedstead, upon which stood a silver gilt coffin, raised about a foot or more higher at the head than at the feet, in which was laid a pillow, and in the coffin lay Philip IV. with his head on the pillow; upon it a white beaver hat, his head combed, his beard trimmed, his face and hands painted.

"He was clothed in a musk colour silk suit, embroidered with gold; a gollila about his neck; cuffs on his hands, which were clasped on his breast, holding a globe and a cross on it therein. His cloak was of the same, with his sword by his side; stockings, garters, and shoe-strings of the same, and a pair of white shoes on his feet. In the room were erected six altars for the time, upon which stood six candlesticks with six wax candles lighted, and in the middle of each altar a crucifix; the fore-part of each altar was covered with black velvet, embroidered with silver. Before the throne a rail went across from one side of the room to the other. At the two lower corners of the throne, at each side, stood a nobleman, the one holding an imperial crown, the other the sceptre; and on each side of the throne six high candlesticks with tapers in them.

"On the Saturday night he was carried upon a bier, hung between two mules, upon which the coffin with the king's body was laid, covered with a covering of cloth of gold; and at every corner of the bier was placed a high crystal lanthorn, with lighted tapers in it. He was attended by some grandees, who rode next after him, and other noblemen in coaches, with between two and three hundred on horseback, of whom a great part carried lighted tapers in their hands. This was the company, besides footmen.

"When the king's body came to the convent of the Escurial, the friars of that convent stood at the gate and asked the grandees who carried the monarch on their shoulders (for none other must touch him), 'Who is in that coffin, and what they do there demand?' Upon which the Duke de Medina answered, 'It is the body of Philip IV. of Spain, whom we here bring for you to lay in his own tomb.' Upon which the duke delivered the queen's letter, commanding the king's body should be there buried. Then the prior read the letter, and accompanied the body before the high altar, where it was placed till the usual ceremonies had been performed; after which the grandees carried it down into the pantheon, where they left it with the prior, who, after the body's lying some time in the place where the infants are buried, placed it in his own tomb."

On the 17th December 1665 Sir Richard signed a treaty with the Spanish minister; but, as the king refused to ratify it, he was recalled, and the Earl of Sandwich was sent to replace him. Previous to this event Lady Fanshawe had purposed returning to England to see her father, who was on the verge of the grave, but she now resolved to wait her husband's departure. Little did she anticipate the grief that was awaiting her in the

death of Sir Richard, who, after introducing his successor at court on the 15th of June, was seized with an ague, and expired on the 26th of the same month.

No language could more appropriately express the feelings of the afflicted wife under her loss than that in which she poured them forth while supplicating the divine pity and succour amidst her anguish. Thus she prays,-"O all powerful good God, look down from heaven, upon the most distressed wretch upon earth. See me, with my soul divided, my glory and my guide taken from me, and in him all my comfort in this life. Have pity on me, O Lord, and speak peace to my disquieted soul, now sinking under this great weight, which, without thy support, cannot sustain itself. See me, O Lord, with five children, a distressed family, the temptation of the change of my religion, the want of all my friends, without counsel, out of my country, without any means to return with my sad family to our own country, now in war with most part of Christendom. But above all, O Lord, I do lament, with shame and confusion, my sins. Thou hast showed me many judgments and mercies, which did not reclaim me, nor turn me to thy holy conversation, which the example of our blessed Saviour taught. Lord, pardon me! O Lord, forgive whatsoever is amiss in me; break not a bruised reed. I humbly submit to thy justice; I confess my wretchedness, and know I have deserved not only this, but everlasting punishment. But, O my God, look upon me through the merits of my Saviour, and for his sake save me. Do with and for me what thou pleasest, for I do wholly rely on thy mercy, beseeching thee to remember thy promises to the fatherless and widow, and enable me to fulfil thy will cheerfully in this world, humbly beseeching thee that, when this mortal life is ended, I may be joined with the soul of my dear husband, and all thy servants departed this life in thy faith and fear, in everlasting praises of thy holy name. Amen."

Lady Fanshawe resolved on accompanying her husband's corpse to England; but previous to her quitting Madrid, the Queen Regent of Spain offered her a pension, and promised to provide for her children, if she and they would embrace the Roman Catholic faith. To this offer, she says, "I answered, I humbly thanked her majesty for her great grace and favour, but I desired her to believe that I could not quit the faith in which I had been born and bred, and in which God had pleased to try me for many years in the greatest troubles our nation hath ever seen, and that I do believe and hope in the profession of my own religion."

Having disposed of her plate, furniture, and horses, she left Madrid, in a private manner, on the night of th 8th July, and, as she truly and sorrowfully observes, "never did any ambassador's family come into Spain so gloriously, or went out so sad."

On her arrival in England she received much attention and sympathy from the royal family, the court, and some of the ministers; but, in common with every other person who had pecuniary claims on the government, she experienced great difficulty in procuring the arrears due to her husband, and it was not until nearly three years that the whole was paid; by which delay, she says, she sustained a loss of above £2000.

The memoir describes, in a touching manner, the situation in which Lady Fanshawe found herself after

her husband's death; and it is scarcely possible to read her allusions to his long and faithful services, and the heavy sacrifices which he endured, without feelings of indignation on learning that his claims were neglected, and the interests of his widow and children disregarded. "In this great distress," says the bereaved lady, "I had no remedy but patience. But God did hear and see and help me, and brought my soul out of trouble. And now, seeing what I had to trust to, I began to shape my life as well as I could to my fortune, in order whereunto I dismissed all my family but some few persons. At my arrival I gave them all mourning and £5 a-piece, and put most of them into a good way of living, I thank God.

"In 1667 I took a house in Holborn Row, Lincoln's Inn Fields, for twenty-one years. Here, in this year, I only spent my time in lament and dear remembrance of my past happiness and fortune; and though I had great graces and favours from the king and queen, and whole court, yet I found at the present no remedy. I often reflected how many miscarriages and errors the fall from that happy estate I had been in would throw me; and as it is hard for the rider to quit his horse in a full career, so I found myself at a loss, that hindered my settling myself in a narrow compass suddenly, though my narrow fortune required it; but I resolved to hold me fast by God, until I could digest, in some measure, my afflictions. Sometimes I thought to quit the world as a sacrifice to your father's memory, and to shut myself up in a house for ever from all people; but upon the consideration of my children, who were all young and unprovided for, being wholly left to my care and disposal,

I resolved to suffer, as long as it pleased God, the storms and flows of fortune."

Lady Fanshawe wrote her Memoir in the year 1676, and died on the 20th January 1679, being in her fifty-fifth year. Her life had been marked by extreme vicissitudes, and its close was dark and cheerless; but there is reason to believe she had sought and found consolation, where alone it can be obtained in the hour of suffering and bereavement. Though her earthly hopes were disappointed, and her only happiness consisted in reflecting on the past, she still maintained her self-composure, and confided in the divine protection and favour.

Alluding to the fallen circumstances of her family, she closes with the following striking remark:—"And very pathetical is the motto of our arms for us—'THE VICTORY IS IN THE CROSS!"





## VII.

## WINIFRED HERBERT, COUNTESS OF NITHISDALE.

"The tenderest wife, the noblest heroine too."

MONG the chosen examples of feminine excellence are some few women who have immortalized themselves by a single deed of heroic devotedness, to which they have been incited by a passionate love or conjugal tenderness. Of these, one of the most renowned is the wife of Grotius, whose courage and sagacity effected the escape of her illustrious husband from the fortress of Louvenstein, in which she had shared his imprisonment by the space of nearly two years.

A similar instance is found in the records of our own peerage. William Maxwell, fifth Earl of Nithisdale, who was one of the unfortunate gentlemen taken prisoners after the battle of Preston, in the ill-fated Jacobite insurrection of 1715, is "celebrated for effecting his escape from the Tower of London, 23rd February 1716, the night before his intended execution, through the heroic agency of his devoted and incomparable Countess, the Lady Winifred Herbert, youngest daughter of William, first Marquess of Powis." \*

Lord Nithisdale was a descendant of the brave Sir

<sup>\*</sup> Burke's "History of the Commoners of Great Britain and Ireland,"

Eustace Maxwell, who distinguished himself by his unalterable fidelity to the cause of Robert Bruce. When, in 1300. Edward I. invaded the western marches of Scotland, then under the guardianship of Sir Eustace as Lord Warden, he attacked the Castle of Carlaverock, the stronghold of the Maxwells. Of this celebrated fortress there is a minute and interesting description in an old heraldic French poem, preserved in the British Museum, and the passage describing the situation and form of the castle is thus rendered:--" Carlaverock was a castle so strong that it did not fear a siege, therefore on the king's arrival it refused to surrender, it being well furnished against sudden attempts, with soldiers, engines, and provisions. Its figure was that of a shield, (the ancient shield was triangular), for it had only three sides, with a tower on each angle, with a sufficiency of other defences. There were also good walls and deep moats, filled to the brim with water. And it is my opinion no one will ever see a castle more beautifully situated, for at one view one might behold towards the west the Irish Sea, towards the north a delightful country encompassed by an arm of the sea, so that no creature born could approach it on two sides, without putting himself in danger from the sea; nor was it an easy matter towards the south, it being, as by the sea on the other side, there encircled by the river, woods, bogs, and trenches; wherefore the army was obliged to attack it on the east, where there was a mount."

After sustaining an assault, Carlaverock was obliged to capitulate, but it was subsequently re-taken by the Scotch, and its owner afterwards demolished it, lest it should fall again into the hands of the enemy, and prove

advantageous to their progress. It appears to have been in later times re-fortified, and underwent frequent sieges and dismantlings. Its owners, through successive generations, continued firmly attached to the royal interest, and, in the reign of Charles I., the Earl of Nithisdale suffered much by sequestration and imprisonment for the cause of the Stuarts. It is chiefly to this circumstance, and to his being a Catholic, that the wife of Earl William attributes the severity which was experienced by her husband. "He being," says she, "a Roman Catholic upon the frontiers of Scotland, who headed a very considerable party—a man whose family had always signalized itself by its loyalty to the royal house of Stuart, and who was the only support of the Catholics against the inveteracy of the Whigs, who were very numerous in that part of Scotland-would become an agreeable sacrifice to the opposite party. They still retained a lively remembrance of his grandfather, who defended his own castle of Carlaverock to the very last extremity, and surrendered it up only by the express command of his royal master. Now, having his grandson in their power, they were determined not to let him escape from their hands."

At the commencement of the insurrection in favour of the Pretender, the earl possessed rich patrimonial estates in one of the most fertile and luxuriant counties in Scotland. The valley of the Nith, from which he derived his title, owned his lordship over some of its fairest scenes. Young, rich, and happily married, he was in the full sunshine of prosperity, when, in the year 1715, he was called upon to prove the sincerity of that fidelity to the House of Stuart, for which his family had so greatly suffered, and, in common with the other members of

166

what was termed the Jacobite Association, prepared diligently for the contest. When matters were considered ripe for action, it was decided that the chiefs of the insurgents, under the command of Lord Kenmure, should proceed to the assistance of Mr. Forster's illconcerted enterprise in the north of England, and Lord Nithisdale, collecting a party of his tenantry who followed their chieftain, proceeded to cross the border, having taken a last farewell of the beautiful country of his forefathers. It may be readily supposed that he quitted it with anticipations the very reverse of those which the result justified. Probably his day-dreams were of a successful march, and a triumphant return. It is unnecessary to relate the incidents of the contest which followed. As has been said, the earl was taken prisoner after the battle of Preston, and with other prisoners of the same rank was removed to London. When these unfortunate gentlemen had crossed Finchley Common and reached the brow of Highgate Hill, they were made to halt, and to submit to numerous indignities,—their arms were tied behind their backs like cut-throats; their horses were led by foot soldiers; and their ears were stunned by all the drums of the escort beating a triumphal march; and by the shouts, scoffs, and jeers of the multitude. Upon their reaching the city, such as were lords or noblemen were sent to the Tower—the rest were divided among the four common jails. They were not long suffered to remain there in doubt and uncertainty: the nation, the Parliament, which re-assembled on the 9th January, were eager for an example, and far too anxious, in the spirit of the time, for blood. On the very day of the opening of Parliament, a debate concerning the prisoners taken in rebellion ensued, and a conference was determined on with the House of Lords. Mr. Lechmere, who was named to carry up the message to the Lords, returned, and made a long and vehement speech concerning the rise, progress, and extent of the rebellion; after which, it was resolved unanimously, to impeach the Earl of Derwentwater, Lord Widdington, the Earls of Nithisdale, Winton and Carnwath, Viscount Kenmure and Lord Nairn, and on the 19th instant these noblemen were all brought before the House of Lords, assembled as a court of justice in Westminster Hall, with Earl Cowper, the Chancellor, presiding as Lord High Steward. They knelt at the bar till the Chancellor desired them to rise, and then they all, but one, confessed their guilt and threw themselves upon the mercy of King George; and then sentence of death was pronounced in all its barbarous particulars.

Lord Nithisdale returned with his companions in misfortune to the Tower to await his doom, which, however, was averted by the fearless and devoted affection of his wife. "Winifred, Countess of Nithisdale," says Mrs. Thompson in her *Memoirs of the Jacobites*, "appears, from her portrait painted by Kneller, in the bloom of her youth, to have conjoined to an heroic contempt of danger a feminine and delicate appearance with great loveliness of countenance." It is thus described, "Her hair is light brown, slightly powdered, and is represented with large soft eyes, regular features, and fair, rather pale complexion. Her soft expression and delicate appearance give little indication of the strength of mind and courage which she displayed. Her dress is blue silk, with a border of cambric, and the drapery of a cloak of brown

silk." This lady was descended from a family who knew no prouder recollection than that their castle towers had been the last to welcome the unhappy Charles I. in the manner suited to royalty. Her mother was the daughter of Edward, the second Marquis of Worcester, and author of "The Century of Inventions." Her maternal family was of the same faith with her husband, and had equally suffered for the cause of the Stuarts. On her father's side she was descended from the Herberts of Powis Castle, who were ennobled in the reign of James I. She was the fourth daughter of William, Marquis of Powis, who followed James II., after his abdication, to France, and died at St. Germain's in 1696. After that event his two daughters, Lady Lucy and Lady Winifred Herbert, were placed in the English convent at Bruges, of which the former eventually became Abbess.

At what period, or under what circumstances, Lord Nithisdale was introduced to his future consort has not been ascertained, nor have the descendants of the family ever been able to learn the date of their marriage. That their hearts were united in a strong and indissoluble attachment, the subsequent events of their history sufficiently prove. In the romantic haunts of Nithisdale the first years of their conjugal happiness passed away, and, as it should appear from the account given by the lady, she had remained in the north occupied with her domestic cares—for she had two sons—and taking no part in the troubled field of politics, although it was the custom of the day for women to share, more or less, in the intrigues of faction.

The surrender of Preston occurred in the middle of November. Winter had set in with unusual rigour

before the countess received the melancholy tidings that her husband was in the Tower, and that his life was in imminent danger. She learned at the same time that he had expressed the utmost anxiety to see her, having nobody in his distress to comfort him until she arrived. In those days, when modes of transit were of the most imperfect and unsatisfactory nature, a journey to the metropolis in such a dreary season was no light undertaking, but nowise daunted, she immediately commenced her preparations and rode to Newcastle, whence she proceeded to York by the stage. On her arrival at York, the country was covered to such a depth with snow, and the weather was so inclement, that it was impossible for the stage to continue its progress. Even the mail could not be forwarded. At a loss what to do under such trying circumstances, she says, "I put my confidence in Almighty God, trusting that he would not abandon me when all human succours failed." Nerved by these assurances, and determined to run all risks, she took horse and went forward, and "though the snow was generally above the horse's girths," she reached London unharmed and without any accident. Her first step on her arrival was to apply for information to those who were in place, and to endeavour to secure their assistance. No one, however, received her favourably, all assuring her that the case was a hopeless one, and that, although some among the prisoners were to be pardoned, Lord Nithisdale would certainly not be of the number. On her inquiring the reason she could obtain no direct answer, but readily concluded that his antecedents were all against him, and that, indeed, there was little or no hope. Upon this she at once formed the resolution to

effect his escape, and in order to concert measures for the purpose, urgently solicited permission to see her husband, which was refused, unless she would consent to remain confined with him in the Tower. This she refused, alleging as an excuse that her health would not permit her to undergo the confinement; the real reason being that it would have been then impossible for her to accomplish her plans. She found it, however, no difficult matter to gain admittance by bribing the guards, and in this way she procured several interviews with the earl, till the sentence of death had been passed, when, during the last week, the friends of the doomed prisoners were permitted to see and to take leave of them.

Having matured her scheme, Lady Nithisdale confided it to her faithful attendant, a woman whom she calls "Evans," and whose assistance was indispensable to her during the whole affair. Her account of the manner in which she proceeded is given in a letter written to her sister, the Lady Lucy Herbert, Abbess of the convent at Bruges, and who, it seems, had expressed her desire to have a circumstantial history of the affair by her own pen.

From a direct appeal to the sovereign there was little or no prospect of benefit. Indeed the king was known to have expressly forbidden that any petitions should be presented to him; but Lord Nithisdale was extremely desirous that he should receive one, flattering himself that it might excite interest on behalf of his family. The countess was convinced it would be of no avail, but, in compliance with her husband's request, she consented to make the attempt. "In pursuance of my promise," she says, "the first day I heard the king was to go to the drawing-room I dressed myself in

black, and sent for Mrs. Morgan-the same who afterwards accompanied me to the Tower-because, as I did not know His Majesty personally, I might have mistaken some other person for him. I had also with me Lady Nairn, and we remained standing in a room between the king's apartments and the drawing-room, so that he was obliged to go through it. As he was passing I threw myself at his feet, and told him in French that I was the unfortunate Countess of Nithisdale, that he might not pretend to be ignorant of my person. Perceiving that he wanted to move on without receiving my petition I caught hold of the skirt of his coat that he might stop and hear me. He endeavoured to escape, but I kept such strong hold that he dragged me on my knees from the middle of the room to the very door of the drawing-room. At last one of the blue ribbons, who attended His Majesty, took me round the waist, while another wrested the coat out of my hands. The petition, which I had endeavoured to thrust into his pocket, fell down in the scuffle, and I almost fainted away through grief and disappointment. One of the gentlemen in waiting picked it up, and I wrote afterwards to the Lord of the Bedchamber, then in waiting, and entreated him to read the petition which I had had the honour to present to His Majesty. He behaved, as I afterwards learned, with the warmest zeal for my interest, but without any success; and the harshness with which I had been treated soon spread abroad, not much to the honour of the king."

A few days later the Countess of Derwentwater, accompanied by the Duchesses of Cleveland and Bolton, and several other ladies of the highest rank, succeeded in obtaining a private audience with the king, and implored

his clemency for her unfortunate consort. She afterwards repaired to the lobby of the House of Peers, attended by the ladies of the other condemned lords, and about twenty more of the same quality, and begged the intercession of the House, but no regard was paid to their entreaties. The next day they petitioned both Houses of Parliament; the Commons rejected their suit, but in the Upper House a more vigorous effort on their behalf was made. Many of the lords had been gained over by female eloquence. "I went," says the Countess, "in company of most of the ladies of quality who were then in town, to solicit the interest of the lords as they were going to the House. They all behaved to me with great civility, but particularly my lord Pembroke, who, though he desired me not to speak to him, yet promised me to employ his interest in our favour, and honourably kept his word, for he spoke in the House very strongly in our behalf."

Perceiving, by the turn which the debate had taken, that her husband must expect no favour from the government, the high-spirited woman determined, without delay, to carry into effect the project which she had formed to save him. She had but four and twenty hours in which to accomplish her purpose, and with admirable skill and presence of mind addressed herself to her arduous and perilous task. Her narrative is as follows:—

"As the motion had passed generally, I thought I could draw from it some advantage in favour of my design. Accordingly I immediately left the House of Lords, and hastened to the Tower, where, affecting an air of joy and satisfaction, I told the guards I passed by that I came to bring joyful tidings to the prisoners. I

desired them to lay aside their fears, for the petition had passed the House in their favour. I then gave them some money to drink to the Lords and his Majesty, though it was but trifling, for I thought if I were too liberal on the occasion, they might suspect my designs, and that giving them something would gain their goodwill and services for the next day, which was the eve of execution."

On the following day she was too fully occupied in preparations for her scheme to visit the Tower. It was impossible to effect her object without co-operation, and she accordingly sent for the landlady of the house in which she lodged and told her that she had determined to attempt effecting her lord's escape, as there was no prospect of his being pardoned, and this was the last night before his execution. She then boldly appealed to her for help, saying that she had prepared everything, and besought her not to refuse to accompany her, adding that there was not an hour to lose. This sudden announcement had the desired effect. The undertaking was one of such risk that, as she well know, she could only hope to secure her purpose by a coup-de-main; and in effect, the consent of Mrs. Mills was carried by storm, as well as that of another coadjutor, a Mrs. Morgan, usually known by the name of Hilton, to whom Lady Nithisdale had been introduced by her sagacious ally, Evans, and to whom she now despatched a messenger, begging her to come immediately. "Their surprise and astonishment," she remarks, "made them consent, without ever thinking of the consequences."

The scheme was, that Mrs. Mills, who was tall and portly, should pass for Lord Nithisdale; Mrs. Morgan

was to carry concealed the bundle of "clothes that were to serve Mrs. Mills, when she left her own behind her." After certain other preparations, all managed with admirable dexterity and shrewdness, these three heroic women set out in a coach for the Tower, into which they were to be admitted under the plea of taking a last leave of Lord Nithisdale. Lady Nithisdale, even whilst her heart throbbed with agitation, continued to support her spirits. "When we were in the coach," she relates, "I never ceased talking, that my companions might have no leisure to repent.

"On our arrival at the Tower, the first I introduced was Mrs. Morgan (for I was only allowed to take in one at a time); she brought in the clothes which were to serve for Mrs. Mills, when she left her own behind her. When Mrs. Morgan had taken off what she had brought for my purpose, I conducted her back to the staircase; and in going I begged her to send my maid to dress me, saying that I was afraid of being too late to present my last petition that night, if she did not come immediately. I despatched her safe, and went partly downstairs to meet Mrs. Mills, who had the precaution to hold her handkerchief to her face, as is natural for a woman to do when she is going to take her last farewell of a friend on the eve of his execution. I had, indeed, desired her to do so, that my lord might go out in the same manner. Her eyebrows were rather inclined to be sandy, and my lord's were very dark and very thick. However, I had prepared some paint of the colour of her's to disguise his with. I also brought an artificial head-dress of the same coloured hair as her's, and I painted his face and his cheeks with

rouge, to hide his long beard, which he had not time to shave.

"All this provision I had before left in the Tower. The poor guards, whom my slight liberality the day before had endeared me to, let me go quietly out with my company, and were not so strictly on the watch as they usually had been; and the more so as they were persuaded, from what I had told them the day before, that the prisoners would obtain their pardon. I made Mrs. Mills take off her own hood, and put on that which I had brought for her. I then took her by the hand and led her out of my lord's chamber, and in passing through the next room, in which were several people, with all the concern imaginable, I said, 'My dear Mrs. Catherine, go in all haste and send me my waiting-maid. She certainly cannot remember how late it is. I am to present my petition to-night, and if I let slip this opportunity I am undone, for to-morrow is too late. Hasten her as much as possible, for I shall be on thorns till she comes.' Everybody in the room, who were chiefly the guards' wives and daughters, seemed to compassionate me exceedingly, and the sentinel officiously opened me the door. When I had seen her safe out I returned to my lord and finished dressing him. I had taken care that Mrs. Mills did not go out crying as she came in, that my lord might better pass for the lady who came in crying and afflicted, and the more so as he had the same dress that she wore. When I had almost finished dressing my lord in all my petticoats except one, I perceived it was growing dark, and was afraid that the light of the candles might betray us, so I resolved to set off. I went down, leading him by the hand whilst he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I spoke to him in the most piteous and afflicted tone, bewailing bitterly the negligence of Evans, who had ruined me by her delay. Then I said, 'My dear Mrs. Betty, for the love of heaven run quickly and bring her with you; you know my lodging, and if ever you made dispatch in your life, do so now. I am almost distracted with this disappointment.'

"The guards opened the door, and I went down-stairs with him, still conjuring him to make all possible haste. As soon as he had cleared the door, I made him walk before me, for fear the sentinel should take notice of his walk, but I continued to press him to make all the despatch he could. At the bottom of the stairs I met Evans, into whose hands I confided him. I had before engaged Mr. Mills to be in readiness before the Tower, to conduct him to some place of safety, in case we succeeded. He looked upon the affair as so very improbable to succeed, that his astonishment, when he saw us, threw him into such a consternation that he was almost out of himself.

"In the meantime I was obliged to return up-stairs and go back to my lord's room, where I talked as if he had been really present. I answered my own questions in his voice as nearly as I could imitate it, and walked up and down as if we were conversing together, till I thought they had time enough thoroughly to clear themselves of the guards. I then thought proper to make off also. I opened the door and stood half in it, that those in the outer chamber might hear what I said, but held it so close that they could not look in. I bade my lord formal farewell for the night, and added that something more than usual must have happened to make Evans

negligent on this important occasion, and that I saw no other remedy than to go in person. That, if the Tower was then open, when I had finished my business, I would return that night; but that he might be assured I would be with him as early in the morning as I could gain admittance, and I flattered myself I should bring more happy news. Then, before I shut the door, I pulled through the string of the latch, so that it could only be opened in the inside. I then shut it with some degree of force, that I might be sure of its being well shut. I said to the servant as I passed by (who was ignorant of the whole transaction), that he need not carry in candles to his master till my lord sent for them, as he desired to finish some prayers first."

Thus ended this singular, successful, and heroic scheme. It was now necessary that the devoted wife should secure her own safety. She had intended, in case her attempt had failed, to make a last appeal to the royal clemency, and for the purpose a gentleman named Mackenzie had promised to accompany her. She now drove back to her lodgings, where he was awaiting her. "There is no need of a petition," she exclaimed, as she entered; "my lord is safe, out of the Tower, and delivered from the hands of his enemies, though I know not where he is."

She then discharged the coach which had brought her to her lodgings, a precaution which she always observed for fear of being watched and pursued, never going in the same vehicle to more than one place. She next sent for a sedan-chair, and went to the Duchess of Buccleuch, whom she had induced to promise that she would present the petition, having taken her precautions against all events. The Duchess expected her, but as

12

(82)

she was engaged with company Lady Nithisdale excused herself from going up-stairs, and sending a message to her Grace, proceeded to the residence of the Duchess of Montrose, who, she tells us, had always borne a part in her distresses. This lady hastened to receive her friend and console her, supposing she had just taken a last farewell of her husband. When the two met, to the amazement of the Duchess, she found her visitor in a transport of joy. "She was extremely shocked and frightened," says Lady Nithisdale, "and has since confessed to me that she thought my troubles had driven me out of myself." Her advice was to keep secret, and even to have recourse to flight, for the King had been greatly irritated by that abortive petition which the Countess had presented to him. At the close of their brief interview Lady Nithisdale, sending for a fresh chair, hurried away to a house where her faithful Evans had appointed to meet her and bring her tidings of her lord. From her she learned that the fugitive had been removed from the lodging to which he had at first been conducted, to the mean dwelling of a poor woman immediately opposite the guard-house. She lost no time in joining him there, and thus describes their hidingplace:-

"The good woman of the house had, we found, but one small room up a pair of stairs, and a very small bed in it. We threw ourselves upon the bed that we might not be heard walking up and down. She left us a bottle of wine and some bread, and Mrs. Mills brought us some more in her pockets the next day. We subsisted on this provision from Thursday till Saturday night, when Mr. Mills came and conducted my lord to the Venetian

Ambassador's. We did not communicate the affair to his Excellency; but one of the servants concealed him in his own room till Wednesday, on which day the Ambassador's coach and six was to go down to Dover to meet his brother. My lord put on a livery, and went down in the retinue, without the least suspicion, to Dover, where Mr. Michel (which was the name of the Ambassador's servant), hired a small vessel, and immediately set sail for Calais. The passage was so remarkably short that the captain threw out this reflection—that the wind could not have served better if the passengers had been flying for their lives—little thinking it to be really the case."

Thus had the courage and ingenuity of this devoted wife secured her husband's safety; but she had endangered her own. George I., though neither cruel nor unmerciful, was far from possessing a tender heart, or those chivalrous feelings which induce their possessor to admire a noble action, even though it should cross his own plans. He had been already much annoyed by her proceeding in the matter of the petition, and this additional offence—as he would doubtless consider it—could not fail to raise his utmost displeasure. She therefore judged it desirable to keep concealed until the storm should have blown over, and she proceeded as she narrates:—

"I absconded to the house of a very honest man in Drury Lane, where I remained till I was assured of my lord's safe arrival on the Continent. I then wrote to the Duchess of Buccleuch (everybody thought till then that I was gone off with my lord), to tell her that I understood I was suspected of having contrived my lord's escape, a very natural supposition; that, if I could have

been happy enough to have done it, I should be flattered to have the merit of it attributed to me; but that a bare suspicion, without proof, could never be a sufficient ground for my being punished for a supposed offence, though it might be motive enough for me to provide a place of security; so I entreated her to procure leave for me to go with safety about my business. So far from granting my request, they were resolved to secure me if possible. After several debates, Mr. Solicitor-General, who was an utter stranger to me, had the humanity to say that, since I showed so much respect to government as not to appear in public, it would be cruel to make any search after me; upon which it was decided, that if I remained concealed, no further search should be made; but that if I appeared either in England or Scotland I should be secured."

This scanty grace was of no avail to her. "It was not," says she, "sufficient for me, unless I would submit to expose my son to beggary." She had been summoned in such haste from Scotland, that she had no time to make arrangements before she set off for London. The family papers and other valuables were entrusted to her care, and there was no one with whom she could venture to leave them during her absence. In this distress she had the precaution to bury her treasures in the ground, the gardener being the only person who was entrusted with the secret of their hiding-place. The event proved she had done wisely; for scarcely had she departed, when the house was searched, and had those papers been discovered she intimates that it had gone ill with the family.

But though the documents were deposited beyond the

reach of enemies, they were by no means in safety. It was doubtful whether they might not have been irreparably injured already by the severity of the weather, and it was certain that they could not long remain underground without almost a certainty of being destroyed. Lady Nithisdale therefore determined to return, at all risks, to Scotland; and it was perhaps from her care in concealing the important documents to which she refers that the estates were not escheated. She soon put into execution the heroic determination. Her journey was full of perils; not only those incident to the time and season of the year, but the great risk of being betrayed and discovered. Many of the weaker sex suffered for their adherence to the Jacobite cause, and if found to be engaged in active intrigues, were made to pay the penalty of their disaffection. More than one of the wives of the rebel lords were subjected to cruel privations and hard imprisonment.

Under the peculiar circumstances in which Lady Nithisdale was placed, her courage in braving the royal displeasure a second time certainly might appear to border upon temerity. She knew, however, that if she could reach the land of the Maxwells, she should be there in safeguard; the only danger was in making the journey. She, however, dismissed all fear from her mind, and prepared for her enterprise.

"In short," pursues her narrative, "as I had once exposed my life for the safety of the father, I could not do less than hazard it once more for the fortune of the son. I had never travelled on horseback but from York to London, as I told you; but the difficulties did not arise now from the severity of the season, but the fear of

being discovered and arrested. To avoid this, I bought three saddle horses, and set off with my dear Evans and a very trusty servant whom I brought with me out of Scotland. We put up at all the smallest inns on the road that could take in a few horses, and where I thought I was not known, for I was thoroughy known at all the considerable inns on the northern road. Thus I arrived safe at Traquhair, where I thought myself secure, for the lieutenant of the county being a friend of my lord's, would not permit any search to be made after me without sending me previous notice to abscond.

"Here I had the assurance to rest myself two whole days, pretending that I was going to my own house with leave from Government. I sent no notice to my house, that the magistrates of Dumfries might not make too narrow inquiries about me. So they were ignorant of my arrival in the country till I was at home, where I still feigned to have permission to remain. To carry on the deceit the better, I sent to all my neighbours and invited them to come to my house. I took up my papers at night, and sent them off to Traquhair. It was a particular stroke of providence that I made the despatch I did, for they soon suspected me, and by a very favourable accident, one of them was overheard to say to the magistrates of Dumfries, that the next day they would insist on seeing my leave from Government. This was bruited about, and when I was told of it, I expressed my surprise that they should be so backward in coming to pay their respects; 'but,' said I, 'better late than never; be sure to tell them that they shall be welcome whenever they choose to come.'

This was after dinner; but I lost no time to put

everything in readiness with all possible secrecy; and the next morning, before daybreak, I set off again for London, and, as before, put up at the smallest inns, and arrived safe again."

The report of this venturesome journey was speedily circulated, and, according to Lady Nithisdale's assertions—which were, undoubtedly, given by her with a perfect conviction of their truthfulness—the king was beyond measure offended, and conceived a perfect antipathy against her. Orders were immediately issued for her arrest, and the monarch was heard to say that she did whatever she pleased in despite of him, and had given him more trouble than any other woman in Europe. When he was petitioned for dower by the widows of the peers who had been found guilty of treason, he granted the request with only one exception, that exception being the Countess of Nithisdale, who, he said, was not entitled to the same privilege as her sisters in misfortune.

Thus compelled to remain in concealment, and under constant apprehension, she took the opinion of a very first-rate lawyer (whose name she does not specify), and, by his advice, determined to retire to the continent. The reason assigned for this counsel was, that, although in other circumstances a woman cannot be prosecuted for saving her husband, yet in the case of high treason, according to the rigour of the law, the life of the wife is responsible for that of her husband.

Conscious of the wisdom of this recommendation, and probably desirous to rejoin the object of her affection, she soon found a favourable opportunity for taking her departure from the land of her birth, which, as far as appears from her narrative, she never beheld again. The

life which she had braved so much peril to save was protracted for a long course of years. Lord Nithisdale died at Rome in 1744, having thus survived his expatriation for eight-and-twenty years; he expired just as his native land was on the eve of being again deluged with the blood of its brave, though misguided inhabitants. The Countess survived him five years, closing her long and honourable existence in the year 1749. She also died in Rome; but her remains were brought to this country and deposited at Arundel Castle.





## VIII.

## LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA,

CONSORT OF FREDERICK WILLIAM III.

"There comes to us a small flute voice across the loud disturbances, which are all fallen silent now."—Carlyle.



F the character of a woman and a queen is to be gathered from her husband, her children, and her subjects, few of her rank will fill a more

honourable place than Louisa, Queen of Prussia. Her domestic virtues were those of a most amiable and truly Christian woman. Though not distinguished for brilliant talent, she was loved and revered for her virtues, and it was not merely her beauty and female graces, richly as she was endowed with them, that captivated the Prussian people; it was her pure, mild, simple and affectionate character. She herself said shortly before her death, "Posterity will not set down my name among those of celebrated women, but whoever knows the calamities of these times will say of me, 'She suffered much, and she suffered with constancy.'"

This princess was born on the 10th March 1776, at Hanover, where her father, the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz (brother of Charlotte, Queen of George III. of England), was governor, being at that period in the Hanoverian service. It was her misfortune to lose her

mother, a daughter of the Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt, when she was but six years old; and young as she was, the feeling of filial love had been so deeply inspired in her heart, that throughout her whole life she expressed the most fervent affection and veneration for her beloved parent. This early sorrow seems to have touched her tenderly, and was, undoubtedly, felt the more keenly on account of her natural warmth of affection and quick sensibility.

The young princess was one of a numerous family, and, with her little sisters, was committed to the care and direction of an admirable governess, Mdlle. Gellieux, a native of one of the French cantons of Switzerland, who proved truly worthy of the confidence placed in her. This excellent woman, while cultivating in her pupils the accomplishments and qualifications desirable for young women in their position, delighted especially to foster in their minds the virtues of benevolence and self-denial, and taught them by her example to visit the sick and the afflicted, and to do good to the utmost of their power.\*

As she advanced towards womanhood, the Princess Louisa gave indications of that noble and affectionate character, which, at a later period, so much endeared her to her family and her people. She was also grace-

<sup>\*</sup> There is a touching story told which proves how lastingly the merits of Mdlle. Gellieux were held in remembrance by those she served so well. After the death of the Queen of Prussia, her widowed consort chanced to be travelling in Switzerland. Leaving the high road, he sought a retired village, called Colombieres, in order to visit Mdlle. Gellieux, the good old preceptress of his lost treasure. Many years had elapsed since he had seen her, but he would not lose the opportunity of showing his respect for her who had early instilled the principles of integrity and virtue into the mind of his consort. He spent some time in conversing with the venerable woman, and on parting made her a handsome present, and with delicate consideration added a handsome shawl which the Queen had worn shortly before her death, and which he had brought with him for the purpose.

ful and attractive in person, and early acquired the happy power of conciliating the affections of those around her. When she had attained her thirteenth year, she paid a visit to Frankfort, on occasion of the marriage of one of her sisters, and two years later went to reside with her elder sister, the Duchess of Saxe Hildburghausen.

Already there were seen the first indications of the approaching storm, which was so soon to devastate the kingdoms of Europe, and which fell with peculiar force on the German States. On account of the unsettled state of the country, the young princess remained for a longer time than had been at first intended at Hildburghausen, little anticipating the consequences of this delay.

Alarmed by the lawless and revolutionary spirit which threatened to overthrow all legitimate government, Prussia determined to make a firm resistance, and the king, placing himself at the head of a division of the army, led his troops into action, accompanied by his two sons. Frankfort-on-the-Maine had been occupied for some weeks by the French; but they were driven out by the Prussians on the 2d December 1792, and that city was chosen by Frederick William for his head-Here an accidental circumstance led to the introduction of the Crown Prince and his future consort. It had been arranged that the Princess Louisa and her youngest sister, Frederica, should return to Darmstadt by way of Frankfort, where they were to appear at court, and their departure had been fixed to take place in the evening, after the performances at the theatre had terminated; but by the king's desire, the young princesses were invited to supper, which invitation they accepted. At this entertainment the Prince Royal and his brother, Louis, were present, and, charmed by the loveliness of the two fair strangers, both became immediately enamoured, and lost no time in making known their love. On the part of the king no obstacle was presented, and the double betrothal took place at Darmstadt in a few weeks' time.

Of the feminine grace and beauty of both sisters a lively description is given by the illustrious Goëthe, who was present in the suite of the Grand Duke of Weimar at the siege of Mainz, in the spring of 1793. He says that on the 29th of May he first saw the two princesses of Mecklenburg, and he adds, "During my sojourn with the court, I had the opportunity of observing them closely as they passed to and fro in unconstrained freedom amidst the assembled company, and the effect they produced on me was such that I could only compare them to two celestial beings, whose impression on my mind could never be effaced."

The younger, Frederica, was remarkable for the exquisite delicacy of her complexion and great personal attractions, even in the later period of life, when she was known in England as the Duchess of Cumberland, while the elder sister impressed all who saw her with admiration. Her tall, slight, but imposing figure, her expressive countenance, and her dignified yet affable demeanour, pleased and captivated the spectator, and these external attractions were the true indications of the lovely and amiable character of the future Queen.

The marriage of the Crown Prince was celebrated at Berlin on the 24th of December in the same year (1793); the royal pair being united according to the forms of the Evangelical Reformed Church. The rejoicings and festivities on the occasion were general and prolonged, and the beauteous young bride was the soul of every courtly assemblage, admired and eulogized by all. The union proved a well-assorted one; for the newly-married couple agreed in their preference for the pure joys of domestic life, and undazzled by the whirl of dissipation and pleasure to be found in a courtly life, turned with gladness to seek in the solid happiness of mutual affection their better portion.

From the period of his marriage till his accession to the throne, the Crown Prince spent all the time he could spare from the duties of his station with his family, at his estate near Potsdam, called Paretz. This estate he had purchased with his savings, and there, like a private country gentleman, in the peaceful occupation of cultivating his own property, he passed his time in calm domestic enenjoyment. The Princess herself regulated the arrangements of their household, and took pleasure in the simple occupations of her home. She was fond of writing, and expressed her thoughts with facility and clearness, the result of careful practice, and of well-arranged and thoughtfully-digested information. Her correspondence displayed considerable ability, and in the style of her letters there was something peculiar to herself. In the second year of their marriage, the hopes of the royal family were fulfilled by the birth of a prince, to the joy of the whole nation and the inexpressible delight of the young mother. From this time she tasted her sweetest satisfaction in the discharge of her maternal duties; and in her children found her choicest pleasures during her prosperity, and her solace amid the severe trials of subsequent years. Time passed rapidly on, and Paretz continued to be the favourite home of the Princess, who retained through life her fond partiality for the scene of her early domestic happiness. The place remained ever associated in her mind with joyous recollections.

In the year 1797, the king died, and his son ascended the throne. At this time the princess was in her twentyfirst year. When the period of mourning was ended, the new sovereign, accompanied by his queen, went to receive the homage of his subjects in the various provinces of his hereditary dominions. In the month of May, 1798, the royal pair commenced their journey to the eastern provinces. Amongst the oldest inhabitants there was scarcely one who had ever beheld a queen, for it was an unwonted circumstance that the sovereign should be accompanied by his consort to this most remote portion of his dominions. Wherever she appeared her beauty, benevolence, and generosity delighted her admiring subjects, and the whole journey was not so much a series of triumphant processions, as a continuation of family rejoicings; the good peasantry hailing their lovely sovereign as the "Landes Mutter," or mother of her people, with simple rejoicings and universal welcome. In the smallest and poorest villages of the eastern boundaries of Prussia the queen was received by the honest, though lowly inhabitants, with sincere delight, which they testified by adorning their cottages with May-blossoms and strewing their streets with rushes. The same hearty welcome awaited the august traveller when she visited the homes of the Silesians. On the frontiers of that province a triumphal arch was erected, and four-and-twenty husbandmen stood there in their holiday clothes and sang a Polish song. The zeal of

the peasants who furnished the relays of horses for the use of the queen was evinced by the gay decorations which covered the animals. They were bedecked, as for a wedding or christening, with flowers, ribbons, and gold and silver paper. The manes were plaited with ribbons and flowers, and on their heads a red net was flaunted. These demonstrations of rustic gallantry were rewarded with smiling thanks and gracious little speeches. At Breslau the merchants presented her with some of the purely Silesian productions of the country. These consisted of the most exquisitely woven pieces of linen and the finest veils, and among other pretty and ingenious articles for childish use were a cradle-quilt of exquisite needlework and a very handsome rattle of silver attached to a golden chain. This toy was of a curious antique form and adorned with little medals bearing the portraits of the king and queen. To understand the feelings of the Silesians in selecting these gifts we must know that the royal lady was very near her confinement. The cradle-quilt bore this inscription:-

"Trifling is the gift
Which to the expectant mother
We loyal Silesian mothers present,
But thou regardest the heart."

How exact a paraphrase of our own sweet motto:-

" -The gift is small, But love is all."

The queen was much gratified by these simple demonstrations of loyal regard, and frequently exclaimed, "I shall certainly never forget the good Silesians."

On the 26th she commenced her return journey and on the 1st July arrived safely at Charlottenburg, having

travelled through the provinces of Kurmark and Newmark, Pomerania, Prussia, and Silesia. Twelve days later she gave birth to a princess, named Frederica Louisa, who afterwards became Empress of Russia. A pleasing idea of the private life led by the royal family at this period is given in a letter written by the most intimate and confidential friend of the king, General Köckeritz, and dated 22d September, 1798. He says:—

"I have passed some delightful days with our gracious sovereigns at their estate, called Paretz, two miles from Potsdam. We have been very happy, and have amused ourselves with all the resources a country life affords: shooting and excursions on the water have diversified our occupations. This good and amiable couple delight in the simple pleasures of home, without the restraint their high rank imposes, and they have enjoyed the fêtes of the harvest, sharing in the diversions of the country folk and amusing themselves with their simple demonstrations of affection. The young and beautiful queen laying aside her royal state, danced, to the great delight of the people, among their children. All were on the best understanding possible, free and unshackled; yet never intrusive or wanting in respect. For myself, forgetting my fifty-five years, I danced away as merrily as did the stately old lady in waiting, the Countess von Vosz, who, being invited by her royal master to be his partner took her share in the common merriment. We were all like gleeful happy children."

A similar household scene at Potsdam is thus related. The king was accustomed to breakfast in the queen's apartments, however busy he might be, even if he had but a few minutes' leisure to take this meal generally

composed of fresh fruit and other simple viands. On one occasion, as he entered, he saw lying on his wife's work-table a very pretty head-dress, which seemed to him quite a novelty. He asked her, smiling, the price of this dainty cap. "It is not always right," she replied, "that men should know the price of women's toilettes; they don't understand them, and they find everything too dear." "Well, but I should like to know it." "I gave only four dollars for it; it was a great bargain." As he was joking in this way an old veteran of the guard chanced to pass the window at which the king was standing; beckoning him in, Frederic William bade him look at the fair lady and guess what her pretty headdress cost. The old soldier, shrugging his shoulders, said, he supposed it might cost a few pence. "Do you hear that?" said the king. "Now, go, and ask the royal lady to give you four dollars; she can well afford to give you as much as she paid for that." Smilingly the queen opened her purse, and with a few friendly words presented the good old veteran with the sum mentioned. Then, casting an arch glance at her husband, she said, "That noble gentleman has much more money than I have. All I have I receive from him, and he gives generously; go and ask him for double what I have given you." Fairly caught in his own trap the king laughed and paid his forfeit with a good grace. The veteran's name was Brandes, and he himself told the anecdote to Bishop Eylert, and added, that after the queen's death, when the king returned to Potsdam, he saw his royal master who remembered him, and making him a little present, said, as he turned quickly away,-"Dost thou remember, Brandes?"

One of the most endearing characteristics of this charming woman was a sweetness of temper which was proof against the many little vexations and annoyances that are inseparable from the gêne imposed by courtly etiquette. It has been remarked by a German writer that the word "temper," is essentially English; and that only the nation which possesses the word "comfort" could have invented it; for, says he, "Temper is to intellectual what comfort is to material enjoyment. is like a mild spring morning, which inspires universal serenity and joy." It is indeed impossible to tell how much of a woman's happiness and influence depends upon the cultivation of this lovely grace, which is almost indispensable to the felicity of the married estate. Preeminently it is the ornament of the Christian gentlewoman who should be ever

> "Sweet in temper, face, and word To please an ever-present Lord."

Another trait characteristic of the Prussian queen was the great delight she took in the beauties of natural scenery. To this source of happiness she had ever been accustomed to yield herself with enthusiasm, and her cheerful and innocent spirit found in it ever new joy. In the summer of 1800 the king went to review his troops in Silesia, and the queen again accompanied him. In this tour she had the opportunity of visiting the most romantic parts of the country, and was charmed with the picturesque scenery of the mountainous districts. On the 18th August the travellers ascended the Schnee Koppe, the highest point of which can only be gained on foot; it is the loftiest summit in Germany, being 4950 feet above the level of the sea. On reaching the

most elevated spot, the king uncovered his head with a profound feeling of veneration, while the queen, with folded hands as in prayer, stood silently by his side. The impression made on her mind by the magnificent spectacle was such that she said afterwards:-"That moment was one of the most solemn and blessed in my life. It seemed to me as if I were raised above this earth, and was nearer to my God." On the following day the party proceeded towards Waldenburg, and visited the mining works called the Fox's Hole, which can only be entered by boats. This subterranean cavern was lit up by wax-lights, and a song, composed for the occasion, was sung to the air of "Welcome, bright cheerful day." The singularity of the expedition, the wild groups of miners, the strange unearthly lights, altogether produced an effect on the queen's imagination which she long retained. On their part the miners were delighted with their fair and gentle visitant, and ever after held her in grateful remembrance. After a lapse of twenty-one years, when Prince Radzivill made a similar excursion and inquired whether any one of the men present had witnessed the royal visit, an aged miner immediately replied, "Yes, your highness, about half of us are still alive who had that honour; three are with you now. I sat at the rudder, and could see the queen's sweet face well by the light of the lamps. In all my life I never saw such an one; she looked grand like a queen; but was as gentle as a child and had the sweetest smile; just, for all the world, like my dead blessed mother. When the psalm began, 'Praise the Lord, the mighty king of all the earth,' she took the king's hand, saying softly, 'My favourite psalm; this is heavenly;' then turning to me she said, 'More slowly, good steersman.' Their majesties made us all presents, but she gave me with her own hand a little paper with two new Holland ducats, and I gave them to my wife who wears them for a necklace when she goes to church, for what *she* touched was holy. Ah, heaven! that was a woman indeed. Why did the good God take her away from us so soon? All she did was kind and good. She carried away her mining dress to remind her of us, as she said."

During the whole journey no accident occurred, and the beloved "Landes Mutter" returned in health and safety to her home and her little family after an absence of some weeks. The following two or three years were spent in the enjoyment of domestic retirement and the discharge of her maternal duties. Her biographer, the Countess von Berg, remarks, "This calm tranquillity was not only beneficial to her heart, but her mind also ripened and expanded during those intervals of permitted leisure."

Numerous are the pleasing anecdotes treasured in the remembrance of those who admired her kindly and benevolent conduct on various occasions. One of these deserves to be recorded. It chanced one day when there was a court held at Magdeburg that a lady, quite unknown, was presented to the queen as the newly married wife of Major von ——. She was the daughter of a highly respectable and opulent merchant of Magdeburg. The queen, ignorant of this circumstance, put to her the not unusual question in Germany, "Was sind sie für eine geborene?" (meaning, "of what family are you?") Timid and confused in the presence of royalty and surrounded by the brilliant circle to which she was quite

unaccustomed, the poor lady lost her self-possession, and answered, in a faltering voice, "Ah, your majesty, I am of no family!" A smile of derision from the courtly ladies did not escape the observation of their mistress, and she resolved to teach the fair dames a lesson. Raising her beautiful head, as she was in the habit of doing when excited, her emotion visible in her speaking features, she said, in tones audible throughout the whole circle: "Ay, Madame Majorin, you have answered me with a gentle sarcasm. It is, indeed, of great importance to be able to count among our ancestors those who have distinguished themselves by virtue and merit, and all will agree that such a privilege should be highly prized; but this, thank God, is not confined to any condition of men, but is found in all; the humbler classes having produced some of the greatest benefactors to their kind. I thank you, madam, for having given me this opportunity of expressing my feelings on this not insignificant subject: and I wish you much happiness in your marriage, the source of which can only be found in the heart." As she spoke, the queen moved the little fan she generally carried in her right hand, and which she used to wave to and fro in accordance with her thoughts and feelings, with greater vivacity than usual. It is added that the little fan had a magical effect when the signal for dismissal was given by its owner, with a significant sign to the assembled ladies of Magdeburg.

Although she could thus, on a fitting occasion, convey a gentle rebuke, yet all severity was repugnant to her nature. Her faithful counsellor and chamberlain, the Baron von Schilder, said of her: "She is unable to endure the idea of suffering without a sensation of pain,

and an expression of melancholy then shadows her countenance as a cloud dims the soft light of the bright moon." There was scarcely a day in which she did not receive petitions from far and near, and her heart ever impelled her to relieve and assist the needy. She used to say that by removing the pressure of want, the means of activity and industry were afforded, and would add: "Whether these poor people deserve assistance or no, we need not inquire. Who is able to judge of these things? God bestows his rich gifts upon us; is he not full of compassion, long-suffering, and goodness to all?"

In these sentiments the king entirely sympathized with his consort; and it pleased him to replenish her exhausted coffers when the appeals to her benevolence exceededas was sometimes the case—the sum assigned for her private expenditure. Their affection was strengthened by their unison of feeling in these respects, and, doubtless, "the blessing of those who were ready to perish" was their reward. There seems to have been the same reciprocity between them in reference to their religious duties. Of this an illustration is given by Bishop Eylert, their domestic chaplain, who relates that having preached a sermon on the subject of Christian marriage and its responsibilities, he was desired by their majesties to read it over again in their presence; "I did so," he writes, "one calm summer evening under the shade of the spreading oaks in their favourite retreat on the Peacock Island. The royal suite were present, and the queen, sitting next her husband placed her hand in his, and listened attentively till the short discourse terminated. At its close the strains of the band were heard executing the psalm, 'In all my

actions I take counsel of the Lord.' There was a long and solemn pause; all seemed disposed to keep silence and meditate. The glow of evening shed its bright gleam through the boughs overhead; the moon was already rising in the east; and the mellow notes of the distant music echoed through the still air, in soft harmony with the quiet that reigned around. It seemed as though the beautiful island were indeed the temple of the living God, and we exclaimed involuntarily, 'This is surely a holy place; it is like the gate of heaven.' The king was the first to move. As he rose he placed his hand on the queen's shoulder, and gazing earnestly in her face, as he was wont to do when thoughtful, said softly, 'It shall be so, dear Louisa; I and my house will serve the Lord.'"

Afterwards the queen conversed with the good bishop, and expressed her sentiments in a manner that satisfactorily proved her heart had chosen for its portion the heavenly inheritance. She had experienced the insufficiency of the choicest earthly blessings to satisfy the craving of her immortal spirit, and she thus expressed her conviction: "In the possession and enjoyment of the most brilliant earthly lot one still yearns after happiness, and in this longing a void is felt in the human heart which only that which is heavenly can satisfy. I look upwards and sigh for a better portion. I love to indulge in the ideal, and draw largely upon my imagination, creating for myself a world such as I would have it. Alas! these are but dreams, and when one wakes how different is the reality! Therefore I love in my inmost heart the holy Saviour, in whose life and actions the highest and purest ideal is realized. While in humility we worship him, at the same time we feel drawn to him by his wondrous and self-sacrificing love. That dying love has a gentle yet irresistible force."

The time was at hand when this amiable and unfortunate princess was to test the power of her religious principles to sustain her spirit beneath the severest vicissitudes of life. Her prosperous days were nearly run, and the dark shadows of suffering and calamity were closing around her. In the winter of 1805 she had to mourn the loss of one of her sons, and her sorrow for his death seriously affected her health. The baths of Pyrmont were prescribed for her, and she repaired thither in the month of June 1806, and stayed six weeks, experiencing great benefit from the healthful springs and the delightful scenery of the place. Her health and spirits revived, and her countenance recovered its usual expression of cheerfulness.

On her return from Pyrmont, she learned, for the first time, that war with France was decided upon and appeared inevitable, and that the whole army would soon be in motion. So little truth was there in Napoleon's assertion that the Queen of Prussia had desired war and exerted herself to promote it. It is true, indeed, that she deemed this fearful alternative inevitable when by such means only could her country's honour be preserved, and held that the consciousness of having struggled for a noble and legitimate object would repay the greatest sacrifices.

The campaign, so disastrous for Prussia, commenced. Deeds of arbitrary power followed each other in quick succession, and the despotic sway of the French emperor ruled the destinies of Europe. A time of universal gloom and mourning ensued, and the most arbitrary and vindictive acts of oppression were consummated. Prussia was

speedily overrun with the invading forces of the enemy, and saw herself compelled to cede town after town. At length, on the 14th October, the fatal battles of Auerstadt and Jena were fought. Four days previous the queen was present at a conference which has been described by the diplomatist Gentz, who was deeply impressed by her conduct on the occasion, and thus relates what occurred: "Though prepared to find this princess a totally different person from what I had once been led to believe her, I by nomeans anticipated that assemblage of great and amiable qualities which she displayed during an interview that lasted for three quarters of an hour. She expressed herself with a precision, firmness, and energy, at the same time with a moderation and prudence, which would have enchanted me in a man, whilst she transfused into all that she said a tone of feeling and sensibility that did not allow me, for an instant, to forget that the object of my admiration was a woman: not a word out of its place, not a sentiment or reflection which was not in harmony with the general character of her conversation—the whole a mixture of dignity, sweetness, and beauty, such as I thought I had never met with elsewhere.

"She began by asking me what I thought of the war, and what were my hopes on the subject, immediately adding, 'I do not put these questions to you with the hope that you will inspire me with courage; thank God, I am not deficient in this respect; and besides, I am too well aware that however sinister your apprehensions may be, it is not to me you would impart them; but I like to know upon what circumstances men who are able to judge, rest their hopes, in order that I may examine whether their grounds of confidence agree with mine.'

"She then began to speak at length concerning the war of 1805, and I was astonished at the exactness with which she ran through all the recent events, quoting the date belonging to each, and noticing the details of minor importance. But I was still more struck by the interest, the feeling, and the degree of emotion with which she spoke of the misfortunes of the house of Austria; I remember that her eyes, while she spoke on this subject, were more than once filled with tears. Amongst other things, she told me, with an affecting simplicity, that on the very day when she heard of the first disasters of the Austrian army the prince royal, her son, had for the first time put on the military dress; and that on seeing him she said, 'I trust, on the day when you shall be old enough to use this uniform, your first thought will be to avenge the wrongs of your unhappy brothers.'

"Her majesty afterwards asked if I had seen an article in the *Publiciste*, in which she had been most infamously abused. As I had not, she quoted some sentences from it and then exclaimed: 'Heaven is witness that I have never been consulted upon public affairs, and that it has never been my ambition to be so; though, had I been, I confess I should have voted for war, as we were imperiously called upon to adopt this course, much less by a calculation of the advantages it offered, than by sentiments of honour and duty."

The queen was at this time with the king at the headquarters of the army. It was her earnest desire to be at his side in the moments of danger, and she remained with him longer even than was consistent with her personal safety. In order to avoid falling into the hands of the French she was obliged to return to Wiemar, instead of following Frederick to Auerstadt, as she had purposed doing. Amid a succession of most trying circumstances she preserved her firmness and courage; and such a degree of enthusiasm was created by her heroic behaviour that wherever she passed, the troops burst universally into shouts of "Long live the queen!"

The results of the battle of Jena were most disastrous for Prussia; everything seemed at an end, and the whole monarchy, shattered by one fell blow, was condemned, to all appearance, to irretrievable ruin. In the midst of the general misery and suffering which ensued, the queen seemed for a time to succumb, and to yield to despondency. So many calamities, endured by those whom she loved, and by her country, affected her health; she had a nervous fever which for fourteen days placed her life in the most imminent danger. She was only beginning to amend when the approach of the French troops to Königsberg, where she had taken refuge, rendered it no longer safe for her to remain in that city. Contrary to expectation, the journey which she was compelled to take, though painful and difficult at the moment, produced beneficial effects, and she recovered more speedily than could have been expected. The king with the royal family soon followed her to Memel, where they remained until it was thought expedient to return to Königsberg.

At this period of peculiar difficulty and distress she addressed some very striking letters to her father: from these a few extracts must be given, as they exhibit in the strongest light her calm self-possession and pious resignation.

On the 17th June 1807 she wrote: "Another dreadful

calamity has fallen upon us, and we are on the point of leaving the kingdom. Judge what my situation is at present. Yet I earnestly entreat you not to mistrust your daughter, nor to believe that my mind is weakened by the events which are passing. I have two great sources of consolation which carry me through everything. The first is the reflection that we are not the sport of blind chance, but that our fate is in the hand of God, and that his providence is our guide. The second is that we fall with honour.

"By the unfortunate battle of Friedland Königsberg fell into the hands of the French. We are closely pressed by the enemy, and should the danger become more imminent I must be compelled to leave with my children, and shall go to Riga. God will give me strength to survive the moment when I shall cross the borders; all my firmness will then be required, but I look upward for support, and turn my thoughts to God who rules all, and never forsakes those that put their trust in him. It is my firm belief that he will not send more than we are able to bear."

Ten days later she wrote: "There is a cessation of hostilities, for a truce has been concluded of four weeks. The sky often clears when it appears most threatening. It may be so now; by God's grace my faith shall not waver, but I can hope no longer. To live and die in the ways of righteousness, and if it must be so, to live on bread and salt—I shall not be utterly wretched thus; but I can hope no more."

The conclusion of the truce referred to in this letter was followed by an interview between the Russian emperor and Napoleon, and afterwards the Prussian king; all three monarchs having their head-quarters at Tilsit. It was against Prussia that the rancour of the French emperor was chiefly directed, and it was most severely felt. The most overbearing and contemptuous treatment was manifested by Bonaparte on every occasion towards Frederick III.; the result of which was to stir up in the breast of the king that honourable species of pride which boldly fronts adversity; and his unbending conduct, coupled with a calm dignity, meriting respect, was very displeasing to the French emperor, as was sufficiently evident to the bystanders. In this state of things the advisers of his majesty thought it probable that the presence of the queen might have the effect of smoothing the way to negotiation, and of rendering the conditions of peace more favourable. She was accordingly sent for, and obeyed the summons, with what reluctance and painful feeling we learn from the entries in her journal, one of which is as follows: "What this costs me my God only knows; for if I do not positively hate this man, I look upon him as one who has rendered the king and the whole nation miserable. His talents I certainly admire; but his character, which is manifestly deceitful and false, I cannot endure. To be courteous and complaisant to him will be most difficult for me; but this is requisite, and I am already accustomed to make sacrifices."

The Countess von Berg has thus described subsequent events: "As soon as the queen alighted at the lodgings provided for her, the French emperor waited upon her. The task of receiving him with dignity was not an easy one under her circumstances; she conducted herself, however, with great judgment, and with that tact which is intuitive in the minds of some women. She took occa-

sion to express her concern that he had been obliged to ascend so steep a flight of steps in order to see her, and asked him how the climate of the north agreed with his It was some time before she alluded to the object of her journey, which she said was to request of him less unfavourable terms of peace. . . . It would be difficult, nay impossible, to relate the various questions which were put by Bonaparte, and the different points to which he referred, in the course of the conversation, as if purposely to increase the embarrassment of the queen. They all showed, in the strongest manner, his arrogance, the littleness of his soul, and his complete want of moral principle; while the answers of the queen mark at once her upright and dignified way of thinking. It will be sufficient to mention the following reply given by her to the French emperor's question, 'But how could you think of entering upon a war with me?' 'Sir, some allowance must be made for us if the glory of the great Frederick has led us astray in regard to the actual state of our resources, even if we have been deceived with reference to them.' This answer was retained in memory by Talleyrand, who was present, and related by him in the presence of several people afterwards."

The principal object the queen had at heart was the preservation of Magdeburg to Prussia, and all her powers of suasion were exerted to overcome Napoleon's reluctance to concede this point. He, on the other hand, like a subtle politician, contented himself with general and evasive answers, and with compliments on her dress and the beauty of her person. "Ah! madame, vous êtes si belle, je n'ose pas négocier avec vous; ce n'est pas moi qui exige tant, c'est le gouvernement François."

"Mais tout cela," as he afterwards told the story with a smile of self-complacence at his own powers of withstanding such charms and such solicitation, "n'étoit pas Magdebourg;" and he, at the time, said that he had yielded much out of private regard to the emperor, but that he would not give up more even to the beaux yeux of the queen.

During the whole period of her stay, the queen continued steadily to urge her suit with all the address and persuasion of which she was mistress, until Bonaparte, to put the matter at once beyond doubt, gave directions for the signature of the Prussian treaty early in the morning, without awaiting the next visit of his fair petitioner, which was arranged to take place at a later hour of the day. Being aware of what had transpired, she maintained a dignified silence on the subject which so deeply interested her heart, until the moment of her departure, when, as Bonaparte was handing her to the carriage, she could not refrain from expressing her extreme disappointment at the decision to which he had come; and afterwards she complained bitterly to Duroc, the Grand Marshal of the palace, shedding tears as she referred to the behaviour of his master, and the manner in which she had been foiled in her efforts.

On her return to Memel, the queen wrote the following letter: "Peace is concluded; but at how painful a price! Our frontiers will not henceforth extend beyond the Elbe. The king, however, has proved himself, after all, a greater man than his adversary. It is true he has been compelled by necessity to negotiate with his enemy, but no alliance has taken place between them. This will some day bring a blessing upon Prussia. I say the

king's just and honourable conduct will bring prosperity to Prussia in the end. This is my firm belief."

The treaty of Tilsit, which put the seal to the disasters of her country, caused the most profound grief to this high-spirited and sensitive woman. She declared, when writing to her father, that, while resigned to the will of Providence, and without a murmur submitting to the calamities under which she mourned, she could hope no longer, though she strove, for the sake of those around her, to appear cheerful. This grief preyed upon her constitution, and, beyond a doubt, was the proximate cause of the disease which shortly terminated her life. Yet, though heart-stricken, she continued to find sweet consolation in the domestic happiness that never for a moment was clouded. "The king," she says, "is more affectionate and kind to me than ever—great happiness and a great reward after a union of fourteen years."

In the spring of 1808 the Princess Louisa was born. The queen recovered well from her confinement, and during the summer the royal family took up their residence on a small estate called Hufen, in the neighbourhood of Königsberg. The situation, in the midst of a luxuriant valley, was beautiful, but the extent of the domain was limited. On this being observed by some visitor, the queen replied, "Happy in ourselves and in our children, we need nothing further to render us content. We have good air and tranquillity, and though not an extensive prospect, we have some fine trees, some beds of flowers, and a shady grove at hand. We are happy in each other; and then I have good books, an excellent pianoforte, and a conscience at peace: with these we live tranquilly amidst the storms around."

The Archbishop Borowsky, a good and venerable man, who was the friend and counsellor of the king, writing from Königsberg at this time, describes the appearance and manners of the queen very touchingly: "In this time of deep affliction she is grave, but serene and composed in every action. Her eyes have lost their brilliancy; no wonder, she has wept many bitter tears, and they continue still to flow; but their mild expression of melancholy and resignation is more interesting than the brightness of her youthful glance. The rose on her cheek has been replaced by a soft pallor more captivating than it; while around her mouth, where formerly a bright smile played, a slight contraction of the lips occasionally is perceptible, bespeaking sorrow—not bitterness. Her dress is always simple, yet invariably in the best style; her choice of colours exhibits her pure taste; they are frequently in accordance with the tone of her feelings at the moment.\* In her presence one is reminded of the words of St. Peter, who describes the outward adorning of holy women to consist not in plaiting the hair, and wearing gold, and putting on apparel, but in the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. It is a great happiness to me to know that all her convictions, her hopes, and her confidence are founded on the promises contained in the sacred Scriptures. The Book of Psalms affords her especial instruction and consolation, as she often finds them applicable to her own circumstances. Last Sunday I found her reading. She rose to meet me as I entered, and said, "I am reading that beautiful, and to me most

<sup>\*</sup> The queen was very particular in her selection of colours. She preferred lilac, agreeing with the definition of a blind man, who, on touching it, compared it to the soft and melodious notes of a flute.

precious psalm, the 126th; and the more I study it the more I am impressed by its beauty and sublimity. I know nothing more calculated to console and elevate the mind than its expression of deep feeling. The grief it exhibits is profound: yet though the psalmist is almost forsaken, inexhaustible hope is to be seen through the deep sorrows of the soul, and shines like the first rays of the morning. One hears already amid the tempest of affliction the song of triumph. It is an elegy and a hymn, a halleluiah accompanied by tears. I have read and re-read it, until every word is deeply impressed upon my memory.' She added, after a pause, while her face beamed with devout feeling, 'When the Lord turneth again our captivity, we shall be like them that dream; our mouth shall be filled with praise, and it shall be said, 'The Lord hath done great things for them. Yea. the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy; they that have gone forth weeping shall return with rejoicing, bearing their sheaves with them.' She appeared to me at this moment more beautiful and far more interesting than in her earliest youth."

The venerable man concludes by expressing his conviction that the devout resignation of the queen would be rewarded by that heavenly peace which confidence in God can alone inspire. He knew well that she had suffered intensely, that anxious days had been often succeeded by sleepless nights, and that at times her heart had been ready to break; but the greater her struggle to attain submission to the Divine will, the greater was the triumph of her faith.

The tranquil retirement of Hufen was very beneficial

to her spirit. She said once, "I find I must devote some hours each day to the disciplining of my mind. This is best done in solitude, but not in the confinement of my chamber. I must be in the fresh air, beneath the spreading shadows of the green trees, and breathing the influence of tranquil nature: then am I best fitted to reflect profitably, so as to gain strength to endure trials. There is no hurry and turmoil to perturb one's spirit in the country. What a blessing is solitude to the full and aching heart; and what comfort is felt in the consciousness of integrity and in the voice of a conscience free from guile!"

In the spring of the year 1809 Austria and France again commenced hostilities; and this war, which so deeply agitated the north of Germany, effectually prevented the return of the court to Berlin. The royal family, therefore, continued at Hufen; but the queen was greatly indisposed, and was attacked by ague, which prostrated her strength. At this time she wrote: "I feel daily more and more that my kingdom is not of this world." To her father she addressed a deeply touching letter. After expressing her conviction that all hope was now, for the present at least, extinct, she says: "If I have not temporal happiness, yet I may say I have more,-I have peace of mind. It becomes daily clearer to me that all which has occurred has been precisely adapted to the accomplishment of a great purpose. Providence evidently intended to bring about a new order of things, destined to supersede the obsolete system of worldly policy. What has been done will not be lost upon us. We may learn much from Napoleon, who is, apparently, an instrument in the hand of the Almighty to lop off the

dead and useless branches which were marring the beauty of the stem and gradually affecting its vitality. Surely better times will come. Our faith in an all-wise and gracious God warrants this belief. Whatever he ordains is right. I find consolation, courage, and serenity in this thought, and in the hopes which are deeply graven on my heart.... You will be glad to know, dearest father, that the misfortunes which have befallen us have not affected our private life; on the contrary, they have only served to enhance our mutual affection and domestic happiness. The king is kinder and more affectionate to me than ever. I often fancy I see in him the lover and the bridegroom. By actions rather than words (as is his wont) he manifests his constant solicitude on my account. Only yesterday, gazing fondly upon me, he said, 'Dearest Louisa, thou art more precious to me than ever in this season of adversity. Let the storm rage around us, it cannot mar our mutual happiness. Because I love thee so tenderly, I have called our little newlyborn daughter Louisa. May she resemble thee!' His emotion affected me to tears. It is my pride, joy, and bliss, to possess the love and confidence of this best of men, and I am never so happy as when by his side. Forgive, dear father, this outbreak of my heart; it is only to you I can utter my inmost feelings."

Afterwards this proud wife and fond mother draws a picture of her young family, speaking of them as her real treasures, her joy and hope. . . . "The Crown Prince is full of life and spirit, and has excellent abilities: he is truthful in all his conduct, and reads history with avidity. He cannot be more pure-minded than he is. He is devoted to his mother, and I love him dearly, and often

talk of what he will do when he shall be king. Our son William (allow me, dear father, to place your grandchildren in a row before you) will, I am persuaded, resemble his father: he is simple in his habits, straight forward and intelligent; and he is much like him personally, only he will not be, I think, so handsome. You see I am still in love with my husband. Our daughter Charlotte grows daily more dear to me: she is reserved and retiring, but, like her father, possesses, beneath a cold exterior, great warmth of heart. If God spare her life, I anticipate a brilliant destiny for her. Charles is good-natured, merry, straightforward, and full of talent. He often makes us laugh heartily, and is cheerful and witty. His incessant questions perplex me no little, because I cannot, or must not, answer some of them. He will go through life easily and with a cheerful heart. Our little Alexandrine is like a girl of her age and disposition, childishly affectionate, and has a sweet temper. She already gives evidence of quick perception and much sensibility. Of the baby Louisa there is not yet much to tell: her features are those of her dear noble-hearted father, and she has his eyes, only somewhat brighter.

"Now, my dear father, you have my gallery of family portraits, which you will say is painted by a partial mother who can see no fault in her darlings. In good truth, they have, like other mortal children, their little whims; but these will be corrected by time and education. My sole anxiety is on their account, and I daily breathe fervent prayers to God that he will bless them and not withdraw his good Spirit from them."

On the 14th of October 1809 the queen gave birth to another son, named Albert. She remained indisposed

for a considerable time after her confinement, but was sufficiently recovered to accompany the Court upon its return to Berlin, which was fixed for the middle of December. When the time approached she wrote the following letter: "So then, I shall soon again be in Berlin, amongst so many true hearts who love and respect me. It seems as if the very idea oppressed me with its overwhelming joy; for I shed so many tears when I think of it, that I can scarcely realize what I shall feel when I arrive there, and find every place the same, yet every thing so altered. Gloomy forebodings agitate me. I would willingly be alone, behind my lamp screen, and giving myself up wholly to my own reflections. I hope it will be otherwise."

These affecting expressions suggest the idea that the heart of the royal sufferer was oppressed by an undefined presentiment of approaching dissolution. By a singular coincidence, she entered Berlin on the 23rd of December, on the anniversary of that day, and precisely at the same hour, on which she had made her public entry sixteen years before as a bride. The meeting between the different members of the royal family who had been separated by the adversities of the time, was very affecting. They had endured much since they parted, and knew not, even now, what further calamities might await them. The queen was much delighted by the proofs of attachment which she received on this occasion. The people were full of enthusiasm and rejoicing, and universal demonstrations of the popular feeling testified the loyalty of the faithful Berliners. The more thoughtful citizens, however, rejoiced with trembling, and a deep undertone of anxious feeling pervaded many hearts.

The spring of the year 1810 was peculiarly mild, and produced a beneficial effect on the health of the queen. She gladly embraced the opportunity of revisiting her favourite haunts,-Paretz, the Peacock Island, and the shady glens which had been the scenes of her early happiness. She busied herself also in the delightful occupation of reading with her children, especially the two elder, and seemed for a time to forget the melancholy forebodings which had overcast her spirit, and her cheerful looks bespoke returning health and vivacity. It was a bright gleam, too quickly extinguished by the dark shadows of sorrow and death. The position of public affairs was such as to occasion the most painful anxiety. Continual demands were made from Paris, for the arrears of an enormous contribution which had been levied on Prussia; and it is known that France went so far as to threaten to send an army to occupy the whole country, and thus enforce payment. The queen participated in the general alarm occasioned by these trying circumstances; and her maternal anxieties were at the same time awakened by the dangerous illness of her youngest daughter Louisa, who already bore an infantine resemblance to her mother. So soon as the child became convalescent, she herself fell sick, and was confined for many days to her bed with a feverish attack. She also suffered from those spasms of the chest, which shortly after terminated her life.

As soon as she was sufficiently recovered she expressed an earnest desire to visit her father in Strelitz. For some years this project had been much in her thoughts. Since her marriage she had slept but once under her paternal roof, and that was on a very mournful occasion, when she

went to visit one of the Russian princesses then at the point of death. The time seemed now propitious for the accomplishment of her cherished purpose, and in the month of June she commenced her journey, passing through Oranienburg to Furstenburg, the first town within the territory of Strelitz, where the duke her father and two of her brothers awaited her. It was arranged that the visit should be a strictly private one, and that the time should be spent in the retirement of her domestic circle. One day alone was devoted to a public reception, when a court was held. One who was present on that occasion describes her appearance as follows: "I had not seen her for seven years, and though to many she would have perhaps appeared more lovely in her youthful charms, yet to my eyes she possessed now superior attraction. Her fine features wore the impress of deep melancholy; and when she raised her eyes upward the countenance was suggestive of a longing to depart for a more congenial sphere. She greeted me as an old acquaintance, and repeatedly expressed her joy at finding herself once more in her father's house, encircled by her family. After dinner I was standing with some ladies of her intimate acquaintance, and as she advanced towards us we admired her pearls. 'Yes,' she replied, 'I prize them much, and have retained them alone of all my jewels, when it became requisite I should give up my brilliants. Pearls are most suitable for me; for they are emblematic of tears, and I have shed so many.' She then showed us the king's miniature, saying, with emotion, 'It is the one that most resembles him, therefore I always wear it."

Two days later symptoms of illness manifested themselves, and fever accompanied with cough ensued. On the 30th instant it was judged necessary to bleed her; but, although for a short time she appeared relieved, the malady returned with greater force, and it was evident that a crisis was approaching. Although much distressed with incessant cough her spirit remained tranquil, and she passed her sleepless nights with calm patience, frequently repeating hymns which she had learned in her childhood, and thus solacing the weary hours. On the ninth day it was hoped a favourable change would take place, and there was a partial abatement of the fever; but the great exhaustion consequent upon her illness was such as to awaken anxiety, and her attendants observed that her spirits seemed more depressed and her countenance more serious than during any former attack. In the intervals of occasional relief from suffering, the gentle patient conversed with her relatives, and to her aged grandmother spoke often of the days of her girlhood, and dwelt much upon her recollections of her mother, whose image had never faded from her mind, and to whose memory she clung with fondest love. As the days wore slowly away she seemed not to be losing ground, and hopes were cherished that she would recover. imagined that her end was near, nor was it till within a few hours of her death that the first apprehension of danger seemed to occur to herself. Thoughtfully, and with her finger uplifted, she said to Privy Councillor Heim, who was sitting near her bed, "Oh, if I were to be taken away from the king and our children!"

Early in the morning of the 19th July it was evident that her end approached. The duke, her father, was summoned to her bedside, and the king with his two elder sons arrived about four A.M. There is something

most pathetic in the exclamation of the unhappy monarch when the bystanders, endeavouring to console him, observed that so long as life continued there was hope. "Oh!" said he, "were she not *mine* there might be hope; but as she is *my* wife she will assuredly die!" A few hours only elapsed when he sat, broken-hearted, beside the lifeless form of her who had been his sweetest joy in life, and whose loss he ceased not to deplore till he was summoned to rejoin her in a better world.

On the 25th instant the funeral was solemnized in the presence of the king and all the royal family. "And now," in conclusion, says Madame von Berg, "we return to busy life again; but the deep impression left in our souls no lapse of time or change of circumstances can efface. All earthly power and grandeur fades and becomes dust; but faith, hope, and heavenly love abide for ever: they proceed from God and return again to Him."





### IX.

# MRS. SUSANNAH WESLEY.

Thas been truly said by Mr. Southey, in his "Life of Wesley," that the history of men who have been prime agents in those great moral and intellectual revolutions which from time to time have taken place among mankind, is not less important than that of statesmen and warriors. He adds, that if such history has not to treat of actions wherewith the world has rung from side to side, it appeals to the higher part of our nature, and may perhaps excite more salutary feelings, a worthier interest, and wiser meditations.

It is scarcely possible to read the memoirs of the Wesley family without being impressed with the idea that Mrs. Wesley exerted no inconsiderable influence in the training and education of her sons; and this is alone sufficient to excite our interest in her, and to awaken curiosity as to her disposition and qualifications, since we feel sure that the woman who assisted in moulding the character and forming the principles of such men could have been no common person. The poet-biographer of the Wesleys speaks of her in high terms of eulogy. "No man," he says, "was ever more suitably mated than the elder Wesley. The wife whom he chose was, like himself, the child of a man eminent among the Nonconform-

ists: and, like himself, in early youth she had chosen her own path: she had examined the controversy between the Dissenters and the Church of England with conscientious diligence, and satisfied herself that the former were in the wrong. The dispute, it must be remembered, related wholly to discipline; but her inquiries had not stopped there, and she had reasoned herself into Socinianism, from which she was reclaimed by her husband. She was an admirable woman, of highly improved mind, and of a strong and masculine understanding; an obedient wife, an exemplary mother, a fervent Christian. The marriage was blessed in all its circumstances: it was contracted in the prime of their youth; it was fruitful; and death did not divide them till they were both full of days."

Few particulars of the unmarried life of Mrs. Wesley have been recorded; but the little that is known proves her to have possessed a vigorous understanding, a resolute will, and great energy of purpose. She appears to have set out in life with a determination to think and judge for herself, and as far as possible to see what evidence there was for the truth of those things which she was required to believe. Her father, Dr. Annestey, was one of the ejected ministers; a man of great integrity and worth, who suffered much for conscience' sake, and was highly esteemed by the Dissenters for piety, charity, and zeal. His children were carefully educated in the principles of their father, and Susannah, who was the youngest daughter, always mentioned it as one of the most signal mercies of her life, that she had been early taught by the counsels and good example of her pious parents.

It might not unnaturally have been supposed that the

circumstances of her father's sufferings and life would have influenced her opinions in favour of Nonconformist principles. Possibly, the conviction that her prepossessions were in favour of Dissent made her the more desirous to preserve her mind perfectly unbiased. Be that as it may, she has herself stated that, before she was thirteen years of age she had examined the whole controversy between the Dissenters and the Establishment, and had "determined her judgment to the preference" of the latter. She adds (with reason), that this proceeding on her part was "something remarkable." It will perhaps appear the less unaccountable if it be borne in mind that the practice of giving young girls a learned education, which began in England with the Reformation, had not been laid aside in Mrs. Wesley's youth, and that her early studies had been directed to theology. She appears, from some incidental references in her diary, to have understood Greek and Latin. It is evident she was a strict disciplinarian, and very earnest and diligent in her religious duties. When in after life urging these things upon her children, she says: "I will tell you what I used to observe when I was in my father's house, and had as little, if not less liberty than you have now. I used to allow myself as much time for recreation as I spent in private devotion; not that I always spent so much, but I gave myself leave to go so far, but no further: in the same way in all things else I appointed so much time for sleep, eating, and company." The conscientiousness thus early evinced continued to be her ruling principle through life. Happily, her affections were early fixed upon her future husband, whom she calls "a religious and orthodox man;" and by his judicious counsels her mind was emancipated from the erroneous views in which it had become entangled.

The duties of the married estate quickly multiplied upon her. She had no fewer than nineteen children, of whom three sons and three daughters only attained to full age. Shortly after her marriage she made a resolution to spend one hour, morning and evening, in private devotion, in prayer and meditation; and she persevered in it ever after, unless sickness or necessary business hindered. Occasionally, like the psalmist, she repaired on the same errand at noon-tide to her chamber, where she meditated, and recorded the result of her holy musings. No housewife was ever more diligent in business or attentive to family affairs than she was. By method and good arrangement she not only saved much time, but preserved her mind free from needless perplexity. In the training and education of her children she adopted a peculiar system of her own. Everything in their daily menage was conducted by rule, and the strictest punctuality enforced. Her method of teaching them to read was remarkable. She thus describes it in a letter written to her son John: "None of them were taught to read till five years old, except Kezzy, in whose case I was overruled; and she was more years in learning than any of the rest had been months. The way of teaching was this: The day before a child began to learn, the house was set in order; every one's work appointed them, and a charge given that none should come into the room from nine till twelve, or from two till five, which were our school hours. One day was allowed the child wherein to learn its letters, and each of them did in that time know all its letters, except Molly and Nancy, who were

a day and a half before they knew them perfectly; for which I then thought them very dull: but the reason why I thought them so was because the rest learned them so readily; and your brother Samuel, who was the first child I ever taught, learned the alphabet in a few hours. He was five years old on the 10th February; the next day he began to learn, and as soon as he knew the letters began at the first chapter of Genesis. He was taught to spell the first verse, then to read it over and over, till he could read it off-hand without any hesitation; so on to the second, &c., till he took ten verses for a lesson, which he quickly did. Easter fell low that year, and by Whitsunday he could read a chapter very well; for he read continually, and had such a prodigious memory that I cannot remember ever to have told him the same word twice. What was yet stranger, any word he had learned in his lesson, he knew whenever he saw it, either in his Bible or any other book; by which means he learned very soon to read any English author well.

"The same method was observed with them all. As soon as they knew the letters they were first put to spell, and read one line, then a verse, never leaving till perfect in their lesson, were it shorter or longer. So one or other continued reading at school time without any remission; and before we left school each child read what he had learned that morning, and ere we parted in the afternoon, what they had learned that day."

Samuel, the eldest son, was born about 1692, and in the following year his father was presented to the living of Epworth in Lincolnshire, which he held upwards of forty years. Mr. Wesley was through life a zealous Churchman, having, (as has been said,) left the Dissenters

when very young. He soon attracted notice by his ability and his erudition. "Talents," says Mr. Southey, "found their way into public less readily in that age than in the present; and, therefore, when they appeared, they obtained attention the sooner. Wesley was thought capable of forwarding the plans of James II. with regard to religion, and preferment was promised him if he would preach in behalf of the king's measures. But, instead of reading the king's Declaration, as he was required, and although surrounded with courtiers, soldiers, and informers, he preached boldly against the designs of the court, taking for his text the pointed language of the prophet Daniel, -'If it be so, our God, whom we serve, is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace; and he will deliver us out of thy hand, O king! But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.' When the Revolution was effected, Mr. Wesley was the first who wrote in its defence: he dedicated the work to Queen Mary, and was rewarded for it with the living of Epworth in Lincolnshire. It is said that if the queen had lived longer he would have obtained more preferment.

Mrs. Wesley differed from the political opinions of her husband, being a Jacobite at heart, but, like a prudent woman, she kept her opinions to herself, and said nothing upon the matter. Singularly enough, her zealous spouse did not discover how matters stood till shortly before King William died, when, accidentally, he noticed that she did not say amen to the prayers for him. Instead of imitating her forbearance, he questioned her on the subject, and learned, to his indignant surprise, that she did not believe the Prince of Orange was king; where-

upon he vowed in his wrath that he would not live with her again as his wife until she did! In pursuance of this absurd vow, he immediately took horse and rode away, nor did she hear of him again till about twelve months afterwards, when the death of the king released him from his rash engagement, and sent him back to the embraces of his sensible wife, who forgave him, and made him a happy man. He never left her again!

John, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley, and the founder of Methodism, was born at Epworth on the 17th June 1703. When the child was nearly six years old a calamity happened which threatened the whole family with destruction, and him in particular. Epworth is a markettown in Lincolnshire, irregularly built, and containing at that time in its parish about two thousand persons. Mr. Wesley found the people in a demoralized, profligate state, and the zeal with which he discharged his duty in admonishing them of their guilt and danger excited a spirit of diabolical hatred in those whom his exhortations failed to reclaim. Some of these miserable beings attempted to set his house on fire twice without success, but at length they effected their horrid purpose. At midnight some pieces of burning wood fell from the roof upon the bed in which one of the children lay, and burned her feet. Before she could give the alarm her father was roused by a cry of fire from the street. Little imagining that it was in his own house, he opened the door, and found it full of smoke, and that the roof was already burned through. His wife, who had been recently confined, and was very ill at the time, slept in a separate room. Bidding her and the two eldest girls rise and shift for their lives, he burst open the nursery door, where

the maid was sleeping with five children. She snatched up the youngest, and called to the others to follow her: the three elder did so, but John, who was not awakened by all the clamour, was forgotten in the confusion and alarm. By the time they reached the hall the flames had spread everywhere around them, and Mr. Wesley then discovered that the key of the house door was up stairs. He ran and recovered it, and a few moments later the staircase took fire. When the door was opened a strong north-east wind drove in the flames with such violence from the side of the house that it was impossible to stand against them. Some of the children got through the windows, and others through a little door into the garden. Mrs. Wesley could not gain the garden door, and was not in a condition to climb to the windows: after three times attempting to face the flames, and shrinking as often from their force, she besought Christ to preserve her, if it were His will, from that dreadful death; she then, to use her own expression, waded through the fire and escaped into the street, naked as she was, with some slight scorching of the hands and face. At this time John, who had not been missed till that moment, was heard crying in the nursery. The father ran to the stairs, but they were so nearly consumed that they could not bear his weight; and being utterly in despair, he fell upon his knees in the hall, and in agony commended the soul of the child to God. John had been awakened by the light, and thinking it was day called to the maid to take him up; but as no one answered he opened the curtains, and saw streaks of fire upon the top of the room. He ran to the door, and finding it impossible to escape that way, climbed upon a

chest which stood near the window, and he was then seen from the yard. There was no time to procure a ladder, but happily the house was low; one man was hoisted upon the back of another, and could then reach the window, so as to take him out. A moment later and it would have been too late; the whole roof fell in, and had it not fallen inward they must all have been crushed together. When the child was carried out to the house where his parents were, the father cried out,—" Come, neighbours, let us kneel down; let us give thanks to God! He has given me all my eight children; let the house go, we are rich enough!"

John Wesley remembered this providential deliverance through life with the deepest gratitude. In reference to it, he had a house in flames engraved under one of his portraits, with these words for the motto,—" Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?" The peculiar danger and wonderful escape of the child excited at the time a great deal of attention and inquiry, especially among the friends and relations of the family, and his mother was profoundly impressed by the event. Among the private meditations contained in her papers was one, written out long after it occurred, in which she expressed in prayer her intention to be more particularly careful of the soul of this child, which God had so mercifully preserved, that she might instill into him the principles of true religion and virtue. "Lord," she said, "give me grace to do it sincerely and prudently, and bless my attempts with good success."

Her pious endeavours were not without fruit: so early did he give evidence of genuine piety, that when but eight years old he began to receive the sacrament. In the month of April 1712 he had the small-pox. His father was then in London, to whom his mother wrote thus: "Jack has bore his disease bravely like a man, and indeed like a Christian, without any complaint; though he seemed angry at the small-pox when they were sore, as we guessed by his looking sourly at them, for he never said anything."

In another letter written at this time to her husband, Mrs. Wesley tells him she had formed a little meeting at her house on a Sunday evening, when she read a sermon and prayed and conversed with the people, who came for this purpose. This irregular proceeding was occasioned by the frequent absences of Mr. Wesley, who usually attended the sittings of Convocation. Such attendance was, in his opinion, a part of his duty; and he performed it at an expense of money which he could ill spare from the necessities of his numerous family, and at a cost of time which was injurious to his parish. During these absences, as there was no afternoon service at the church, Mrs. Wesley assembled her family on Sunday evenings, and read a sermon and engaged in religious conversation. Some of the parishioners, who came in accidentally, were present on these occasions; and by their report others were made desirous of attending also, and in this manner from thirty to forty persons assembled.

After this had continued some time she happened to find in her husband's study a volume giving an account of the Danish missionaries, and was greatly impressed by its perusal. The book strengthened her desire of doing good: she chose "the best and most awakening sermons, and spoke with greater earnestness and affec-

tion to the neighbours who attended her evening meetings. Their numbers increased in consequence, for she did not feel it right to deny any who sought for admittance. More persons at length came than the room could hold, and the thing was represented to her husband in such a manner that he wrote to her objecting to her proceeding, because "it looked particular" on account of her sex, and because, in consequence of his public station and character, it was most undesirable that she, as his wife, should do anything to attract censure. He therefore recommended her procuring some person to officiate for her. In her reply she began by heartily thanking him for dealing so plainly and faithfully with her in a matter which she felt to be of no small concern. "As to its looking particular," she said, "I grant it does; but so does almost everything that is serious, or that may any way advance the glory of God or the salvation of souls, if it be performed out of a pulpit or in the way of common conversation; because, in our corrupt age, the utmost care and diligence has been used to banish all discourse of God or spiritual concerns out of society, as if religion were never to appear out of the closet, and we were to be ashamed of nothing so much as of confessing ourselves to be Christians."

To the objection on account of her being a woman, she said she was also the mistress of a large family, and though the superior charge lay upon her husband as their head and minister, yet, in his absence, she could not but look upon every soul which he had left under her care as a talent committed to her under a trust by the great Lord of all the families of heaven and earth. The objections which arose from his own station and character she left

entirely to his own judgment. "For my own part," she said, "I value no censure on this account. I have long since shook hands with the world, and I heartily wish I had never given them more reason to speak against me." As to the proposal of letting some other person read for her, she thought her husband had not considered what people they were: not a man among them could read a sermon without spelling a good part of it, and how would that edify the rest? And none of her own family had voices loud enough to be heard by so many.

In the meantime the curate of Epworth bestirred himself in the matter, and thought proper to write to Mr. Wesley, complaining that a conventicle was held in his house. This charge was well fitted to alarm so zealous a Churchman, and he accordingly declared in his second letter to his wife a more decided disapprobation of these meetings than he had before expressed. The prudent woman paused a while before answering, thinking it wise and fitting that they should both act with deliberation in coming to a final determination on this important matter. When she did write, it was to urge clearly and judiciously the consideration of the good which had already resulted and the evil which must inevitably ensue should the prejudices of the people be excited by discontinuing meetings which they had shown so much interest in. She concluded thus in reference to her own duty as a wife: "If you do after all think fit to dissolve this assembly, do not tell me that you desire me to do it, for that will not satisfy my conscience, but send me your positive command in such full and express terms as may absolve me from guilt and punishment for neglecting the opportunity of doing good when you and I shall stand

before the great and awful tribunal of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Mr. Wesley made no further objections, and thoroughly respecting the principles and understanding of his wife, he judged proper to leave her to pursue her own course.

At this time John and Charles were under their mother's care, and with what wisdom and earnestness she discharged her important duties, and especially in the all-important matter of their religious training, we learn from her own statement. "I resolved," she says, "to do more for the salvation of souls, and I resolved to begin with my own children; and I observed the following method:—I took such a proportion of time as I could best spare every night to discourse with each child by itself on something relating to its principal concerns. On Monday I talked with Molly; on Tuesday with Hetty; Wednesday, with Nancy; Thursday, with Jacky; Friday, with Patty; Saturday, with Charles; and with Emily and Suky together on Sunday."

Talents of no ordinary kind were hereditary in this remarkable family. Samuel, the elder brother, who was eleven years older than John, could not speak at all till he was more than four years old, and consequently was thought to be deficient in his faculties; but it seemed afterwards as though the child had been laying up stores in secret till that time, for one day, when some question was proposed to another person concerning him, he answered it himself in a manner which astonished all who heard him, and from that hour he continued to speak without difficulty. He distinguished himself, first at Westminster, and afterwards at Christ Church, Oxford, by his classical attainments. From Christ Church he

returned to Westminster as an usher, and then took orders.

His mother, well knowing the dangers that awaited him at Westminster, was deeply anxious for the preservation of his morals. With womanly ingenuity, as well as maternal authority, she urged upon him the claims of virtue and religion. "I hope," she writes to him, "that you retain the impressions of your education, nor have forgot that the vows of God are upon you. You know that the first-fruits are Heaven's by an inalienable right, and that as your parents devoted you to the service of the altar, so you yourself made it your choice. But have you duly considered what such a choice and such a dedication import? Consider well what separation from the world, what purity, what devotion, what exemplary virtue are required in those who are to guide others to glory!

"I would advise you as much as possible, in your present circumstances, to throw your business into a certain method, by which means you will learn to improve every precious moment, and find facility in the performance of your varied duties. Begin and end the day with Him who is the Alpha and the Omega; and if you really experience what it is to love God, you will redeem all the time you can for his immediate service. In all things endeavour to act upon principle, and do not live like the rest of mankind, who pass through the world like straws upon a river, which are carried as the stream or the wind drives them. Often ask yourself, Why do I this, or that? Why do I pray, read, study, &c.; by which means you will come to such a steadiness and consistency in your words and actions as becomes a rational being and a good Christian."

These admirable counsels had the desired effect, and the youth was preserved uncontaminated by the evil examples and unallured by the fascinating snares which his mother had dreaded on his account.

Charles, the second son, was sent to Westminster and placed under the care of his eldest brother. John was educated at the Charter House, from whence he was removed at the age of seventeen, to Christ Church, Oxford. When the time of life arrived for him to decide on his future calling, he began to reflect seriously on the importance of the priestly office, and shrank from taking upon himself so awful a charge. His mother was of opinion that he should enter into deacon's orders without delay, because it might be an inducement to greater application in the study of practical divinity. "Resolve," said she, "to make religion the business of your life; for, after all, this is the one thing necessary: all things else are comparatively little to the purposes of life. I heartily wish you would now enter upon a strict examination of yourself, that you may know whether you have a reasonable hope of salvation by Jesus Christ. If you have the satisfaction of knowing, it will infinitely reward your pains; if you have not, you will find a more reasonable occasion for tears than can be met with in a tragedy."

In conformity to this advice he applied himself closely to theological studies: his devotional feelings were thus fostered and developed, and he became desirous of entering upon his ministerial career. In the pursuit of his studies he was greatly impressed with the famous treatise, "De Initatione Christi;" the view taken in that work of human life and Christian duties being at first repugnant to his sentiments. Upon this, as upon all

other subjects, he consulted his parents, as his natural and best counsellors. His mother agreed with him that the author of the treatise had more zeal than knowledge, and was one of those who would unnecessarily strew the way of life with thorns. "Would you judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of pleasure," she said; "take this rule:—Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things,—in short, whatever increases the strength and authority of your body over your mind, that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself."

Well might Wesley consult upon such questions a mother who was capable of reasoning and writing thus. His father expressed a different opinion, but he referred him to his mother, saying, that "she had leisure to boult the matter to the bran." This reference to her judgment on such a subject shows the high opinion her husband entertained of her judgment and experience. Her attainments were undoubtedly extraordinary; but they had not rendered her self-opiniated, nor had the deference which was paid to her by her husband and children made her in any degree presumptuous. She speaks of herself in this correspondence as being infirm and slow of understanding, but expresses the delight which it gave her to correspond with her son upon such topics.

At another time the young theologian imparted to her his misgivings as to the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination. She argued, in her reply, that "there could be no more reason to suppose that the prescience of God is the cause why so many finally perish, than that our knowing the sun will rise to-morrow is the cause of its

rising." But she wondered why men woul amuse themselves in searching into the decrees of God, which no human wit could fathom, and not rather employ their time and powers in making their own election sure. "Such studies," she said, "tended more to confound than to inform the understanding; but, as he had entered upon it, if her thoughts did not satisfy him, he had better consult his father, who was surely much better qualified for a casuist than herself."

The great change which was now perceptible in the conduct and manners of life adopted by young Wesley, speedily made him the object of satire among his fellows, and he had to bear the dread criterion of ridicule. Upon this occasion his father told him it was a callow virtue that could not bear being laughed at. His wiser mother encouraged him after a different fashion. "If," said she, "it is a weak virtue that cannot bear being laughed at, I am sure it is a strong and well-confirmed virtue that can stand the test of a brisk buffoonery. Many people, though well inclined, have made shipwreck of faith and a good conscience, merely because they could not bear raillery. I would therefore advise those who are in the beginning of a Christian course to shun the company of profane wits as they would the plague or poverty; and never to contract an intimacy with any but such as have a good sense of religion."

What joyful gratitude must have inspired the heart of such a mother, when she beheld this the son of her peculiar regard confirmed in all holy principles and godliness! Her most ardent desire was thus fulfilled in the instance of John; nor was it long before Charles—who had hitherto appeared indisposed to cultivate the

more active devotion and decided piety of his elder brother—awoke from his lethargy, and began in good earnest to manifest his altered feeling. Not knowing how or when the spark divine had kindled within his soul, he imputed what he experienced to the efficacy of another's prayers—probably his mother's.

Mr. Wesley senior died in the month of April 1735, at a good old age, and longing for immortality. His sons John and Charles were with him during the last stage of his illness. A few days before his departure he said to them, "The weaker I am in body, the stronger and more sensible support I feel from God." He had no fear of death; and the peace of God which he enjoyed appeared sometimes to suspend his bodily sufferings, and when they recurred, to sustain his mind above them. So peaceful was his end, that for some considerable time those present were in doubt whether or not the spirit had flown. Mrs. Wesley, who for several days, whenever she entered his chamber, had been carried out of it in a fit, recovered her fortitude now, and said her prayers were heard, for God had granted him an easy death, and had strengthened her to bear it.

The widow and an unmarried daughter were left with little or no provision; and a heartless woman, of whom Mr. Wesley rented a few fields, seized the live stock on the very day of the funeral, for a debt of £15. Samuel was now their support. His brother Charles writing to him said, "If you take London in your way, my mother desires you would remember she is a clergyman's widow. Let the Society give her what they please, she must still, in some degree, be burthensome to you, as she calls it. How do I envy you that glorious burthen, and wish I

could share in it! You must put me into some way of getting a little money, that I may do something in this shipwreck of the family."

The latest earthly desires of Mr. Wesley had been that he might complete his work upon the Book of Job, pay his debts, and see his eldest son once more. The first of these desires seems to have been accomplished, and John was charged to present the volume to Queen Caroline. Going to London on this commission, he found that the trustees of the new colony of Georgia were in search of persons who would preach the gospel there to the settlers and the Indians, and that they had fixed their eyes on him and his associates, as men who appeared fitted for the requirements of such a service. Among other objections made by him to accept this mission, he urged the grief which it must occasion his mother if he were to leave her, being the staff of her age, her chief support and comfort. He was asked whether he would go if his mother's approbation could be obtained. This he thought impossible, but he consented that the trial should be made, and secretly determined that, if she were willing, he would receive her assent as the call of God. Her noble-hearted answer was, "Had I twenty sons I should rejoice that they were all so employed, though I should never see them more."

Mrs. Wesley had indeed known her full share of sorrow. During her husband's life she had struggled with narrow circumstances and multitudinous cares; and at his death she was left dependent. Of nineteen children she had wept over the early graves of by far the greater number. She had survived her eldest son Samuel, and she suffered the bitter grief of seeing her daughters

unhappy in the connections they had formed. But hers was not "the sorrow of the world that worketh death," but the chastening of her heavenly Father's hand. She felt this, and expressed it in the language of faith and love. "Though man is born to trouble," she wrote, "yet I believe there is scarce one to be found upon earth, but, take the whole course of his life, hath more mercies than afflictions, and much more pleasure than pain. I am sure it has been so in my case. I have many years suffered much pain and great bodily infirmities; but I have likewise enjoyed great intervals of rest and ease. And those very sufferings have, by the blessing of God, been of excellent use, and proved the most proper means of reclaiming me from a vain and sinful conversation, so that I cannot say I had better have been without them. They have all, by the admirable management of Omnipotent Goodness, concurred to promote my spiritual and everlasting good. Eternal glory be to thee, O Lord!"

All her children had equally shared her care and devoted attention, and with her daughters' education she had taken great pains. Mehetabel, the elder, was a girl of much promise. In her person remarkably pleasing, in disposition gentle and affectionate, of high principle, and gifted with a large share of ability, she was all that her fond parents could have desired. In the spring freshness of her youth and hope her affections were engaged by one who, in point of abilities and station, might have been a suitable husband for her. Some unfortunate circumstances, however, occasioned a disagreement with her father, the match was broken off, and the poor girl fell into the fatal error not unfrequently

committed by women under similar circumstances—she married the first person who offered. This was a man entirely unsuited to her in position and manners, inferior in education and in intellect, and quite unworthy of her regard. Duty in her, however, produced so much affection for the miserable creature to whom she had plighted her troth, that the brutal profligacy of his conduct and his cruel indifference almost broke her heart. Under such feelings, and at a time when she believed and hoped she should soon be at peace in the grave, she composed this epitaph for herself:—

"Destined while living to sustain
An equal share of grief and pain,
All various ills of human race
Within this breast had once a place.
Without complaint she learned to bear
A living death, a long despair;
Till hard oppressed by adverse fate,
O'ercharged, she sank beneath the weight,
And to this peaceful tomb retired,
So much esteemed, so long desired.
The painful' mortal conflict's o'er—
A broken heart can bleed no more."

From that illness, however, she recovered, so far as to linger on for many years, living to find in religion the consolation which she needed, and which nothing else can bestow for grief like hers.

Among John Wesley's pupils there was a young man named Hall, of good person, considerable talents, and manners in a high degree prepossessing to the casual observer. Wesley became much attached to him, and formed a high opinion of his piety and goodness. He introduced him to his family, and the youth became a frequent visitor at Epworth, availing himself of the opportunity to win the affections of the youngest sister, Kezia. he obtained her promise to marry him, and not till then

announced the fact to her brother and her parents, affirming vehemently that it was the will of God the marriage should take place. Notwithstanding this reprehensible conduct the family did not attempt to oppose the match; it was an advantageous one, and the girl's affections were too deeply engaged. But, to the utter surprise and indignation of all parties, in a very short time Mr. Hall changed his mind, and addressed himself to the other sister, Martha. This infamous conduct was properly resented by the family, and especially by the brothers; notwithstanding which the marriage took place. The subsequent conduct of this worthless man was such as might have been anticipated from his unprincipled behaviour in this affair. After a time he forsook his wife and lived in a loose and scandalous manner. The injured girl possessed a lofty spirit; she subdued her resentment and submitted with apparent resignation to the wrong which she had sustained; but it consumed her by the slow operation of a settled grief. Charles Wesley thus describes her welcome release in a letter to his brother John:-"Yesterday morning sister Kezzy died in the Lord Jesus. Full of thankfulness, resignation, and love, without pain or trouble, she commended her spirit into the hands of the Saviour and fell asleep."

Mrs. Hall bore her fate with resignation, and with an inward consciousness that her punishment was not heavier than her fault;—that fault excepted, the course of her life was exemplary, and she lived to be the last survivor of a family whose years were protracted far beyond the ordinary age of man.

These family sorrows must have weighed heavily upon the mother's heart. Her private journals afford sufficient proof that she derived consolation under every trial in submission to the divine will, and in lively hope of eternal joys. In the holy breathings of her soul she glorified her God. "I rejoice," she exclaims, "that he has power over me, and desire to live in subjection to him, while he condescends to punish me when I transgress his laws, as a father chasteneth the son whom he loveth. I thank him that he has brought me so far, and will beware of despairing of his mercy, for the time which is yet to come, but will give God the glory of his free grace."

About four years after she lost her husband she went to reside in London, where she enjoyed the society of her sons alternately, the one being always in town while the other was in the country. In a touching letter written to Charles when he was in Bristol, she says: "You cannot more desire to see me than I do you. Your brother, whom I shall henceforward call son Wesley, since my dear Sam is gone home, has just been with me, and much revived my spirits. Indeed I find that he never speaks without my receiving some spiritual benefit. His visits, indeed, are seldom and short, for which I never blame him, because I know he is well employed, and, blessed be God, hath great success in his ministry. But my dear Charles, still I want either him or you: for, in the most literal sense, I am become a little child, and need continual succour. 'As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend.' . . . . I hope we shall shortly speak face to face; but then, alas! when you come your brother leaves me-yet that is the will of God, in whose blessed service you are engaged, who hath hitherto blessed your labours and preserved your persons. That he may continue so to prosper your work and

(82)

protect you both from evil, and give you strength and courage to preach the true gospel in opposition to the united powers of evil men and evil angels, is the hearty prayer of your loving mother, S. W."

It is pleasant to see this admirable woman, amid the weakness and infirmities of age, thus animated with zeal for the success of her sons' ministry, and watching with lively interest their progress in the establishment of that system to which they gave their name. Nor is it a little curious to find her, shortly before her death, advocating the cause of lay-preaching, which, at the first, was regarded in the light of a dangerous innovation by John Wesley. His mother, observing a cloud of displeasure resting upon his face one day when he had returned to London at an unexpected time, inquired the cause. He replied, "Thomas Maxfield has turned preacher, I find." Whereupon fixing her earnest eyes full upon him she said, "John, you know what my sentiments have been; you cannot suspect me of favouring readily anything of this kind; but take care what you do with respect to that young man, for he is as surely called of God to preach as you are. Examine what have been the fruits of his preaching, and hear him also yourself."

In compliance with this advice Wesley heard the young neophyte preach, and expressed at once his satisfaction and his sanction by saying, "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good."

A few months after this incident, Wesley, arriving in London from one of his circuits, found his mother "on the borders of eternity, waiting and willing to depart and to be with Christ." On the third day after his return he perceived that her change was near. "I sat down," he

says, "on the bedside. She was in her last conflict, unable to speak, but, I believe, quite sensible. Her look was calm and serene, and her eyes fixed upward while we commended her soul to God. From three to four the silver cord was loosing and the wheel breaking in the cistern; and then, without any struggle, sigh, or groan, the soul was set at liberty. We stood around the bed, and fulfilled her last request, uttered a little before she lost her speech: 'Children, as soon as I am released sing a psalm of praise to God.'"

Such was the befitting termination of the life of Susannah Wesley, a woman to whom the Church of God is much indebted, and whom Providence saw fit to bless with peculiar qualifications for the work which was given her to do. Let her memory be preserved; but few have so well deserved the venerable, time-honoured designation, "A MOTHER IN ISRAEL."

She died on the 23rd of July, 1742, and on the ninth day after, being Sunday the 1st of August, her son John performed the funeral service, which he thus impressively describes: "Almost an innumerable company of people being gathered together, about five in the afternoon I committed to the earth the body of my mother, to sleep with her fathers. The portion of Scripture from which I afterwards spoke was, 'I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened, and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.' It was one of the most solemn assemblies I ever saw, or expect to see, on this side eternity."

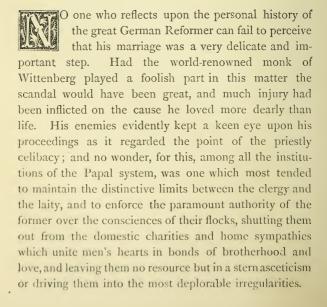


### X.

## KATHARINE VON BORA,

#### LUTHER'S WIFE.

"A woman is, or at least should be, a friendly, courteous, and merry companion in life: the honour and the ornament of the house; inclined to tenderness: the pleasure, joy, and solace of her husband."—LUTHER.



The German character is strongly disposed to domestic and family enjoyments, and accordingly the system of compulsory celibacy among the clergy was felt to be a peculiarly heavy yoke, besides having produced the most mischievous consequences in a moral point of view. As soon, therefore, as the Reformation began vigorously to take root this terrible evil was attacked. The first who asserted his freedom was Feldkirchen, pastor of Kemberg, one of Luther's earliest followers. He married, and his example was soon followed by other priests. The first impulse of the reformer was to rejoice at this bold step. Luther was convinced that priests ought to be married; but this question led to a another—the marriage of monks, and in it was involved the whole question of monachism. "Priests," said he, "are instituted by God: consequently they are free as regards human commands. But it is of their own will that monks have chosen celibacy; they, therefore, are not free to withdraw themselves from the yoke which they have chosen." Upon this point he had to endure one of those inward conflicts of which his life was made up; for with him every reform was preceded by a spiritual struggle. At length he became convinced that the monastic life was an error; he perceived that it was founded upon the fancied merits of human righteousness, and that it was therefore opposed to the great cardinal doctrine of his teaching,-Justification by Faith alone. This conviction constantly gathered strength in his mind, and at length, in the autumn of 1521, he made his declaration of war against monachism, and shortly after wrote a book upon vows, which he dedicated to his father, and in which he attacked the system in so powerful a manner as proved

irresistible. This document burst open the prison gates of the monasteries like a petard. Many of them were speedily dissolved or forsaken by the monks; and the Augustinians of Luther's own convent at Wittenberg held an assembly in which it was decided that it ought to be left to every one's conscience whether he would remain there or not. Before long the last monk had departed; Luther was left alone, his footsteps only resounded in the long corridor, and he sat solitary in the refectory so lately resounding with the voices of his brethren. The monastery had ceased to exist, and in the month of December 1524 Luther sent the keys to the Elector Frederick with a letter in which he said that he must now look round to see in what way God would provide for him. The Elector gave the convent to the University, and invited Luther to continue his residence there. The prison-house of the poor shaven-crowns was about to become the home of a Christian family.

It remained only that the reformer should confirm his doctrine by his example, and himself enter the married state. Yet for a time he was indisposed to take the step. His aged father, who had with much dissatisfaction seen him take the conventual vows, entreated him to marry; but he might well plead with St. Paul, "It is good for the present distress" to abstain. His thoughts were, indeed, turned more to the idea of martyrdom than of marriage, and he answered those who urged him to it,—" God may change my mind as it pleases him, but for the present I have no thought of taking a wife; not that I feel no inclination towards the state; I am neither wood nor stone, but I every day expect death and the punishment due to a heretic."

"I am neither wood nor stone;"—true enough; he was a warm-hearted, loving man, with a kindly soul; and now that he felt free to look with affectionate eyes on the women, he considered them in a different manner to what he had formerly done. He admired them as suitable companions and helpmeets for men, and even criticised their personal charms. "The hair," said he, "is the finest ornament of a woman. Of old, virgins used to wear it loose, except when they were in mourning: I like women to let their hair fall down their back; it is a most agreeable sight."

Luther was no longer young; still he was in the prime of manhood, just forty years old, and one can imagine the ardent soul beaming out at his eyes and making him far from unattractive to feminine taste. He had already been called on to act as a protector to several young women who had escaped from a neighbouring convent, and among them was one destined to become his wife. This was Katharine von Bora, "a maiden," says Erasmus, "of an illustrious family, but without dowry." The place of her birth is unknown; her father's family resided at Steinlausitz, in Meissen, and her mother was of the noble house of Haugwitz. The convents frequently afforded a refuge for the unprovided children of noble families; and it is not improbable that the parents of the young girl died when she was but a child, as no mention is afterwards made of them. The date of Katharine's birth is exactly preserved on a medal which, according to the custom of those days, she received as a present from her husband, on their marriage. It bears this inscription in Latin: "Dr. Martin Luther gave this image to his Katharine, who was born on the 29th January, 1499."

The first mention of her speaks of her being an inmate of the Cistercian convent at Nimptschen, near Grimma, in Saxony, at the time when Luther's writings were finding their way even over the lofty walls of the nunneries, and making entrance into the hearts of the poor forlorn recluses. It was not possible that the movement which was agitating the whole world should remain unknown to them; and they learned with surprise and delight that it was at their option to recall their vows. Nine of their number determined to take the step without delay. They accordingly wrote to their friends humbly announcing their desire and beseeching them to come to their assistance and aid in procuring their release. Katharine was one of these suppliants; but their petition was unheeded, and the unhappy girls were cast on their own resources. They were resolute, and solemnly pledged themselves to act in concert, and while conducting themselves with all decorum and maidenly modesty, to escape from their convent, and betake themselves to some respectable place, where they might hope to find protection. To obtain a safe and trustworthy escort was the first thing needful, and in their necessity a friend was raised up for them. This was Leonard Koppe, a worthy citizen of Torgau, who, learning the circumstances of their case, offered his aid, which was most gratefully accepted. Assisted by two other worthy inhabitants of the town, he laid a plan which was presently carried into execution with complete success. The nunnery at Nimptschen possessed considerable property in and around Torgau, and hence there was necessarily much traffic between the two places. Unfortunately, however, the road led through the territories of Duke George of

Saxony, whose hostility to the new doctrine was well known. It was therefore desirable to exercise all possible caution, and Koppe arranged that the nuns should be carried off in a covered waggon which appeared to be laden only with empty casks. It was bruited abroad that he put them actually into the barrels; but probably that report was an ingenious fiction, for there were, of course, sure to be numerous embellishments of the affair. Their escape was effected on the night before Easter 1523, and they arrived safely at Wittenberg the following Tuesday. The party consisted of young ladies of good birth and superior station: besides Katharine there were Margaretta von Staupitz, a relative of Luther's tutor; Elizabeth von Canitz; the two sisters Veronica and Margaretta von Zeschau, nieces of the late prior of the Augustines; Laneta von Gohlitz; Eva Gross; and the two sisters Eva and Margaretta von Scheenfeld.

Luther's sympathy was greatly excited on behalf of these fugitives, and he warmly advocated their cause. Writing to Spalatin, the Elector's court chaplain, and giving him an account of the event, he besought pecuniary aid for them, entreating his friend to beg money of the wealthy courtiers, that he might provide for them till some arrangements could be made for their future maintenance. Spalatin was also requested to apply to the Elector, Luther adding, with reference to the well-known timidity of the latter, "I will take good care to keep the thing secret, and mention it to no one that he has given me something for the apostatizing nuns, who made vows contrary to God's will and are now delivered from them."

This application was complied with; money was sent by

the Elector and others, and several respectable inhabitants of Wittenberg cordially received them into their houses. Katharine became an inmate in the family of the burgomaster Philip Reichenbach, one of the principal men in the city, and remained under his roof two years, until her marriage, having this testimony given by her host, that she had conducted herself prudently and well.

It was the intention of Luther to arrange suitable marriages for his protegés when favourable opportunities should occur, and he was not long in finding a suitor for Katharine. This was a young Nuremberg patrician, named Hieronym Baumgærtner, who afterwards became an eminent man. He appears to have taken a liking for her, and she was not unfavourably disposed to him, but from some unexplained cause the affair passed off: the young man must, however, have acted honourably in the matter, for he continued to be on friendly terms with Luther, and in 1541 we find the latter applying to him in behalf of a poor man, and adding, at the close of his letter, "Your former sweetheart sends you her respectful greetings, and she now loves you with renewed affection, and heartily wishes you well."

A second suitor was Dr. Glatz, vicar of the arch-deaconry of Wittenberg and incumbent of Orlamunda; but Katharine evinced a disinclination to him which seems to have been well founded, for he was a man of choleric temperament and involved himself in disputes which caused his removal from office in 1537. When these negotiations were carrying on Luther himself had no intention of marrying, nor did he then feel any admiration for the damsel, as he afterwards acknowledged,—"I was not fond of my Kate at that time; for I

had a suspicion she was proud and supercilious; but it was God's good pleasure I should incline to her; and thank God! I have made a good choice."

In the October of that year Luther exchanged his monk's frock for a preacher's gown, for which the Elector sent him a piece of fine brown cloth. Writing at that time to Spalatin, he averred himself indisposed to take a wife; but it seems probable he was beginning to entertain the idea, since, a few months later, he said jocosely to the same friend, "Take care that I do not forestall you, who are already engaged, since God is wont to bring to pass what men least anticipate."

His resolution was secretly matured, and when he intimated that he had some thought of espousing Katharine von Bora, his friends with one voice opposed it and remonstrated. They feared lest the cause of the Reformation should be injured by such a marriage, for it was an ancient saying among the people, that Antichrist was to be born from the union of a monk with a nun. It is probable that this very thing decided Luther to persist in his purpose. To beard the world, the devil, and his opponents, was quite in accordance with his disposition, and by this deed he would show how completely he set at defiance all conventual prohibitions, and acted out his part as the reformer of abuses. His decision was adopted suddenly and carried into effect with equal promptitude. Without intimating his intention to his most confidential friends, he went, on the 13th June 1525, to the house of Reichenbach, Katharine's guardian, and formally solicited her hand. He was accompanied only by Dr. Bugenhagen, the parish priest of Wittenberg; Lucas Cranach, the celebrated painter; and Dr. Johann Apel, professor of canon law. His wishes had not been even hinted to Katharine, and she was completely taken by surprise, so that she at first doubted whether he were in jest or in earnest. But coming to herself, and being convinced that the proposal was made in all seriousness, she gave her consent, and that very evening the marriage ceremony was performed, in presence of the provost, Dr. Justus Jonas, Cranach's wife, and a few other witnesses.

We may imagine the scene as the great reformer, with grave and earnest aspect, taking his betrothed by the hand in solemn manner raised his eyes to heaven and uttered the following prayer immediately before the ceremony commenced: "Dear and heavenly Father, seeing thou hast honoured me by putting me into the ministry, and art now about to intrust me with fresh duties and cares, I beseech thee to bless and grant me grace that I may duly and piously rule and support my dear wife, family, and servants. Give me strength and wisdom to govern and train them aright, and endow them also with a good heart and ready will to follow thy precepts and be obedient to the same. Amen."

Meantime the object of his choice stood by his side thoughtful and agitated by the suddenness of the event, yet with determined mien, as well assured that she was confiding herself to the care and protection of a good and trustworthy man, the servant of God, and who would faithfully keep the vows he made to her. Of her personal appearance a pretty accurate idea is given by the portraits, taken at different periods of her life by Cranach, Luther's friend. They represent her of middle size, her countenance oval-shaped, the eyes bright and lively, the forehead

smooth and expansive, the nose somewhat short, the lips full, and the cheek bones rather high. She had not enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education, for the instruction given in convents was of a narrow and restricted kind, but she was sensible and gentle in disposition, and there was about her a naive simplicity which appears to have interested and amused Luther. In domestic matters she was diligent and skilful, and very expert at her needle. Several specimens of her work were preserved and shown among the relics in Luther's room; and of these the most interesting was a likeness of her husband embroidered in silk. This last piece of womanly skill must have been quite sui generis, and was certainly a delicate piece of flattery. wonders when she found time to execute it, for domestic cares speedily overtook her, as will be seen anon.

In consequence of the suddenness of the event no preparations could be made for the reception of guests on the wedding-day, but on the morrow festivities on a small scale were observed, a few friends invited to dinner, and the authorities of Wittenberg sent their congratulations accompanied with a present of wine. Whether rings were given and exchanged at the marriage does not appear, but two were subsequently made by the renowned Albert Durer, who was also a personal friend of Luther; one of them is still preserved in the library of Wolfenbüttel.

According to the custom of the time and in proof that the marriage had been solemnized, Luther, a fortnight after, publicly conducted his wife home; on which occasion he made a wedding-feast and invited several of his friends, as well as his father and mother. Among

the guests were Spalatin. Koppe, and Amsdorf. To the latter, who was an intimate friend, he wrote as follows: "It is true what report asserts, that, without any one's suspecting it, I have hastily united myself with the virtuous damsel, Katharine von Bora, to prevent the loud outcry of angry tongues. I have thus acted in compliance with the will of my dear father, in the hope that God will give me children, and that by my deed I may confirm what I teach. It is God's will and guidance. I therefore intend on Tuesday after St. John's day to make a marriage-feast, in order publicly to declare my entrance upon the married state; at which my dear parents will be present, and I would also gladly have you with us. I now therefore invite, bid, and call upon you, urgently requesting you will on no account refuse, if you have it in your power."

Spalatin was commissioned by the Elector to procure some venison for the occasion; John Pfister, afterwards preacher at Fürth, filled the office of cup-bearer; and the Town Council sent a cask of Einsbeck beer and a purse of guelders: they also at New Year presented the bride with a piece of Swabian linen valued at three dollars. There was no other drawback to the affair but the absence of Melancthon, who was dreadfully alarmed at the marriage and had earnestly deprecated it. This feeling on the part of his friend and colleague greatly chagrined Luther, and made him occasionally melancholy and dejected; which the former perceiving, did his best to moderate the annoyance he experienced and to comfort and cheer him. Katharine also behaved discreetly, and by degrees things assumed a quiet and comfortable course. For a time, as was natural, Luther

evidently felt at a loss to accommodate himself to his new estate, which is shown by the following droll remark he once made: "In the first year after marriage a man has singular thoughts. At dinner he thinks—'Before I was alone, but I am now myself and another person.' And, when he wakes in the morning he sees a couple of tails lying near him, which he formerly never saw."

This is a curious little peep into the domesticities of the Lutheran sanctum. One seems to see the great man waking up from some dream of conflict with the devil and his agents, and opening his eyes to behold—not the arch enemy, or one of the imps of darkness—but a sleeping wife, her long braided tails, that striking peculiarity in the head gear of a German woman, spread on the pillow beside him.

Their union was a truly happy one, and it speaks well for Katharine that in her society the spirit of the reformer grew more lightsome and serene; he was less combative, and solaced himself from the rancour of his enemies in his domestic joys and cares, saying, "The best gift of God is a pious and amiable wife, who fears God, loves her home, and with whom a man may live in peace and tranquil confidence." His Ketha, as he called her, showed a true affection for him; and, according to the testimony of Hieronym Weller, an old and valued family friend, who resided for some time in their house, Luther often spoke her praises, frequently saying he thanked God from the bottom of his heart that his wife was so excellent a helpmeet, taking such tender care of his health, accommodating herself so well to his habits, and bearing his infirmities so patiently; for, burdened as he was with labours and temptations, he could take but little care of himself. That he might be with her as much as possible, he often laboured at her side, and called her into his study; but there were times when he shut himself up even from his wife, and remained absorbed in thought, contemplation, and prayer. It is said that when engaged in writing his well-known Commentary on the twenty-second Psalm, he did not show himself for three whole days, until at length Katharine had the lock of his study opened by a smith. When she reproached him for the anxiety he had occasioned her, his only reply was, "Didst thou think I was doing something wrong?"

Their house, as before said, was the former monastery, a large rambling dwelling, much out of repair. It had a spacious garden attached, and in this Luther took much pleasure, and had it newly laid out and sown with seeds. There was also an orchard and a fish pond, which helped to furnish the table. Katharine, like a careful housewife, supplied, as much as possible, what was wanted from their home resources. Fruit and vegetables the garden supplied; she brewed with her own hands, and Luther said there was no beer agreed with him like hers. They had also a piggery, and thus there was no want of salt meat. It was a favourite maxim with our reformer, "To be prudent is the best revenue." His income, as divinity professor, was 175 thalers, about £,26, 10s., a considerable sum in those days, and he received many presents from the Elector and his personal friends; yet, without the greatest prudence and circumspection on the part of his wife, the family would have been in want, for Luther was for giving away with both

hands, and his house was never without visitors: it was a refuge for persons who fled from persecution, and was often filled with needy applicants. Frequently strangers demanded his hospitality, and sometimes he entertained persons of rank who, in those troublous times, were driven to and fro. All this rendered a strict management on the part of the mistress of the family indispensable. The principal apartment which they inhabited was provided with a stove of pyramidal form; the windows were composed of little round panes of glass, with small sashes; and the boarded ceiling was carved. Between the windows was a large bench, with two wooden seats placed opposite each other in a recess, and in the centre of the room a large plain family table, with cross This formed the entire furniture of the state chamber, which has been preserved to the present day.

On the 7th June 1526 Katharine gave birth to her first-born son, named John. This child is frequently mentioned with delight in Luther's letters: he was hailed as a gift from heaven, and the new joys of paternity were keenly felt by one whose nature was peculiarly susceptible, ardent, and affectionate. Luther was a most loving father, but, with his high conceptions of duty and responsibility, he was necessarily strict in the education of his children, and would brook no misconduct on their part. It is related that, on one occasion, John was disobedient, when his father refused to see him for some days, protesting that he had rather be without a son than have a rebellious one. His mother, Dr. Jonas, and another friend were obliged to intercede on behalf of the culprit before he was restored to favour. Yet Luther was so fond of him, that amidst all his pressing

engagements when absent from home he invariably wrote to this boy. The event of his birth was joyfully announced in the reformer's letters, and to his friend Stiefel, writing in the following August, he says: "Kate, my rib, sends you her greeting. Through mercy she is now well recovered, and is complacent, obedient, and obliging in every respect; in a greater degree than I could have hoped for, (God be thanked!) so that I would not exchange my poverty for the wealth of Croesus."

The year 1527 was one of deep affliction in their household. On the 9th July Luther was taken alarmingly ill. From his youth he was subject to violent attacks of internal disorder, and now his wife and friends trembled for his life. Katharine, with her child in her arms, was again expecting her confinement, and trouble filled her heart. Endeavouring to console her, he begged her to be resigned to the Divine will; spoke affectionately of her love and dutiful conduct to himself; and bade her put her trust in God and cleave firmly to him. Then he asked for his little boy, who was not quite a year old, and smiling on him said, "Oh, thou poor, dear, little fellow, I commend my dearest Kate and thee, poor orphan, to my blessed, kind, and faithful God. You have nothing, but he will nourish and provide for you." His weeping wife assured him of her readiness to yield him up at the call of his heavenly Father, and added, "Do not trouble yourself on my account, my dearest master; to the Divine mercy I commend you and myself, and I trust that he will graciously spare you."

Happily the disorder was quickly subdued, and Luther recovered; but fresh anxieties awaited them. The plague broke out in the town with such virulence that the University was removed by the Elector's order in all haste to Jena. Luther and Bugenhagen alone refused to quit Wittenberg, although, on the 1st of November, in writing to a friend he makes the following report of his household troubles: "My house is become a hospital. I am anxious about my Kate, who is expecting her confinement; and our little boy has been ill during the last three days, eats nothing, and is in a deplorable state." In another letter he touchingly says: "All have departed; we are alone, yet not alone; Christ, and your prayers, and those of every other Christian people, and all the holy angels are with us, though invisible."

It was a trying time for Katharine, but they were mercifully preserved from infection, and on the 10th of December her second child, a daughter, named Elizabeth, was born. This infant lived but a few months, and her death was the first dark cloud that overshadowed the hearts of the newly-married couple. "Elizabeth's decease," writes Luther, "has caused me an almost effeminate grief; but she has preceded us through death, into life with Christ." Thus he endeavoured to comfort himself and his distressed wife. Their loss was supplied to them in the following year by the birth of another girl, whom they called Magdalena, on whom the fondest affection of her father's heart was fixed.

Amidst the constant occupations and cares of her daily life Katharine was obliged to practise much self-denial, especially in reference to one point. Her husband's time was almost incessantly occupied, for even when at home and in health "he was daily immersed in books, so that windows, seats, and tables lay full of them; and he had so many letters to write that his pen was

perpetually in requisition, and he had need almost of two amanuenses."

The works he published are numerous and voluminous; and added to these were his lectures to the students, and his sermons; all which, together with his numberless visits and the various journeys he undertook, so constantly absorbed his time and attention, that it may be easily imagined he had but little leisure for domestic solace and recreation. Instead of murmuring, his wise and prudent helpmeet did her utmost to cheer and assist him. Not unfrequently she called to her assistance their mutual friend Dr. Jonas, whose vivacity and good sense scattered the clouds of melancholy which occasionally disturbed the mind of Luther; for though generally cheerful and happy in his God, there were seasons of spiritual darkness and conflict, when he passed through deep waters, and cried, in bitterness of soul, "All Thy waves and Thy billows go over me." At such times of sorrow and distress it was Katharine's part, feeble and ignorant as she felt herself to be, to encourage, comfort, and sometimes reprove him. Once, when nothing seemed to avail, he was induced to leave home for a few days, in the hope that he might recover his cheerfulness; but he returned with a cloudy and dejected countenance. How great was his surprise, on entering the house, to find his wife seated in the middle of the room, attired in black garments and with a mourning cloak thrown over her, while she pressed to her eyes her handkerchief, as if weeping bitterly. He eagerly inquired the cause of her distress, which she seemed loath at first to communicate; but, on his again imploring her to speak, she exclaimed: "Only think, dear Doctor, our Father in

heaven is dead! Judge if I have not cause for my grief." Upon this, immediately comprehending her riddle, he laughed, and embracing her, said, "You are right, dear Kate; I am acting as if there were no God in heaven;" and from that hour his melancholy left him.

During the diet of Augsburg, in the year 1530, Luther was absent from home for nearly six months, when, in order that his family might not be left unprotected, he invited his two friends Peter and Hieronym Weller to reside under his roof, and the latter of them, who was especially endeared to the reformer by a natural similarity of temperament, took pleasure in instructing his little son, then about four years old. On the 29th of May, Katharine received tidings of her father-in-law's death, and knowing the tender attachment of her husband for his parents, she dreaded the effect of this melancholy intelligence upon his spirits, and wrote him a consolatory letter, in which she enclosed the portrait of his darling little Magdalena taken on her first birth-day. With this he was greatly delighted, and fastened it upon the wall opposite the table at which he sat in the chamber he occupied during his solitary retreat in the Castle of Coburg. In the following year a second son, called after his father, was added to the family. Concerning this child his father writes, "The love of parents to their children always descends from the elder to the younger, and is so great and powerful that the more helpless they are, the more carefully their parents wait upon them. My little Martin is my dearest treasure because he requires my help more than John or Magdalena; they can now speak and ask for what they want, so that they do not need so much attention." Early in 1533 another boy came into the world, and was baptized by the name of Paul. "May God grant him," said his father, "the gifts and the grace of Paul." The birth of the youngest child, Margaret, in the winter of 1534, completed the family circle.

Amidst these constant experiences of alternate anxiety and relief, joy and sorrow, it is interesting to find occasional references to the spiritual intercourse maintained between Luther and his Katharine. He appears to have been especially anxious that her acquaintance with the Scriptures should be more intimate and extended, and for this purpose he frequently desired her to commit to memory various psalms and chapters which he selected. In one of his letters to Dr. Jonas he says, "My Kate has begun to read the Bible through. I have promised her fifty florins if she finishes it before Easter. She shows great earnestness in the matter, and is already in Deuteronomy." He seems to have been sometimes rather more urgent than his wife thought desirable, for she once replied that she had heard enough on that subject, that she daily read much, and could give an account of what she read. In one of Cranach's pictures representing Luther preaching in the chapel attached to the church at Wittenberg, Katharine is seen seated with the other women and evidently listening with attention to his exhortations.

Encouraged by her husband to converse with perfect freedom on religion she told him her most secret thoughts and made known the doubts which crossed her mind. Once when Luther exclaimed, "Good God! how must Abraham's heart have beat when he was commanded to offer up his only son! how painful must his journey to Mount Moriah have been! doubtless he said nothing to Sarah about it,"—Katharine replied, "I cannot bring myself to think that God can require anything so dreadful as that a man should slay his own child." "My dear Kate," was the answer; "canst thou not believe that God gave his only begotten Son to die for us, though there was nothing to Him so dear in heaven or upon earth? Abraham was instructed that there would be a resurrection from the dead, when he offered his dear Isaac, he had this promise that through him the Saviour of the world should be born, as the Epistle to the Hebrews testifies."

Sometimes, in her capacity of housewife, Kate lectured her husband; and he, who preached so much himself. was a cheerful and obedient hearer. "I must have patience with the Pope!" cried he once; "I must have patience with the fanatics, patience with the scavengers, patience with the servants, and patience with Katharine von Bora; and altogether so much patience is required, that patience constitutes my whole life. The women do not pray before they begin to preach, otherwise they would refrain from preaching, and cease when they had commenced; or, if their prayers were immediately heard, they would hold their peace." When his wife once thought herself very wise, he laughed, and merrily exclaimed, "If I were again wanting a wife, I would have one hewn out of stone; for I am in despair of all feminine obedience."

In the management of her domestic affairs Kate knew how to use her authority over those who were placed under her, and sometimes reproved them severely; for it

was absolutely needful that a household which attracted the attention of all who were inimically disposed throughout Germany should be conducted with circumspection and strictness. Of this Luther was abundantly sensible, and the more so because he was himself too much preoccupied to superintend these things; and there was another motive for vigilance, to which he thus refers in one of his letters: "It is only just that I should be registered among the poor; for my servants are too numerous, my household is a very strange one, and I spend more than I receive. My kitchen costs me every year five hundred florins, to say nothing of clothes, alms, and other expenses, while my income only amounts to two hundred florins." We must also take into account the numerous journeys, sponsorships, five children growing up, and the cultivation of a small farm in Zuellsdorf, near Wittenberg, which Luther purchased in 1540, as a country retreat for his family. Here Katharine was glad to take her children when he was absent; and he jocosely called it his wife's new kingdom, and herself a queen. Sometimes his letters to her were addressed to Katharine Luther von Bora and Zuellsdorf.

As is the case with every really good man, the reformer was tender of the reputation of the sex, and would not suffer it to be attacked in his presence without expressing a righteous indignation. Once at table some reference was made to a satirical pamphlet upon women. "Such things," said he, "will not go unpunished; if the author be of high rank, rest assured he is not really of noble origin, but a pretentious intruder into the family. What defects women have we must check them for in private and gently; for woman is a fragile vessel." The

doctor then turned round and said, "Let us talk of something else."

During the year 1535 another epidemic drove the University to Jena, but Luther remained at Wittenberg, notwithstanding all the entreaties of the Elector; both he and his wife were entirely devoid of fear, and thought only of assisting their neighbours in cases of extremity. The wife of a certain Dr. S——, Münoter, died of the disease, and he was himself attacked and dangerously ill. Many shook their heads, and called it a tempting of Providence, when they saw Katharine take the four helpless children into her house, and perform this work of faith and labour of love undismayed by all evil prognostications. Neither she nor any of her household suffered in consequence.

In the winter of 1537, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, and the fact that he was suffering from a painful disorder, Luther was obliged to travel to the Protestant States assembled at Smalcald. There he became so dangerously ill that the worst was apprehended. His sovereign himself visited him, and bade him be under no concern as to the wants of his family in case of his decease, as he promised to regard their interests as his own. Katharine was preparing to go to him when she received a letter from him, written on his way homeward, saying, "I have been near death, and commended thee and the children to my gracious God. I was much distressed on your account, and had actually given myself over; but such fervent prayer was made to God for me, and so many tears shed on my behalf, that the Lord caused me last night to feel as if I were new born. Thank God, therefore, and let the dear children, with Aunt Lena (Katharine's aunt), thank their true Father who has spared me. Thou mayest now remain at home, since God has so abundantly restored me that I hope to come again to thee with joy." However, he was taken so ill the following night at Gotha, that he had the sacrament administered to him. His wife now hastened to his side, and they met on the 10th of March, in Spalatin's house, at Altenburg, where he slowly recovered. Referring afterwards to this trying illness, he said, "Oh, how ardently I longed for my wife and children whilst I lay mortally ill at Smalcald! But I really think that, when people are dying, the natural love and affection which a husband has for his wife, and parents for their children, is the greatest."

While reading the domestic history of Luther's family, one cannot fail to think of those inspired words, "Many are the afflictions of the righteous." Plague, sickness, the loss of children, and the persecution of enemies,for more than once Luther's life was threatened,-all these were a perpetual source of anxiety for Katharine; and on two occasions she was herself brought to the borders of the grave by severe illness, especially in 1540, when, after a premature confinement, her life for some time hung by a thread. She recovered, however; and, on the 26th February, Luther wrote to Dr. Jonas: "My dear Kate is beginning to eat and drink with a greater relish, and creeps about with the help of tables and benches." A few days later, to Melancthon, he says, "Through divine mercy she begins to taste the sweets of returning health. She is not yet able to walk cleverly; but still she does more than creep." But perhaps the affliction which weighed most heavily upon their hearts

was the death of their beloved child Magdalena; she had attained her fourteenth year, and was dear to her parents as the very apple of their eyes. She is said to have possessed a fine intellect, and a gentle and amiable disposition. When her sickness became alarming Luther despatched a conveyance to Torgau, to fetch John, who had recently been sent to the grammar school there. The children loved each other tenderly, and Magdalena pined sadly after her brother. During a fortnight the parents were subject to alternate hope and fear. love her dearly," said her father, as she drew near her end, "and would gladly keep her, if our Lord God would permit it; but if it be thy will, gracious Father, to take her away, I will rejoice to know that she is with thee." To the little sufferer he said, "My darling little Magdalena, you would be glad to stay with your father here, or to go to your Father in heaven?" "As it pleases God, dearest father," was her reply. The night before her death Katharine dreamt that she saw two beautiful youths, who came to take her daughter away to a wedding. The next morning she related her dream to Melancthon, who had come to inquire after the sick child: he was greatly struck with it, and said, "The two youths you saw are the blessed angels who will come and take the maiden to the true marriage feast in the kingdom of heaven." That same day, the 20th September, about nine o'clock, she expired. As she lay in extremis, her father threw himself on his knees and prayed for her release. At her funeral the friends who assembled condoled with the bereaved parents. Luther answered, "We ought to rejoice that our child is now a saint in heaven. My daughter is now safe, both body and soul. We Christians should not repine, for we know that it must be so. We are most certain of eternal life, for it is promised us in Christ." It was, however, a hard struggle to maintain their composure, as he acknowledges in a letter to his friend Jonas. "Although," he says, "we ought only with a joyful heart to praise God that she is safe gone home, yet our parental love is too strong. Too deeply imprinted on our hearts is every look, word, and gesture of our loving and obedient daughter, that even the death of Christ is not able to overcome our distress. You know how gentle and lovely was her disposition. Praised be the Lord Jesus Christ, who has called, chosen, and glorified her."

The loss of his daughter probably caused the anticipation of his own death to come home with greater force to the mind of Luther; he often spoke of it, and his frequent and alarming illnesses seemed to justify these presentiments. In fact, it was not long before the event to which he looked forward occurred, and he was called to follow the darling of his heart into the unseen world. Shortly before his death he became much dissatisfied with the state of things in Wittenberg, and very desirous to leave the place, and dispose of all he possessed there. The influence of his wife was exerted, with the concurrence of her friends, the Elector, and the University, to induce him to relinquish this purpose. He had already reached Leipsic, but was persuaded by their urgent entreaties to return home, where he was received with open arms: but Katharine's joy was speedily at an end; for, in the month of January 1546, Luther, still suffering from indisposition, was under the necessity of taking a journey to Eisleben, to settle some differences which

had arisen between the heirs of the Count Mansfeld. He was accompanied by his three sons and Dr. Jonas.

The weather proved most inclement, and the travellers met with constant delays, difficulties, and dangers, occasioned by the breaking up of the frost. Many letters to his wife have been preserved. She was naturally exceedingly anxious on his account, and he tenderly endeavoured to allay her solicitude. "Read the Gospel of John, my dear wife," he wrote, "and my smaller Catechism, of which you once said it contained everything. You try to take care for God, as if he were not almighty. I have a better protector than you and all the angels: He sits at the right hand of God the Father; therefore be at peace. Amen." When he reached Halle he wrote to her in a cheerful strain: "We arrived here at eight o'clock, but did not drive to Eisleben, in consequence of finding the country covered with water and sheets of ice, which threatened us with an anabaptism. Nor were we able to return, on account of the Mulda, and were there obliged to lie still in Halle, between the waters ;-not that we longed to imbibe them, but took to good Torgau beer and Rhenish wine instead, with which we refreshed and comforted ourselves in the meanwhile, waiting to see if the Saale would cease its raging. I had not imagined that the river could have made such a turmoil, rushing furiously over every impediment. No more at present; but pray for us, and be pious. I think, if thou hadst been here, thou wouldst have advised us to act as we have done, and then we should have followed thy advice for once."

On the 28th January he reached Eisleben, where he

was taken so alarmingly ill, that John went home in haste with the intelligence; and his mother, who frequently gave her advice, and administered restoratives from her domestic medicine-chest, prescribed as she had often done on former occasions. He soon rallied; and, on the 6th February, wrote in good spirits, saying that everything was going on well, and that they would have been spending their time pleasantly were it not for the disagreeable business upon which they had gone. Four days later he again wrote to her as follows:--" Grace and peace in Christ, dearest consort! We are very grateful for the anxiety thou hast felt on our account, and which prevented thee from sleeping. Since the time thou wert so careful for us, we narrowly escaped being burnt, in our inn close to my room door: and yesterday, doubtless thanks to the same solicitude, a stone fell on my head, and had like to have rendered all thine anxiety unavailing, had not the holy angels interposed. I verily fear, if thou dost not cease thy care-taking, the earth will at last swallow us up, and all the elements conspire against us. Dost thou learn the Catechism, and exercise faith after such a manner? 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.' We are, thank God, well and hearty, except that this business annoys us. The Lord be with thee!"

How great must have been the shock to his poor wife, after having received this cheerful letter from him, to learn eight days later of his death! He was born in Eisleben, and there he died, on the 18th February, 1546, in his sixty-fourth year. His dear Katharine was not permitted to attend him in his last extremity, nor even to see his face once more. The Elector, John Frederick,

wrote himself to her, announcing the event in these terms,—"Our dear and devout Dr. Martin Luther, your husband, of blessed memory, terminated his life in this vale of tears, last Thursday, between two and three o'clock in the morning, while repeating passages out of the Holy Scriptures."

We are not told how Katharine bore her loss; all we know is that, when the corpse was brought back for interment to Wittenberg, and the townspeople went to meet the mournful cortége at the Elster gate, she was present, and rode in a carriage, immediately behind the hearse, with her daughter Margaret. Luther's grave had been prepared in the castle church, and his friend Bugenhagen preached the funeral sermon.

Katharine survived her husband only seven years; and during that whole period, her life was but a series of afflictions, anxieties, and distresses. Luther's old and most intimate friend, Hieronym Weller, used to say, "I often think of that man of God, how he made his wife learn the thirty-first Psalm by heart. She was then young, healthy, and gay, and could not imagine how sweet and comforting it would one day prove to her. But her dear husband did it not without cause, for he well knew that after his death she would be a sorrowful and desolate widow, and would stand in need of the consolation that psalm gives to the afflicted saint."

Luther, in his last will, dated 6th January, 1542, had bequeathed to her everything he possessed, but the entire sum was insufficient for the education and maintenance of her four children, and she was speedily overwhelmed with pecuniary difficulties. The Elector,

hearing of her circumstances, sent a hundred florins to the divines at Wittenberg for her use, and assigned a sum of two thousand florins for the education of the children; and Christian III., King of Denmark, continued to her the annuity which her husband had enjoyed. She expressed her gratitude in the following letter, dated Magdeburg, 9th Feburary 1547. "After suffering in the past year many great and sore troubles, and seeing no end to the grief and misery--(the Smalcald war had broken out)-it has been a great consolation to me, that your Majesty has manifested your gracious favour to me and my poor orphans, both by a gracious epistle, and by the transmission of fifty dollars, for which I humbly thank your majesty, hoping that the Lord God will abundantly recompense you." At the time she wrote this letter she was a fugitive, having been driven from home by the terrors of the sword, for after being defeated near Mühlberg, in the month of April the Elector was made prisoner, and Wittenberg was besieged and taken by the Emperor, who, with his Spanish troops, entered the city on the 25th May. From Magdeburg Katharine went to Brunswick, accompanied by Melancthon, who, with his wife and family, had also fled from Wittenberg with the intention of seeking shelter in Copenhagen. Encouraged, however, by an Imperial proclamation, promising protection to those who had fled, she, together with a multitude of fellow-sufferers, returned to Wittenberg where she lived during the remainder of her days in obscurity and indigence, eking out her scanty funds by taking lodgers to board in her house

The circumstances of her death were tragical. After the treaty of Passau, in August 1552, tranquillity was for a time restored, but to the terrors of war succeeded the ravages of disease. The plague prevailed to such an extent in Wittenberg that the members of the University were removed to Torgau, and Katharine determined to go there with her two younger sons, Paul and Martin, and her daughter Margaret; her anxiety on their account being greatly increased by the fact, that the infection had attacked one of the inmates of her house. On the journey the horses took fright and ran away; Katharine jumped from the vehicle, fell heavily on the ground, and was much injured. The effects of this accident proved fatal; fever came on, and after languishing for three months she expired on the 25th December, 1552, in the fifty-fourth year of her age. A few words uttered by her dying lips have been preserved in remembrance, and they sufficiently prove that the counsel conveyed in her husband's last letter was treasured and practised by her in the time of her greatest need,-"I will keep on cleaving to my Saviour Christ as the bur to the garment;" she whispered, and then, with a prayer for the prosperity of the church, she committed her children to the Divine care, and peacefully expired. She was buried on the following day, according to the custom then prevalent, and all the students remaining in Torgau were present at the funeral, to which they had been publicly invited by Melancthon. A gravestone in St. Mary's Church, marks the spot where her remains are laid. A stone statue of her, the size of life, is placed upon it, representing her holding an open Bible pressed closely to her breast. On the right, near her head, is her husband's coat of arms, namely a red heart, under a black cross, upon a white rose. The inscription runs thus:—

## KATHARINE VON BORA,

THE WIDOW OF DR. MARTIN LUTHER,

FELL ASLEEP IN GOD, AT TORGAU,

DECEMBER 20, 1552.

"The Christian's heart on roses lies, Although upon the cross it dies."





## XI.

## MRS. LUCY HUTCHINSON.

"Strong in her native dignity of mind."

MONG the contemporary narratives of our English history, one of the most deservedly admired is the Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson's

Life, written by his widow. This curious and interesting work, while it deserves attention as containing an accurate and luminous account of military and political affairs, at an all-important period of our domestic annals, is rendered peculiarly attractive by the views which it gives of the character of the writer, and the manners of the age. Not only does it exhibit the most liberal and enlightened sentiments in the person of a puritan, but it also sustains a high tone of aristocratical dignity and pretension, though the work of a decided republican.

It has with justice been remarked that not the least valuable part of Mrs. Hutchinson's work is, the information which it affords us concerning the manner and condition of women in the period with which she is occupied. This is a point of no small importance, as bearing upon the state and character of any people; but almost of necessity all histories of public events are very deficient with reference to it. It is true that she enters into no formal disquisition upon the subject, and what we learn from her in

relation thereto is learnt incidentally, and principally from what she is led, in the course of her narrative, to mention respecting her own education, conduct, or opinions. "If it were allowable," says one of her eulogists, "to take the portrait which she has thus indirectly furnished of herself as a just representation of her fair contemporaries, we should form a most exalted notion of the republican matrons of England. Making a slight deduction for a few traits of austerity, borrowed from the bigotry of the age, we do not know where to look for a more noble and engaging character than that under which this lady presents herself to her readers. With a high minded feeling of patriotism and public honour, she seems to have been possessed by the most dutiful and devoted attachment to her husband, and to have combined a taste for learning and the arts with the most active kindness and munificent hospitality to all who came within the sphere of her bounty. To a quick perception of character, she united a masculine force of understanding, and a singular capacity for affairs, and possessed and exercised all those talents, without affecting any superiority over the rest of her sex, or abandoning for a single instant the delicacy and reserve which were then its most indispensable ornaments."

There is undoubtedly in the domestic virtues and the calm and commanding mind of our English matron something that surpasses the boasted excellence of the Valerias and Portias of antiquity, and far excels the patriotic heroines of more modern times. Her distinguishing merit consists in the fact that she never stepped beyond the province of a private woman, nor transgressed the limits imposed by feminine prudence

and modesty, but inviolably preserved a certain simplicity and purity of character which, like a lovely halo, shed its lustre around the Christian wife and gentlewoman. The fragment of her own history, with which the memoir opens, is not the least interesting and characteristic part of the work. Having premised that her object in writing of herself was to excite thankfulness, and to recall the more impressively to mind the divine goodness and mercy, she gives the following brief account of her birth: -" It was on the 29th day of January in the year of our Lord 1619-20 that, in the Tower of London, the principall citie of the English Isle, I was, about four o'clock in the morning, brought forth to behold the ensuing light. My father was Sir Allen Apsley, lieftenant of the Tower of London; my mother, his third wife, was Lucy, the youngest daughter of Sir John St. John, of Lidiard Tregoz in Wiltshire, by his second wife. My father had then living a sonne and a daughter by his former wives, and by my mother three sons, I being her eldest daughter. The land was then at peace—if that quietnesse may be called a peace, which was rather like the calme and smooth surface of the sea, whose darke womb is already impregnated of a horrid tempest."

She then gives a short epitome of English history, and proceeds to draw, in a very pleasant and engaging manner, the character of both her parents. Her father, who died in 1630 when she was but ten years of age, was, as she says, "bewailed, not only by all his dependants and relations, but by all who were acquainted with him, for he never converst with any to whom he was not at some time or in some way beneficiall." This gentleman, who had been early left his own master by

the death of his parents, appears to have been at first addicted to the follies of an idle court life; but growing weary of this vain and unsatisfactory career, procured an engagement under the Earl of Essex, whom he accompanied in his voyage to Calais, and conducted himself so well as to be rewarded with a profitable employment in Ireland, and was subsequently knighted by King James. Early in life he married an opulent widow, who did not long survive their union; and subsequently he again contracted an alliance with a widow lady, the daughter of Sir Peter Carew, by whom he had a numerous family, only two of whom survived their mother. At her death he quitted Ireland, and procured the office of Victualler of the Navy, "a place then both of credit and great revenue."

After remaining for some time a widower, and having attained the mature age of forty-eight years, he suddenly became enamoured of Miss St. John, a young lady who numbered but sixteen summers. This was the mother of Mrs. Hutchinson; and she very prettily pleads the cause of her father by painting the charms of the fair girl, whose attractions so much bewitched him. Young as she was, the damsel had already been disappointed in an attachment she had formed, and was the better disposed to listen to the ardent protestations of Sir Allen Apsley, while "her melancholy made her conform cheerfully to the gravity of habit and conversation which was becoming the wife of such a person."

This marriage was not an unhappy one, and was crowned with a numerous offspring, of whom Lucy and another daughter, with three sons, survived their father. It is impossible to read the character of Sir Allen, drawn by his daughter's hand without admiration and esteem. She says: "He was a most indulgent husband, and no lesse kind to his children; a most noble master, who thought it not enough to maintain his servants honourably while they were with him, but for all that deserved it, provided offices or settlements as for chilldren. He was a father to all his prisoners, sweetening with such compassionate kindnesse their restraint, that the affliction of a prison was not felt in his dayes. He had a singular kindnesse for all persons that were eminent either in learning or armes; and when through the ingratitude and vice of that age many of the wives and children of Queene Elizabeth's glorious capitaines were reduc'd to poverty, his purse was their common treasury, and they knew not the inconvenience of decay'd fortunes till he was dead; many of these valliant seamen he maintain'd in prison, many he redeem'd out of prison and cherisht with an extraordinary bounty. He was severe in the regulating of his family; especially would not endure the least immodest behaviour or dresse in any woman under his roofe. There was nothing he hated more than an insignificant gallant, that could only prune himself and court a lady, but had not brains to employ himself in things more suitable to man's nobler sex. Fidelity in his trust, love and loyalty to his prince were not the least of his virtues, but those wherein he was not excell'd by any of his owne or succeeding times."

In his fair young wife this worthy man had an admirable helpmeet, whom he treated with perfect confidence, allowing her £300 a year for her own private expenses, and having given her, at the time of their marriage, her own portion to dispose of in what manner she thought

fit. This nest egg she prudently left in the hands of her friends to accumulate, and the allowance made her by her husband she spent "not in vanities, although she had what was rich and requisite upon occasions, but she laid most of it out in pious and charitable uses."

It appears, from an interesting little episode in the early history of Lady Apsley, that her mind had been early imbued with religious principles, and that her impressions on the subject of divine truth had been produced under somewhat singular circumstances. was beautiful and attractive; and when very youthful received the addresses of more than one eligible suitor. Among them was a young gentleman of good family and estate, who urged his cause with so much success that she yielded to his importunities, and returned his affection. By a series of adverse and afflictive events the current of this true love was troubled, and the consequences were fatal to the hopes of the young couple. In the meantime, by the kindness of one of her relatives, Miss St. John had found a temporary home in Jersey, of which island her uncle was then governor. During her stay there she took up her residence in the house of a French minister, her object being to learn the French language. This good man and his wife were among those sufferers for righteousness' sake, who had been driven from their native land by persecution, and had sought refuge under English protection. Their influence upon the young lady committed to their care was a most happy one; she saw in them the beauty of true piety, and soon became warmly attached to them, listening with interest to their instructions, and imbibing a predilection in favour of their "Geneva discipline," which

appeared to her of a pure and evangelical character. So deep was the impression produced both upon her understanding and her heart that she never ceased to cherish the memory of their instructions; and after she had left Jersey formed the resolution to return and seek a permanent home under their roof, devoting herself to the service of God, in works of devotion and charity. This project she was revolving in her own mind when she was introduced to Sir Allen Apsley, who chanced accidentally to pay a visit to her uncle, and by whose persuasion she was induced to become his wife.

And well did she discharge the onerous duties which her marriage imposed upon her. Her daughter, with filial affection, dwells upon her virtues, and describes the manner in which she-young, and lovely, and goodwas a joy to all who surrounded her, and rendered even the shades of sorrow and the dark gloom of the prisonhouse light by her radiance. As the lieutenant's\* wife residing in the Tower, she had many occasions for the exercise of humanity and compassion. What scenes of anguish were witnessed within the walls of that stern old fortress! How many illustrious captives languished and pined in despondency there, to be released only by the grim hand of death! One of the most remarkable characters of an age celebrated for its eminent men was there confined for thirteen years; -Sir Walter Raleigh, during his long imprisonment, turned to intellectual pursuits for solace, and sought relief and distraction in the researches of science and literature. Allusion is thus made to him in Mrs. Hutchinson's narrative. "My

<sup>\*</sup> The second year after their marriage Sir Allan was made lieutenant of the Tower.

mother," she says, "Sir Walter Rawleigh and Mr. Ruthin being prisoners in the Tower, and addicting themselves to chimistrie, suffer'd them to make their rare experiments at her cost, partly to comfort and divert the poore prisoners, and partly to gaine the knowledge of their experiments and the medicines to helpe such poore people as were not able to seeke to phisitians. By these means she acquir'd a greate deale of skill, which was very profitable to many all her life." Nor did her sympathy stop short there: to all other inmates of that melancholy abode she showed the same kindly consideration; and during the whole time of her residence there, if any were sick, she made them restoratives with her own hands, and took care that their necessities were supplied. all their affliction she was afflicted, and ministered to them not only through the medium of others, but by her own personal attendance and consideration. From all that is related of her, it is evident she was a woman of sterling piety and ingenuous spirit. Religion, pure and undefiled, regulated her actions and shone in all her life. Thus, her daughter says,-"The worship and service of God, both in her soule and in her house, and the education of her children, was her principall care. She was a constant frequenter of weeke-day lectures, and a greate lover and encourager of goode ministers, and most diligent in her private reading and devotions."

Being the first daughter of the family, the little Lucy was hailed with peculiar satisfaction; and it was remembered that before her birth an auspicious omen had announced her advent. Lady Apsley, whose temperament was evidently tinged with romance, related that, during the period of her pregnancy, she one night dreamt

that, while walking with her husband in the garden, a star shot down from the firmament and dropt into her hand. Marvelling what this vision of the night might prognosticate, she consulted her husband, who interpreted the dream to signify she would give birth to a daughter of some eminence. Desirous to do their part towards the accomplishment of this prophecy, the parents of the child bestowed great care and pains in rearing her. She must be permitted to tell, in her own words, the story of her childhood:-

"My father and mother fancying me beautifull, and more than ordinarily apprehensive, applied all their cares, and spar'd no cost to emprove me in my education, which procured me the admiration of those that flatter'd my parents. By that time I was foure years old I read English perfectly, and having a greate memory I was carried to sermons, and while I was very young could remember and repeate them exactly, and being caress'd, the love of praise tickled me, and made me attend more heedfully. When I was about seven years of age I remember I had att one time eight tutors of several qualities, languages, musick, dancing, writing, and needlework; but my genius was quite averse from all but my booke, and that I was so eager of, that my mother, thinking it prejudic'd my health, would moderate me in it. After dinner and supper I had an hower allow'd me to play, and then I would steale into some hole or other to read. My father would have me learne Latine, and I was so apt that I outstript my brothers who were at schoole, although my father's chaplaine that was my tutor, was a pitiful dulle fellowe. As for musicke and dancing I profitted very little in them, and would never practise my lute or harpsichords but when my masters were with me; and for my needle I absolutely hated it; play among other children I despis'd, and when I was forc'd to entertaine such as came to visit me, I tir'd them with more grave instructions than their mothers, and pluckt all their babies to pieces, and kept the children in such awe that they were glad when I entertain'd myself with elder company, to whom I was very acceptable, and living in the house with many persons that had a great deal of witte, and very profitable serious discourses being frequent at my father's table and in my mother's drawing-roome, I was very attentive to all, and gather'd up things that I would utter againe to great admiration of many, that tooke my memory and imitation for witte."

There is something very innocent and natural in the account she gives of her early attention to religion:-"It pleas'd God that thro' the good instructions of my mother and the sermons she carried me to, I was convinc'd that the knowledge of God was the most excellent study, and accordingly applied myselfe to it and to practise as I was taught. I us'd to exhort my mother's maides much, and to turn their idle discourses to good subjects; but I thought, when I had done this on the Lord's day, and every day perform'd my due taskes of reading and praying that then I was free to aniething that was not sin, and thought it no harme to learne or heare wittie songs and amorous sonnetts or poems, and twenty things of that kind, wherein I was so apt that I became the confident in all the loves that were manag'd among my mother's young women, and there was none of them but had many lovers, and some particular friends belov'd above the rest."

Mrs. Hutchinson was evidently endowed by nature with an exraordinary sensibility to all powerful emotions, and while her strict religious principles caused her to shun everything like unsanctified love, and withheld her from inserting in her pages whatever was allied to such feelings, there is a singular warmth and animation in her descriptions of romantic and conjugal affection. illustration of this we may refer to the account she gives of her husband's relations. His mother, it appears, was a most lovely and excellent young creature "of noble famely, and of an incomparable shape and beauty, embellisht with the best education those dayes afforded, and above all had such attractive sweetnesse that she captivated the hearts of all that knew her; and notwithstanding she had had her education att court, was delighted in her own country habitation, and managed all her famely affaires better than any of the homespun huswifes that had been brought up to nothing else. One who was present at her death, which happen'd in the twenty-sixth year of her age, said she had an admirable voyce and skill to manage it and that she went away singing a psalme, which this maid apprehended she sung with so much more than usuall sweetnesse, as if her soule had been already ascended into the coelestial quire."

Of the parents of this sweet lady—her husband's grandfather and grandmother—Mrs. Hutchinson relates several particulars, and closes her narrative by describing with much feeling the very affecting and extraordinary circumstances of their death. "But while," she says, "the incomparable mother was in the enjoyment of all outward felicity to the full, God, in one moment took it away, and alienated her most excellent understanding in a difficult

childbirth, nor could all the art of the best phisitians in England ever restore her. Yet she was not frantick, but had such a pretty deliration, that her ravings were more delightfull than other women's most rationall conversations. Upon this occasion her husband gave himself up to live retired with her, as became her condition, and retained the same fondnesse and respect for her, after she was distemper'd, as when she was in the glory of her age. She had two beds in one chamber, and she being sick, two woemen watch'd by her, sometime before she died. It was his custome, as soon as ever he unclos'd his eies, to aske how she did; but one night, he being as they thought in a deepe sleepe, she quietly departed towards the morning. He was that day to have gone a hunting, his usual exercise for his health; and it was his custome to have his chaplaine pray with him before he went out; the woemen fearfull to surprize him with the ill newes, knowing his deare affection to her, had stollen out and acquainted the chaplaine, desiring him to informe him of it. Sir John, waking, did not that day, as was his custome, ask for her, but call'd the chaplaine to prayers, and joyning with him, in the middst of the prayer expir'd, and both of them were buried together in the same grave. Whether he perceiv'd her death and would not take notice, or whether some strange sympathy in love or nature tied up their lives in one, or whether God was pleas'd to exercise an unusuall providence towards them, preventing them both from that bitter sorrow which such separations cause, it can be but conjectur'd."

The same vein of suppressed sensibility as is discernible in the preceding passages of her family records, is very naturally called into lively exercise when the fair biographer tells the story of her own love and of her husband's attachment to her. She paints the portrait of Mr. Hutchinson in glowing terms, representing him as endowed with great personal attractions, a most virtuous and in every way admirable youth, well instructed and accomplished, and although early thrown into the society of vain and worldly men, yet uncontaminated by their evil example. In his twentieth year he left Cambridge, where he had been studying at the university, and proceeded to London, being yet undecided as to his future course. There he was exposed to new and dangerous temptations, especially from the allurements of the fair sex; but he remained indifferent to their wiles, which had no other effect than to draw upon them his "reproof, but in a handsome way of raillery, for their pride and vanity." Lodging in the house with him was a very dangerous charmer-" a young gentlewoman of such admirable beauty, and such excellent good nature, as would have thaw'd a rock of ice; yet even she could never get an acquaintance with him. Wealth and beauty thus in vain tempted him, for it was not yett his time of love,-but it was not farre off!"

The sweet, credulous simplicity evinced in this passage is no less apparent in the sequel of the narrative. By a singular coincidence, at the very time when this young paragon of goodness was in doubt whether he should travel on the Continent, or seek some other method of improving himself, it was proposed to him to spend a few summer months at Richmond, where the young princes then held their court, and where he would find very good company and recreation. In compliance

with this suggestion Mr. Hutchinson went to Richmond, where he boarded with his music-master, in whose house a younger sister of his future wife happened to be then placed,—she herself having gone into Wiltshire, with some expectation of being married before her return.

And now we have the story of her one romance in life: -"This gentlewoman that was left in the house with Mr. Hutchinson was a very child, her elder sister being at that time scarcely past it, but a child of such pleasantnesse and vivacity of spiritt and ingenuity in the quallity she practis'd, that Mr. Hutchinson tooke pleasure in hearing her practise (the lute), and would fall in discourse with her. She having the keyes of her mother's house, some halfe a mile distant, would sometimes aske him, when she went over, to walk along with her. One day, when he was there, looking upon an odde byshelf in her sister's closett, he found a few Latine bookes. Asking whose they were, he was told they were her elder sister's, whereupon, inquiring more after her, he began first to be sorrie she was gone before he had seene her, and gone upon such an account that he was not likely to see her; then he grew to love to heare mention of her; and the other gentlewomen, who had been her companions, used to talke much to him of her, telling him how reserv'd and studious she was, and other things which they esteemed no advantage; but it so much inflam'd Mr. Hutchinson's desire of seeing her, that he began to wonder at himselfe, that his heart, which had ever had such an indifferency for the most excellent of woemenkind, should have so strong impulses towards a stranger he never saw."

While he was thus strangely yielding to the fascination

of an unknown charmer, she somewhat suddenly appeared on the scene. It chanced that one day, having been invited by one of the ladies of that neighbourhood to an entertainment, Mr. Hutchinson and young Mrs. Apsley, with several more, were of the party; and having spent the day in various pleasant diversions, they were in the evening seated at the supper-table, when a messenger came to tell the young girl that her mother had returned.

"She would have immediately left, but Mr. Hutchinson, pretending civillity to conduct her home, made her stay 'till the supper was ended, of which he eate no more, now only longing for that sight which he had with such perplexity expected. This at length he obteined; but his heart, being prepossesst with his owne fancy, was not free to discerne how little there was in her to answer so greate an expectation.

"She was not ugly;—in a carelesse riding-habitt, she had a melancholly negligence, both of herselfe and others, as if she neither affected to please others nor tooke notice of anie thing before her; yet, spite of all her indifferency, she was surpriz'd with some unusuall liking in her soule when she saw this gentleman, who had haire, eies, shape, and countenance enough to begett love in any one at the first, and these sett of with a gracefull and generous meine, which promis'd an extraordinary person. Although he had but an evening sight of her he had to long desir'd, and that at disadvantage enough for her, yett the prevailing sympathie of his soule made him think all his paynes well payd; and this first did whett his desire to a second sight, which he had by accident the next day, and to his joy found she was wholly disengag'd from that treaty which he so much fear'd had been accomplisht. He

found, withall, that, though she was modest, she was accostable, and willing to entertaine his acquaintance. This soone past into a mutuall friendship betweene them; and though she innocently thought nothing of love, yet was she glad to have acquir'd such a friend who had wisedome and vertue enough to be trusted with her councells. Mr. Hutchinson, on the other side, having bene told, and seeing how she shun'd all other men, and how civilly she entertain'd him, believ'd that a secret power had wrought a mutual inclination betweene them, and dayly frequented her mother's house, and had the opportunitie of conversing with her in those pleasant walkes which, at that sweete season of the spring, invited all the neighbouring inhabitants to seeke their ioyes; where, though they were never alone, yet they had every day opertunity for converse with each other, which the rest shar'd not in, while every one minded their own delights."

Here Mrs. Hutchinson abruptly cuts short the thread of her romantic love tale, in a style that excites our curiosity most provokingly, and makes us regret that she will not permit us to be the confidantes of those scenes of tenderness and sentiment to which she alludes. "I shall passe by," she says, "all the little amorous relations, which, if I would take the paynes to relate, would make a true history of a more handsome management of love than the best romances describe; for these are to be forgotten, as the vanities of youth, not worthy mention among the greater transactions of his life."

The consent of the parents having been obtained on both sides, she was married at the age of eighteen. "That day the friends met to conclude the marriage she fell sick of the small-pox, which was many wayes a greate

triall upon him. First, her life was allmost in desperate hazard, and then the disease for the present made her the most deform'd person that could be seene for a great while after she recovered; yett he was nothing troubled at it, but married her as soone as she was able to quit the chamber, when all that saw her were affrighted to looke on her: but God recompene'd his justice and constancy by restoring her, though she was longer than ordinary before she recover'd, as well as before."

The young couple, for the first two or three years after their marriage, took a house in the neighourhood of London,-the colonel spending his time in the enjoyment of his new-found happiness, and in the pursuits of literature; especially devoting his attention to the study of divinity, to which his father had been much given, and had a most choice library of books upon the subject. During this time his young wife presented him with twin sons, both of whom survived their father; and in September 1641 she was again confined, but the child did not long survive. Shortly afterwards they determined to take up their residence at their family mansion of Owthorpe, in the county of Nottingham, where they were joined by the colonel's brother, Mr. George Hutchinson, and spent some happy months in the enjoyment of domestic happiness, till the fearful sounds of civil war began to resound through every part of the kingdom. The dreadful massacres of Ireland aroused the attention of the young patriot from the quiet pursuits of a country gentleman; and he set himself diligently to read and consider all the disputes which were then agitated between the King and the Parliament; the result of which was steady conviction of the justice of the interests maintained by the latter, and a strong anxiety for the preservation, if possible, of peace. The first active step which he took in relation to public affairs was to resist Lord Newark in an illegal attempt to carry off the ammunition of the county for the use of the king; upon which occasion he conducted himself with great temper and firmness, and proved himself competent, at the early age of twenty-five years, to take part in the important affairs of his native land at this gloomy crisis.

It was impossible that any man, who held decided political opinions, and who thought proper to act upon his convictions, should escape incurring hazard—not only of the loss of property, but of personal freedom; accordingly, within a few months after the commencement of hostilities, Mr. Hutchinson received information that there was a warrant out to seize his person and search his house. Mrs. Hutchinson relates that, upon the arrival of this notice, her husband, who had gone into Lancashire, sent for her to join him. She was then near her confinement, but she lost no time in obeying his summons, which he had no sooner done than he was compelled, by the arrival of a troop of the king's horse, to decamp immediately: "He stay'd not to see them," she naively remarks, "but went out at the other end as they went in; who, by a good providence for his wife (somewhat afficted to be so left alone in a strange place), proved to be commanded by her owne brother, Sir Allen Apsley, who quarter'd in the next house to that where she was "

She shortly afterwards gave birth to a daughter, "which, by reason of the mother's griefes and frights in those troublesome times, was so weake a child that it

did not live four years, dying afterwards in Nottingham Castle."

By this time the king had set up his standard at Nottingham; and, after a period of indecision, the colonel, being fully persuaded in his conscience of the righteousness of the Parliament cause, determined to undertake its defence; and, knowing at what hazard he must act, "casting by all considerations, cheerefully resign'd up his life and all other particular interests to God's dispose," proceeded to arm himself for the struggle. Having consulted with others who shared his views and adhered to the same cause, they determined to try and defend the castle of Nottingham against the assaults of the enemy; and the colonel was first elected governor by his associates, and afterwards had his commission confirmed by Fairfax, and by the Parliament.

A great part of Mrs. Hutchinson's narrative is taken up with a detail of the enterprises in which the little garrison was engaged, and the many contrivances, sacrifices, and exertions by which her husband was enabled to maintain his post until the final discomfiture of the royal party. The account resembles a miniature history of what was passing elsewhere on a grand scale; but its interest was temporary merely; nor does it concern us any further than as some of its episodes serve to illustrate the character and exhibit the virtues of our heroine.

Intent only on recording the virtues and honourable actions of her husband, she hardly seems to bestow a thought or a word upon her own share in the troubles she incurred by his activity in the war. Without a complaint she shut herself up with him in the garrison with which he was intrusted, and shared his counsels as well as his

hazards. She encouraged the troops by her cheerfulness and heroism, ministered to the sick, and dressed with her own hand the wounds of the captives as well as of their victors. For the skill requisite in this service she was probably indebted to the instructions of her mother, who, it will be remembered, had acquired a little knowledge of medicine from the illustrious prisoners whom she assisted and patronized in the Tower. The following passage gives us a lively picture of her zeal and devotedness:—

"There was a large roome, which was the chapell in the castell; this they had filled full of prisoners, besides a very bad prison, which was no better than a dungeon, call'd the Lion's Den. In the encounter, one of the Derby captaines was slaine and five of our men hurt, who, for want of another surgeon, were brought to the governor's wife, and she, having some excellent balsoms and plaisters in her closett, with the assistance of a gentleman that had some skille, drest all their wounds, whereof some were dangerous, being all shottes, with such good successe that they were all cured in convenient time. After our hurt men were drest, as she stood at her chamber-doore, seeing three of the prisoners sorely cutt, and carried doune bleeding into the Lion's Den, she desir'd the marshall to bring them in to her, and bound up and drest their wounds alsoe; which, while she was doing, Captaine Palmer came in and told her his soule abhorr'd to see this favour to the enemies of God. She replied, she thought she had done nothing but what was her duty in humanity to them as fellow-creatures-not as enemies."

Fully participating her husband's sentiments, and in-

tent upon seconding him in all his projects, she records with earnest and touching emotion whatever was calculated to reflect honour upon him, and at the same time piously ascribes all events to the Divine counsel and purpose. It was undoubtedly this confidence which nerved her heart and enabled her to see without repining, at a time when the interest of the parliament was so low that, to use her own expression, they might well be looked upon as lost persons, the despoiling of their property and the apparent ruin of their children's heritage. Some idea of their losses may be gathered from a few words which she incidentally drops: "All the while the country was under the adverse power, Mr. Hutchinson lost the most part of his rents; his grounds lay unoccupied, and his house, by the perpetual haunting of the enemie, was defac'd, and, for want of inhabitation, render'd allmost uninhabitable. His expenses during all that time, only in the publick service, and not at all in any particular of his owne famely, being (as it was kept upon account) above £,1500 a yeare."

Some of the colonel's friends attached to the royal cause urged him to consider the danger and the loss he must inevitably suffer should he persist in retaining the governorship of Nottingham Castle, "a rebellion of so high a nature that there-could be no colour left to aske favour for him;" and at the same time he was assured, that if he would return to his obedience to the king, he might not only preserve his estate, but have whatever he pleased for doing so. His reply was very characteristic. He said that "the grounds he went on were such that he very much despised such a thought as to sell his faith for either rewards or feares, and therefore could not consider

the losse of his estate, which his wife was as willing to part with as himself, in this cause."

Some of Mrs. Hutchinson's descriptions are drawn with great spirit, and she especially excels in her deliniation of characters; while the very warmth with which she writes carries with it an impression of sincerity which adds not a little to the interest of her pictures. Through all her narrative there is evident the influence of an enthusiastic piety, which prompted her in every difficulty to look danger in the face without alarm, and to accept with equanimity all results, as overruled by heavenly wisdom and goodness.

On one occasion the town of Nottingham was very nearly surprised by a night attack of the enemy, made during the depth of the winter, at a period of unexampled cold. She thus relates the issue of the affair:-"No one can believe but those who saw what a strange ebb and flow of courage and cowardice there were in both parties that day. The cavaliers marcht in with such terror to the garrison, and such gallantry, as made very courageous stout men recoyle. Our horse, who ran away frighted at the sight of their foes, within three or four howers, as men that thought nothing too great for them, return'd fiercely upon the same men. If it were a romance, one should saye after the successe, that the heroes did it out of excesse of gallantry, that they might the better signalize their valour upon a foe who was not vanquisht to their hands by the inclemency of the season; but wee are relating wonders of providence, and must record this as such a one as is not to be conceiv'd, but by those who saw and shar'd in it; it was indeed a greate instruction that the best and highest courages are but the beames of

the Almighty; and when he withholds this influence, the brave turne cowards; feare unnerves the most mighty, makes the most generous base, and greate men do those things they blush to think on; when God againe inspires, the fearefull and the feeble see no dangers, believe no difficulties, and carry on attempts whose very thoughts would, at another time, shiver their joints like agues. The events of this day humbled the pride of many of our stout men, and made them after more carefully seeke God, as well to inspire as prosper their vallour."

After the termination of the war Colonel Hutchinson was returned to parliament for the town he had so resolutely defended. Respecting his public career we have little to say; our interest lies wholly in his more private history. During the period of Cromwell's power he lived in almost unbroken retirement at Owthorpe, where he occupied himself in superintending the affairs of his household, in the embellishment of his residence by building and planting, in administering justice to his dependants and poor neighbours, and in making a very choice collection of painting and sculpture, of which he had purchased a number of articles out of the cabinet of the late king. Perhaps the reader may like to have a peep at the house in which Mrs. Hutchinson passed a few very happy years. It stood on a little eminence in the vale of Belvoir, at a short distance from the foot of those hills along which the Roman foss-way from Leicester runs. It was a large, handsome, and convenient residence; the entrance by a flight of steps into a large hall occupying entirely the centre of the house, lighted at the entrance by two large windows, and at the further end by one much larger, beyond which was carried up a

staircase, the sides of which, and a gallery, were hung with pictures. On the right hand side of the hall were three handsome rooms for the reception of guests; on the left the suite of apartments commonly occupied by the family. All parts of the mansion were built substantially, and well protected against fire and thieves. In various directions the windows commanded delightful prospects; and on the eastern side of the house there was a noble terrace, with a flower-garden and shrubbery, beyond which, at a distance of two miles, there was a view of Langar, the seat of Lord Howe; and far off, of Belvoir Castle, which, when the afternoon sun set full upon it, appeared to the greatest advantage. At the further end of a small wood bounding the grounds, there was a piece of ground, about ten acres, which appeared to have been a morass, and through which ran a rivulet; this spot the colonel had dug into a number of canals, and planted the ground between them, leaving room for walks, so that the whole formed at once a wilderness or bower, reservoirs for fish, and a decoy for wild fowl. To the north was a lake of water, which, seen from the windows of the hall, looked like a river; and beyond this were seen the wolds or high wild lands along the foss-way towards Newark. In this "convenient abode" -of which, as the loving wife assures us, her husband was the best ornament—the family, now a numerous and promising band of youngsters, grew up to early manhood, during "Oliver's mutable reign."

The colonel, who had always been a proficient in music, and played admirably on the viol, devoted much attention to the instruction of his children in this and other accomplishments. He was, says their mother, "a

great supervisor of their learning, and indeed himselfe a tutor to them all; and spared not any cost for the education of both his sons and daughters in languages, sciences, musick, dancing, and all other quallities befitting their father's house. He was himselfe their instructor in humillity, sobrietie, and all godliness and virtue, which he rather strove to make them exercise with love and delight than by constraint." For the rest, "never was any man more fear'd and lov'd than he by all his domesticks, tenants, and hired workmen, by whom he was served with such a feare and reverence as made them delight to do his pleasure."

Upon the death of the Protector, Colonel Hutchinson, who had steadily refused to act in any office under his authority, again took his seat in parliament for the county of Nottingham, and watched with anxiety and with unavailing regret the proceedings consequent upon that event. After the Restoration he was comprehended in the Act of Amnesty, and with difficulty obtained his pardon. His wife relates, with touching earnestness, the apprehension and suspense she endured while these affairs were transacting, and the efforts she made to secure the interest of friends on his behalf; her brother, Sir Allen Apsley, soliciting as for his own life, the clemency of the house on behalf of a relative whom he so much honoured and esteemed. To his interest and unremitting endeavours the temporary safety of the colonel was indeed mainly due. His generous spirit could hardly brook to accept immunities which were denied to those who had sided with him in the great struggle; and we are pathetically told, "she, who thought she had never deserved so well of him as in the endeavours and labours she exercis'd to bring him off, never displeas'd him more in her life, and had much adoe to perswade him to be contented with his deliverance, which, as it was eminently wrought by God, he acknowledg'd it with thankfullnesse; but while he saw others suffer, he suffer'd with them in his mind, and, had not his wife perswaded him, had offer'd himselfe a voluntary sacrifice."

After a short interval he was sent for to town, in order to see if he could not be prevailed on to give evidence against such of the regicides as it was resolved to bring to trial; but his deportment, when privately examined before the Attorney-General, sufficiently proved that nothing could be elicited from him which would serve the purposes of the prosecution, and it was not thought advisable to call him as a witness in public. From this time he was marked out as a fitting object for the vengeance of the court party; and his wife and friends received intimations to that effect, together with urgent advice to leave England while it was in his power thus to secure his safety. Had this discreet counsel been followed, in all probability Colonel Hutchinson would have lived to witness the happy revolution of 1688, and have returned to his native land to spend a useful and honourable old age. Nothing, however, could shake his determination to remain at his post; and there, in the pursuit of his innocent occupations, he was allowed to continue for above a year undisturbed; but at the end of that time he was seized, on suspicion of being concerned in some treasonable conspiracy; and though no formal accusation was assigned as the cause of his detention, he was conveyed to London, and committed a close prisoner to the Tower. "There," continues the narrative, "he

was kept with a greate deale of strictnesse, and some weekes before his wife was admitted to see him; for whom, at the last, Sir Allen Apsley procur'd an order that she might visitt him, but they limitted it that it must not be but in the presence of his keeper. The lieftenant, in hope of a fee, gave leave that her sonne and daughter might goe into the roome with her, who elce must have stood without doores; but he would not permit her to take lodgings in the Tower, which, being in a sharpe winter season, put her to greate toyle and inconvenience, besides excessive charge of providing his meate att the Tower, and her company in another place. Meanwhile he was kept close prisoner, and had no ayre allow'd him, but a payre of leads over his chamber, which were so high and cold he had no benefitt by them; and every night he had three doores shutt upon him, and a centinell at the outmost. His chamber was a roome where 'tis said the two young princes, King Edward the Fifth and his brother, were murthered in former dayes; and the roome that led to it was a darke greate roome that had no windowe in it, where the portcullis to one of the inward tower-gates was drawn up and lett downe, under which there sate every night a court of guard. There is a tradition that in this roome the Duke of Clarence was drown'd in a but of malmsey, from which murther this roome, and that ioyning it, where Mr. Hutchinson lay, was called the Bloody Tower."

Though treated with such brutal harshness, the colonel bore all with magnanimity of spirit, and consoled himself in the constant reading of the Scriptures, and the society of his noble and devoted wife. After an imprisonment of ten months, during which the most urgent

solicitations could neither obtain his deliverance nor the specification of the charges against him, he was suddenly ordered down to Sandown Castle, in Kent, and found, upon his arrival, that he was to be closely confined in a damp and unwholesome apartment, in which another prisoner, of the meanest rank and most vulgar manners, was already established.

When Mrs. Hutchinson learned the wretched condition in which her husband found himself, she made every effort to obtain permission to be with him in the castle; but this being absolutely denied, she took lodgings with two of her children at Deal, from which place they walked daily to and fro, "with horrible toyle and inconvenience," and contrived to get leave to have their meals with the colonel, who endured his rigorous captivity, and all its aggravations, with unmurmuring patience—"so chearfully, indeed, that he was never more pleasant and contented in his whole life."

It is a touching picture, drawn by the hand of love, which concludes this sad history of a good man's troubles. "When no other recreations were left him, he diverted himselfe with sorting and shaddowing cockle-shells, which his wife and daughter gather'd for him, with as much delight as he us'd to take in the richest agathes and onixes he could compasse with the most artificiall engravings, which were things, when he recreated himselfe from more serious studies, he as much delighted in as any piece of art. But his fancy shew'd itselfe so excellent in sorting and dressing these shells, that none of us could imitate it, and the cockles began to be admir'd by severall persons that saw them. These were but his trifling diversions; his businesse and continuall study

was the Scripture, which, the more he converst in, the more it delighted him; insomuch that his wife, having brought downe some bookes to entertain him in his solitude, he thank'd her, and told her that if he should continue as long as he lived in prison, he would reade nothing there but his Bible. His wife bore all her owne toyles joyfully enough for the love of him, but could not but be very sad at the sight of his undeserved sufferings; and he would very sweetely and kindly chid her for it, and tell her that if she were but chearefull, he should think this suffering the happiest thing that ever befell him; he would alsoe bid her consider what reason she had to rejoyce that the Lord supported him, and how much more intollerable it would have been if the Lord had suffer'd his spiritt to have sunke, or his patience to have fail'd."

It had been the intention of Mrs. Hutchinson to bring her family to Sandown, and to establish herself there for the winter; but her purposes were frustrated by the unexpected death of the colonel. His health had been long infirm, and the confinement and privation he had endured completely exhausted his little remaining strength. The end was at hand, and it occurred at a time when his faithful helpmeet was absent. She had gone to make her preparations for the approaching winter, when she received tidings of his decease. After three or four days' fever, brought on by taking cold, he had tranquilly breathed his last, expressing his unshaken confidence in the divine favour and blessing. Almost his last intelligible words had reference to his wife. Some one mentioning her name, he said, "Alas! now will she be surpriz'd!" He died on the 11th September 1664, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

My readers will doubtless share the disappointment I feel that nothing whatever is known of the subsequent history of Mrs. Hutchinson. She tells us not a word of herself and her sorrows, excepting that, in the introduction to her memoir, we find this befitting expression of her emotion:-"When I am studying which way to moderate my woe, and if it were possible to augment my love, I can find out none more just to your deare father nor consolatory to myselfe than the preservation of his memory. But let not excesse of love and delight in the streame make us forgett the fountaine; he, and all his excellencies came from God, and flow'd back into their owne spring; rather let us remember to give all glorie to Him alone who is the Father and Fountaine of all light and excellence." It is very characteristic of this admirable woman that in her modesty she should esteem herself nothing, apart from the object of her dearest affection. Speaking of their union, she thus concludes:-"The greatest excellencie his wife had was the power of apprehending and the virtue of loving his; soe, as his shadow, she waited on him everywhere, till he was taken into that region of light which admitts of none, and then she vanisht into nothing."

